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SPARSAS COLLIGERE FRONDES.

VOLUME IV.

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* * * The vignette prefixed to this volume, from a design by Sully, represents Milton in his blindness, hearing the favourite authors of his youth read to him by his daughters.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR JULY, 1814.

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Patronage. By Maria Edgeworth: Author of Tales of Fashionable Life, Belinda, Leonora, &c. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1814.

[From the Edinburgh Review, for January, 1814.]

NONE of our regular readers, we are persuaded, will be surprised at the eagerness with which we turn to every new production of Miss Edgeworth's pen. The taste and gallantry of the age may have at last pretty generally sanctioned the ardent admiration with which we greeted the first steps of this distinguished lady in her literary career; but the calmer spirits of the south can hardly yet comprehend the exhilarating effect which her reappearance uniformly produces upon the saturnine complexion of their northern reviewers. Fortunately, a long course of good works has justified our first sanguine augury of Miss Edgeworth's success, and the honest eulogy we pronounced upon her efforts in the cause of good sense and virtue; and it is no slight consolation to us, while suffering under alternate reproaches for ill-timed seve-

rity, and injudicious praise, to reflect, that no very mischievous effects have as yet resulted to the literature of the country from this imputed misbehaviour on our part. Powerful genius, we are persuaded, will not be repressed even by unjust castigation; nor will the most excessive praise that can be lavished by sincere admiration ever abate the efforts that are fitted to attain to excellence. Our alleged severity upon a youthful production has not prevented the noble author from becoming the first poet of his time; and the panegyrics upon more than one female writer, with which we have been upbraided, have not relaxed their meritorious exertions to add to the instruction and amusement of their age. In the prosecution of our thankless duties, it is, indeed, delightful now and then to meet with authors who neither dread the lash nor the spur; whose genius is of that vigorous and healthful constitution as to allow the fair and ordinary course of criticism to be administered, without fear that their ricketty bantlings may be crushed in the correction. No demands on the tenderness of the schoolmaster;—no puling appeal to sex or age;—no depreciation of the rod! Praise may be awarded—severe truth may be told—and the reviewer be as guiltless of the blame which the author may afterwards incur—as he is uniformly held to be excluded from any share of the fame he may ultimately achieve.

Such a writer is Miss Edgeworth. In her case, we are not obliged to *insinuate*, to *venture*, to *hint*, but called upon openly to *pronounce* our opinion. The overweening politeness which might be thought due to her sex is forgotten in the contemplation of her *manly* understanding, and of a long series of writings, all directed to some great and paramount improvement of society;—to destroy malignant prejudices, and bring down arrogant pretensions—to reconcile humble merit to its lot of obscure felicity, and expose the misery that is engendered on the glittering summits of human fortune, by the pursuits of frivolous ambition or laborious amusement—to correct, in short, the vulgar estimate of life and happiness, by exposing those errors of opinion which are most apt to be generated by a narrow observation, and pointing out the importance of those minor virtues and vices that contribute most largely to our daily sufferings or enjoyments. Her earlier essays were addressed to the middling classes of society. In her later productions, she has aspired to be the instructress of the fashionable world; a pursuit in which we ventured to predict that her direct success, at least, would not be extremely encouraging. We do not know whether she begins to think so too; but it seems to us that she has endeavoured to unite both these objects in the work before us—a short analysis of which we shall present, without farther discussion, to our readers.

The work is intended, as its title indicates, as a picture of the miseries resulting from a dependence on *patronage*, in every form

and degree, and throughout every station in society. "It is twice accursed," says our author, "once in giving, once in receiving." "In as far as the public good is concerned, fair competition is more advantageous to the arts and artists, than any private patronage can be. If the productions have real merit, they will make their own way. If they have not, they ought not to make their way." And the same argument she applies to literary merit; and to the merit, generally speaking, of persons as well as things. She also considers the trade of a patron as one of the most thankless, as it is the least useful, of all trades. This, it must be confessed, is bold and magnanimous doctrine, and strikes at once at so many interests and vanities, as to require all Miss Edgeworth's influence and authority to save it from general reprobation. What a host of prejudices must be overthrown upon this plan! What a swarm of *littlenesses* divested of their paltry disguises!—ministers—Mecænas's—mistresses—patrons at court—in the church—and in the drawing-room—all cashiered and depreciated! and the shade of their protection denounced as fatal to the forced and feeble plants which are destined to seek there, either for support or for shelter. Then the whole tribe of expectant courtiers, impatient authors, querulous artists, and trading politicians, are in danger of being roused from the pleasing dreams of patronage, and are invited to depend for success upon the fair competition of those *emancipated* talents by which alone they can deserve it!

The story places Mr. and Mr. Percy, with their eldest son Godfrey, and their daughters Caroline and Rosamond, at the family mansion on the coast of Hampshire. A shipwreck happens, which introduces a crew of Dutchmen, with a M. de Tourville, a diplomatic agent at a German court, to the generous hospitality of the Percys. After a day or two the Frenchman leaves them, in great distress at having lost a packet of importance, in the general confusion. The Dutch crew, having repaired the vessel, set sail, but not until the carelessness of their carpenter had set fire to the old mansion. The library is destroyed; and this loss is the more severe, because, in examining the papers that had escaped, Mr. Percy misses a deed upon which the tenure of Percy Hall depends. Rosamond exultingly brings to her father a copy, which she mistakes for the original, but, unluckily, in the presence of an attorney, whom Mr. Percy's love of strict justice had made his enemy, and who immediately discovers that it wants the seal and signature. In the mean time, Commissioner Falconer, a relation of Mr. Percy, is introduced, and announces the arrival of Lord Oldborough in the neighbourhood—a great man—a cabinet minister—and, moreover, an old friend of Mr. Percy's, from whom the commissioner covets an introduction to the peer, for a reason which he conceals from his friend, viz. that he had found the diplomatist's lost packet, and means to *make the most* of that good

fortune, with the minister. The interview is accomplished ;—the bargain is made ;—the packet is delivered ;—a plot in the cabinet is discovered. The commissioner's son, Cunningham, is made private secretary to Lord Oldborough, and the father becomes his chief agent in the business and politics of the county.

Thus are introduced upon the stage the leading characters of this drama. The Percy family—in all the members of which are discovered the sound morality, good sense, and independent spirit, which are meant to be contrasted by the meanness, folly, and love of patronage abounding in the commissioner and all his genealogy ; and, lastly, *the patron* himself, whose haughty and commanding qualities, got up after the best patterns in the profession, are relieved by the calm and temperate spirit of the one group, and the cringing falseness of the other. For some time the tale is employed in developing the characters of which we shall afterwards speak. The Falconers proceed in the road of promotion. The Percys continue in retirement. In Alfred Percy, a lawyer, and Erasmus, a physician, the same steady and independent spirit is exhibited which distinguishes the father. All the Falconers are advanced—Mrs. Falconer and her daughters are the very pink of fashion—Mr. Secretary Cunningham gets promotion—John, a dunce, has advancement in the army ; and Buckhurst, a *buck* parson, having consented to take orders to save himself from a gaol, the commissioner's joy is complete.

At this crisis of good fortune in the one family, the other endures a reverse. Rosamond's unlucky disclosure sets the attorney on the alert. The estate is disputed by Sir R. Percy. The deed is not forthcoming. The Percys are unsuccessful ; and are obliged to retire to a small property they still possessed in the hills. Here they continue their steady purpose of independence. The father refuses office which Lord Oldborough proffers to him. The sons follow their professions with honour, and without patronage. The daughters refuse several offers of marriage, till, at last, a German, Count Altenberg, makes an impression on Caroline's heart ; but, at the moment when it may be expected his proposals will be made and accepted, imperious duties recall him to his own country !

Another crisis in their history occurs. Count Altenberg returns—proposes to Caroline—is married ! At the instant of his departure for Germany with his bride, Mr. Percy is arrested, at the suit of Sir Robert, for immense arrears. The bridegroom's word is pledged to his prince, and he departs. The Percy family accompany their father to the king's bench. In this unhappy condition, the last and most trying proofs of their spirit and conduct occur. Godfrey is taken a prisoner of war ; and Rosamond's marriage with her lover, Mr. Temple, is prevented by poverty on both sides.

The Falconers, in the mean time, begin to totter. The eldest

daughter, indeed, is married to Sir R. Percy; but Georgiana, notwithstanding all the mother's manœuvres, is still a spinster—Cunningham Falconer is disgraced—Buckhurst, the *dean*, rendered miserable by a mercenary marriage—John, the *colonel*, dishonoured in his profession—and, last of all, upon the decline of Lord Oldborough's popularity and power, Mrs. Falconer, who had been unluckily tempted to forge letters in his name, and commissions with his signature, is discovered and ignominiously exposed. The commissioner goes to Alfred Percy to consult him about the sale of his estate; and this leads to the *denouement*. In the box of his papers the long lost deed is discovered!—Another trial takes place, and the Percys are restored! The novel ends with Lord Oldborough's unexpected discovery of a son in Mr. Henry, a person of little importance to the story in any other respect.

These are the outlines of the story; and out of these materials, neither very original, perhaps, nor very artificially connected, Miss Edgeworth has contrived to produce so many well imagined scenes, so many striking contrasts, and a moral so constantly good, and so pointed in its application, that *Patronage*, if not amongst the best of her productions, is, at least, not unworthy of her name and genius. Of the characters we shall now say a few words. The *keeping* in the whole family of Percy is perfect—Caroline and Rosamond, though merely sketches, are beautifully diversified. The keen but repressed feeling and subdued tenderness of the former are well contrasted by the quick and energetic qualities of the latter; and Rosamond's unenvious admiration of, and entire devotion to, her sister, forms a most pleasing and affecting picture.

Erasmus Percy, the physician, having saved the leg of a poor Irishman, in spite of the prognostics of a fashionable doctor, loses his election as physician to a hospital, by the interest of the said doctor. We cannot resist giving the following scene, in which Miss Edgeworth's inimitable talent for portraying her poor countrymen is displayed.

"O'Brien, we hope the reader recollects, was the poor Irishman whose leg the surgeon had condemned to be cut off but which was saved by Erasmus. A considerable time afterwards, one morning, when Erasmus was just getting up, he heard a loud knock at his door, and in one and the same instant, pushing past his servant into his bed-chamber, and to the foot of his bed, rushed O'Brien, breathless, and with a face perspiring joy—"I axe your honour's pardon, master, but it's what you are wanting down street in all haste—Here's an elegant case for ye, doctor dear!—That painter-jantleman down in the square there beyond that is not expected." "Not expected?"—said Erasmus. "Ay, not expected; so put on ye with the speed of light—Where's his waistcoat?" continued he, turning to Dr. Percy's astonished ser-

vant—and coat?—the top coat—and the wig—has he one?—Well! boots or shoes give him any way.’—‘But I don’t clearly understand.... Pray did this gentleman send for me?’—said Dr. Percy. ‘Send for your honour! Troth, he never thought of it—No nor couldn’t—how could he? and he in the way he was and is—But God bless ye! and never mind shaving, or another might get it afore we’d be back. Though there was none *in it* but myself when I left it—but still keep on buttoning for the life.’ Erasmus dressed as quickly as he could, not understanding, however, above one word in ten that had been said to him. His servant, who did not comprehend even one word, endeavoured in vain to obtain an explanation; but O’Brien, paying no regard to his solemn face of curiosity, put him aside with his hand, and continuing to address Dr. Percy, followed him about the room. ‘Master! you mind my *mintioning* to you last time I *secn* your honour, that my leg was weak *by times*, no fault though to the doctor that cured it, so I could not be *after carrying* the weighty loads I used up and down the ladders at every call, so I quit *sarving* the masons, and sought for lighter work, and found an employ that *shuted* me with a jantleman-painter, grinding of his colours, and that was what I was at this morning, so I was, and standing as close to him as I am this minute to your honour, thinking of nothing at all just now, please your honour, *forncnt* him—*asy* grinding, *whin* he took some sort or kind of a fit.’ ‘A fit! Why did you not tell me that sooner?’—‘Sure I *tould* you he was not *expicted*—that is, if you don’t know in England, *not expicted to live*—and—sure I *tould* your honour so from the first,’ said O’Brien. ‘But, then the jantleman was as well as I am this minute, that minute afore—and the *nixt* fell his length on the floor entirely. Well! I set him up again, and for want of better filled out a thimble-full say, of the spirits of wine, as they call it, which he got by good luck for the varnish, and made him take it down, and he come to, and I axed him how was he after it? Better, says he—That’s well, says I; and who will I send for to ye, Sir? says I—But afore he could make answer, I bethought me of your own honour, and for fear he would say another. I never troubled him, putting the question to him again, but just set the spirits nigh-hand him, and away with me here; I come off without *letting on* a word to nobody, good or bad, in dread your honour would miss the job.’ ‘Job!’—said Dr. Percy’s servant—‘do you think my master wants a job?’—‘O! Lord love ye, and just give his hat. Would you have us be standing on ceremony now in a case of life and death?’ Dr. Percy was, as far as he understood it, of the Irishman’s way of thinking. He followed as fast as he could to the painter’s—found that he had a slight paralytic stroke;—from which he recovered. We need not detail the particulars. Nature and Dr. Percy brought him through. He was satisfied with his physician; for Erasmus would not take any fee, because he went unsent for by the patient. The painter, after his recovery, was one day complimenting Dr. Percy on the inestimable service he had done the arts in restoring him to his pencil, in proof of which the artist showed many master-pieces, that wanted only the finishing touch; in particular, a huge long-limbed, fantastic, allegorical piece of his own design, which he assured Dr. Percy was the finest example of the *beau idéal* ancient or modern,

that human genius had ever produced upon canvass. ‘And what do you think, doctor,’ said the painter, ‘tell me what you can think of a connoisseur, a patron, Sir, who could stop my hand, and force me from that immortal work to a portrait, a portrait!—Barbarian! he fit to encourage genius!—he set up to be a *Mecenas*! mere vanity!—gives pensions to four signpost daubers not fit to grind my colours! knows no more of the art than that fellow,’ pointing to the Irishman, who was at that instant grinding the colours—*asy*, as he described himself—‘and lets me languish here in obscurity!’ continued the enraged painter—now I’ll never put another stroke to his Dutch beauty’s portrait if I starve—if I rot for it in a gaol—he a *Mecenas*!’ The changes upon this abuse were rung repeatedly by this irritated genius, his voice and palsied hand trembling with rage while he spoke, till he was interrupted by a carriage stopping at the door. ‘Here’s the patron!’—cried the Irishman, with an arch look—‘Ay, it’s the patron, sure enough!’ Dr. Percy was going away, but O’Brien got between him and the door, menacing his coat with his pallet-knife, covered with oil—Erasmus stopped. ‘I axe your pardon, but don’t go,’ whispered he, ‘I wouldn’t for the best coat nor waistcoat ever I seen you went this minute, dear!’—Mr. Gresham was announced—a gentleman of a most respectable, benevolent, prepossessing appearance, whom Erasmus had some recollection of having seen before. Mr. Gresham recognised him instantly. Mr. Gresham was the merchant whom Erasmus had met at Sir Amyas Courtney’s the morning when he went to solicit Sir Amyas’s vote at the hospital election. After having spoken a few words to the painter about the portrait, Mr. Gresham turned to Doctor Percy, and said, ‘I am afraid, Sir, that you lost your election at the hospital by your sincerity about a shell.’ Before Erasmus could answer—in less time than he could have thought it possible to take off a stocking, a great bare leg—O’Brien’s leg, came between Mr. Gresham and Dr. Percy. ‘There’s what lost him the election! saving that leg lost him the election—so it did, God forever bless him! and reward him for it!’ Then with eloquence, emphasis, and action which came from the heart, and went to the heart, the poor fellow told how his leg had been saved, and spoke of what Dr. Percy had done for him, in terms which Erasmus would have been ashamed to hear, but that he really was so much affected with O’Brien’s gratitude, and thought it did so much honour to human nature, that he could not stop him. Mr. Gresham was touched also; and upon observing this, Erasmus’s friend, with his odd mixture of comedy and pathos, ended with this exhortation. ‘And God bless you, Sir, you’re a great man, and have many to my knowledge under a compliment to you; and if you’ve any friends that are *lying*, or sick, if you’d recommend them to send for *him* in preference to any other of the doctors, it would be a charity to themselves and to me—for I will never have peace else thinking how I have been a hinderance to him—And a charity it would be to themselves, for what does the sick want but to be cured? and there’s the man will do that for them, as two witnesses here present can prove—that jantleman, if he would spake, and myself.’” II. 20—23.

The Falconers are evidently the strong features in the work, and afford the most glaring illustration of the mischief of relying on patronage. We have not space to describe the commissioner—one of those “*not bad men*, but who have an exclusive sympathy with the prosperous.” His talents, and those of his son *John*, are thus contrasted, in a scene which ensued upon his patron’s order that the said John should be married *outright*.

“The commissioner set to work in earnest about the match he had in view for John. Not one, but several fair visions flitted before the eye of his politic mind. The Misses Chatterton, any one of whom would, he knew, come readily within the terms prescribed—but then, they had neither fortune nor connexions. A relation of Lady Jane Granville’s—excellent connexion, and reasonable fortune—but there all the decorum of regular approaches and time would be necessary. Luckily a certain Miss Petcalf was just returned from India, with a large fortune. The general, her father, was anxious to introduce his daughter to the fashionable world, and to marry her for connexion—fortune no object to him—delicacies he would waive. The commissioner saw—counted—and decided—(There was a brother Petcalf, too, who might do for Georgiana—but for that no hurry)—John was asked by his father if he would like to be a major in a year, and a lieutenant-colonel in two years? ‘To be sure he would—was he a fool?’ Then he must be married in a fortnight.’ John did not see how this conclusion followed immediately from the premises, for John was not *quite* a fool; so he answered—Indeed!—an *indeed!* so unlike Lord Oldborough’s, that the commissioner, struck with the contrast, could scarcely maintain the gravity the occasion required: and he could only pronounce the words, ‘General Petcalf has a daughter.’ ‘Ay, Miss Petcalf—Ay, he is a general—true—now I see it all—Well, I’m their man—I have no objection—but Miss Petcalf! . . . Is not that the Indian girl? . . . Is not there a drop of black blood? . . . No, no, father,’ cried John, drawing himself up—‘I’ll be d—d . . .’ ‘Hear me first, my own John,’ cried his father, much and justly alarmed—for this motion was the precursor of an obstinate fit, which, if John took, perish father, mother, and the whole human race, he could not be moved from the settled purpose of his soul. ‘Hear me, my beloved John—for you are a man of sense,’ said his unblushing father—‘do you think I’d have a drop of black blood for my daughter-in-law, much less let my favourite son . . . But there’s none—it is climate—all climate—as you may see by only looking at Mrs. Governor Carneguy, how she figures everywhere, and Miss Petcalf is nothing near so dark as Mrs. Carneguy, surely?’ ‘Surely!’—said John. ‘And her father, the general, gives her an Indian fortune to suit an Indian complexion.’ ‘That’s good, at any rate,’ quoth John. ‘Yes, my dear major—yes, my lieutenant-colonel, to be sure that’s good. So, to secure the good the gods provide us,

go you this minute, dress and away to your fair Indian . . . I'll undertake the business with the general." "But a fortnight, my dear father," said John, looking in the glass—"how can that be?" "Look again, and tell me how it can *not* be?—Pray don't put that difficulty into Miss Petcalf's head—into her heart I am sure it would never come." John yielded his shoulder to the push his father gave him towards the door; but suddenly turning back—"Zounds, father, a fortnight," he exclaimed, "why, there won't be time to buy even boots!" "And what are even boots," replied his father, "to such a man as you?"—"Go, go, man; your legs are better than all the boots in the world." I. 271—274.

The following matrimonial conference upon the means of settling a daughter is, we think, admirable.

"Mrs. Falconer, there's one thing I won't allow—I won't allow Georgiana and you to make a fool of young Petcalf." "By no means, my love, but if he makes a fool of himself, you know." "Mrs. Falconer, you recollect the transaction about the draught." "For Zara's dress?"—"Yes, Ma'am—The condition you made then in my name with Georgiana, I hold her to; and I expect that she be prepared to be Mrs. Petcalf within the year." "I told her so, my dear, and she acquiesces—she submits—she is ready to obey—if nothing better offers—" "If—Ay, there it is!—All the time I know you are looking to the Clays, and if they fail, somebody else will start up whom you will think a better match than Petcalf, and all these people are to be *fetcd*, and so you will go on wasting my money and your own time. Petcalf will run restiff at last; you will lose him, and I shall have Georgiana left upon my hands after all." "No danger, my dear. My principle is the most satisfactory and secure imaginable. To have a number of tickets in the wheel—then, if one comes up a blank, still you have a chance of a prize in the next. Only have patience, Mr. Falconer." "Patience, my dear, how can a man have patience, when he has seen the same thing going on for years? And I have said the same thing to you over and over—a hundred times, Mrs. Falconer." "A hundred times at least, I grant, and that perhaps is enough to try my patience you'll allow, and yet you see how reasonable I am. I have only to repeat what is incontrovertible, that when a girl has been brought up, and has lived in a certain line, you must push her in that line, for she will not do in any other. You must be sensible, that no mere country gentleman would ever think of Georgiana—We must push her in the line for which she is fit—the fashionable line."—"Push! Bless my soul, Ma'am! you have been pushing one or other of those girls ever since they were in their teens, but your pushing signifies nothing. The men, don't you see, back as fast as the women advance." "Coarse!—Too coarse! too commonplace an observation for you, commissioner," said Mrs. Falconer, with admirable temper; "but when men are angry, they will say more than they

think." "Ma'am, I don't say half as much as I think....ever." "Indeed!—That is a candid confession, for which I owe you credit at all events."—"It's a foolish game....it's a foolish game....it's a losing game," continued the commissioner, "and you will play it till we are ruined." "Not a losing game if it be played with temper and spirit. Many throw up the game like cowards, when, if they had but had courage to double the bet, they would have made their fortune." "Pshaw! Pshaw!" said the commissioner—"Can you double your girls' beauty? can you double their fortune?" "Fashion stands in the place both of beauty and fortune, Mr. Falconer; and fashion my girls, I hope you will allow, enjoy." "Enjoy! What signifies that?—Fashion, you told me, was to win Count Altenberg—has it won him? Are we one bit the better for the expense we were at in all those entertainments?" "All *that*—or most of it.... at least the popularity ball, must be set down to Lord Oldborough's account, and that is your affair, commissioner." "And the play, and the playhouse, and the dresses!—Was Zara's dress my affair?—Did I not tell you you were wasting your time upon that man?" "No waste, nothing has been wasted, my dear commissioner; believe me, even in point of economy we could not have laid out money better; for at a trifling expense we have obtained for Georgiana the credit of having refused Count Altenberg. Lady Kew and Lady Trant have spread the report. You know it is not my business to speak—and now the count is gone, who can contradict it with any propriety? The thing is universally believed. Every body is talking of it; and the consequence is, Georgiana is more in fashion now than ever she was." III. 210—215.

Having in the above extracts mentioned the *Clays*, we cannot refuse our readers the satisfaction of their nearer acquaintance in Miss Edgeworth's picturesque description of them.

"*French Clay*, and *English Clay*, as they have been named, are brothers, both men of large fortune, which their father acquired respectably by commerce, and which they are spending in all kinds of extravagance and profligacy, not from inclination, but merely to purchase admission into fine company. French Clay is a travelled coxcomb, who, *a propos de bottes*, begins with—'When I was abroad with the Princess Orbitella....' But I am afraid I cannot speak of this man with impartiality, for I cannot bear to see an Englishman aping a Frenchman. The imitation is always so awkward, so ridiculous, so contemptible. French Clay talks of *tact*, but without possessing any; he delights in what he calls *persiflage*, but in his *persiflage*, instead of the wit and elegance of Parisian raillery, there appears only the vulgar love and habit of derision. He is continually railing at our English want of *savoir vivre*, yet is himself an example of the ill breeding which he reprobates. His manners have neither the cordiality of an Englishman, nor the polish of a foreigner. To improve us in

l'esprit de société, he would introduce the whole system of French gallantry—the vice without the refinement. I heard him acknowledge it to be ‘his principle’ to intrigue with every *married* woman who would listen to him, provided she has any one of his four requisites, wit, fashion, beauty, or a good table. He says his late suit in Doctors’ Commons cost him nothing; for 10,000*l.* are nothing to him. Public virtue, as well as private, he thinks it a fine air to disdain—and patriotism and love of our country he calls prejudices, of which a philosopher ought to divest himself. Some charitable people say that he is not so unfeeling as he seems to be, and that above half his vices arise from affectation, and from a mistaken ambition to be what he thinks perfectly French.

“His brother, English Clay, is a cold, reserved, proud, dull looking man, whom art, in despite of nature, strove, and strove in vain, to quicken into ‘a gay deceiver.’ He is a grave man of pleasure—his first care being to provide for his exclusively personal gratifications. His dinner is a serious, solemn business, whether it be at his own table or at a tavern, which last he prefers—he orders it so, that his repast shall be the very best of its kind that money can procure. His next care is, that he be not cheated in what he is to pay. Not that he values money, but he cannot bear to be *taken in*. Then his dress, his horses, his whole appointment and establishment, are complete, and accurately in the fashion of the day—no expense spared. All that belongs to Mr. Clay, of Clay Hall, is the best of its kind, or, at least, *had from the best hand* in England. Every thing about him is English; but I don’t know whether this arises from love of his country, or contempt of his brother. English Clay is not ostentatious of that which is his own, but he is disdainful of all that belongs to another. The slightest deficiency in the *appointments* of his companions he sees, and marks by a wink to some bystander, or with a dry joke laughs the wretch to scorn. In company, he delights to sit by, silent and snug, sneering inwardly at those who are entertaining the company, and *committing* themselves. He never entertains, and is seldom entertained. His joys are neither convivial nor intellectual; he is gregarious, but not companionable; a hard drinker, but not social. Wine sometimes makes him noisy, but never makes him gay; and, whatever be his excesses, he commits them seemingly without temptation from taste or passion. He keeps a furiously expensive mistress, whom he curses, and who curses him, as Buckhurst informs me, ten times a day; yet he prides himself on being free and unmarried! Scorning and dreading women in general, he swears he would not marry Venus herself, unless she had 100,000*l.* in each pocket; and now, that no mortal Venus wears pockets, he thanks Heaven he is safe. Buckhurst, I remember, assured me, that beneath this crust of pride there is some good nature. Deep hid under a large mass of selfishness there may be some glimmerings of affection. He shows symptoms of feeling for his horses, and his mother, and his coachman, and his country. I do believe he would fight for old England, for it is his country, and he is English Clay. Affection for his coachman did I say?—He shows adulation, if not affection, for every

whip of note in town. He is their companion. . . : no, their pupil, and, as Antonius Pius gratefully prided himself in recording the names of those relations and friends from whom he learnt his several virtues, this man may boast to after ages of having learnt how to cut a fly off his near leader's ear from one coachman, how to tuck up a duck from another, and the *true spit* from a third—by the by, it is said, but I don't vouch for the truth of the story, that this last accomplishment cost him a tooth, which he had had drawn to attain it in perfection. Pure *slang* he could not learn from any one coachman, but from constantly frequenting the society of all. I recollect Buckhurst Falconer's telling me that he dined once with English Clay, in company with a baronet, a viscount, an earl, a duke, and the driver of a mail-coach, to whom was given, by acclamation, the seat of honour. I am told there is a house, at which these gentlemen and noblemen meet regularly every week, where there are two dining rooms divided by glass doors. In one room the real coachmen dine, in the other the amateur gentlemen, who, when they are tired of their own conversation, throw open the glass doors, that they may be entertained and edified by the coachmen's wit and *slang*; in which dialect English Clay's rapid proficiency has, it is said, recommended him to the *best* society, even more than his being the master of the best of cooks, and of Clay Hall."—II. 362—368.

With Lord Oldborough's character, notwithstanding it is evidently a laboured and a favourite sketch, we confess we are not much captivated or edified; and Miss Edgeworth herself seems to be unwilling to seal it with the stamp of her "good or evil favour." It may be said that it is the more true to nature; but although the *Patron* was necessary to the moral, we think poetical justice required a more decisive preponderance of good or ill, to be assigned to him. Mr. Percy describes him as "a noble mind corroded and debased by ambition—virtuous principle, generous feeling stifled—a powerful, capacious understanding distorted beyond recovery—a soul once expatiating, and full of high thoughts, now confined to a span—bent down to low concerns—imprisoned in the precincts of a court."

This high-souled minister, early in the history, sends Godfrey Percy to the West Indies, because he fancies the young soldier admires his lordship's niece: and, at the close of it, he discovers, in the features of a personage very unimportant otherwise, his son, by an Italian lady, whom he had seduced and deserted in early life;—a villany perfectly gratuitous, if it were not for the purpose of puzzling our understandings, after the author has laboured to prove that the patron's vices are those of his situation, and not of his heart.

We are somewhat amused in pondering upon the effect which this character of Lord Oldborough—its *air of history*—the plot.

and resignation—and *accurately reported* conversation with George the Third at Windsor, will have upon the *quid-nunc* novel readers in our royal boroughs, where, we are credibly informed, the *Spirit of the Book* is still venerated as an authentic history of an illustrious personage. Some will discover the likeness of Mr. Pitt—some of Lord Grenville—others of my Lord Castlereagh, to whom the application will the more readily be made, because his lordship may be supposed to have held some such colloquy, when his faithful colleague was *smoothing the way* to his temporary retirement. The more loyal will discover, in Mrs. Falconer's forging, and sale of commissions, the nauseous detail of Mrs. Clarke's plot and correspondence with the Claverings and Fitzgeralds. In the character of the chief justice of England, whose love of liberty, temperance of conduct, elegance of language, and mansuetude of address, secure the esteem and confidence of his country, the *very keen-sighted* may perhaps discover my Lord Ellenborough. For our own part, however, we are inclined to think that Miss Edgeworth had *not* that learned personage in her eye—but rather that she drew from the stock of her native country, as well she might—that union of law and literature—of liberal feeling and suavity of intercourse—of polished wit and political integrity, of which the bar of Ireland furnishes more than one illustrious example.

Miss Edgeworth, we are afraid, is somewhat enamoured of *high station*—else why select for the husband of Caroline, the daughter of the high-minded Percy, who spurns at patronage, and deplores the patron, a German—a courtier—and a minister in expectation? Count Altenberg is the *favourite* of an hereditary prince, with the reversion of the office of prime minister in his prospect, *secured* to him *on the promise* of his highness, whenever his serene father shall be no more! It may be, indeed, that Miss Edgeworth considers this promise as the *best security* that the holder of it shall *not* be tormented with the possession of that painful preëminence!

For our part, we confess, we think the clumsy *machinery* of majesty, and the cumbrous agency of those superior beings vulgarly known by the name of ministers and favourites, so extremely unlike the simpler and purer taste of Miss Edgeworth's former fables, that we have been sometimes tempted to doubt whether this, and some other parts of the work which we shall point out, are the unmixed productions of her pen. We think we know her style better. Miss Edgeworth has hitherto shown an instinctive aversion to bad taste, either in the conduct or in the sentiments of her works. Surely some heavy spirit has occasionally guided her pen—has obtruded its ponderous *patronage* on her book—has swelled the bulk of the work, but taken from its characteristic

delicacy—and has distilled its poppies upon pages, which we are compelled to allow are *now and then* prosing and tedious.

Miss Edgeworth, in a manner rather temporising, we think, than pronounced, insinuates her doubts—her dislike, we may say, to the German waltz! Of the charms and mischiefs of that mysterious dance we profess to be incompetent judges. We are told, however, that it has all the *revolutionary symptoms*, and has produced hosts of alarmists in the capital of our neighbours. In this purer region we are still content with a rigid adherence to the orthodox Highland fling—the pure pleasures of the Presbyterian reel! At most, we deviate into a *Border-bumpkin*; and view with jealousy in the country dances, the occasional introduction of an *allemande*, (another German innovation, we believe,) in which the concatenation of youthful arms is somewhat equivocal and alarming.

Our national feelings, therefore, incline us to join with Miss Edgeworth, in adhering to the old constitution of our balls and our forefathers. This is our opinion; and no doubt it is the opinion of *English Clay*. But then, English Clay must join with us in *tolerating* those who discover no immediate and decisive danger to *all other* people from this indulgence; seeing that the Germans, Russians, Swiss—all Europe, indeed—are blessed with constitutions calculated to resist the evil effects of this stimulus, *though ours cannot*;—and have their competent share of chastity and decorum, whatever the fashionable tourists of our country may report to the contrary.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[It is often not less instructive than amusing to observe the very different lights in which the same object may appear to persons of dissimilar tastes and habits of mind. The Edinburgh reviewers have always been the avowed and warm admirers of Miss Edgeworth's literary productions; their opponents, the Quarterly Reviewers, have generally bestowed their praise with a more sparing hand, and apparently with some little reluctance. The following general character of Miss Edgeworth's writings, extracted from a review of *Patronage* in the Quarterly, is marked by much candour and good sense, although the praise which it bestows is evidently rather extorted by her surpassing excellence, than flowing as the warm tribute of spontaneous admiration.]

MISS EDGEWORTH, with that vigour and originality which are among the principal characteristics of genius, has struck out a line of writing peculiar to herself—a line which it required considerable boldness to adopt, and no common talents to execute with effect. Not only has Miss Edgeworth interdicted to herself

all those unfair and discreditable modes of obtaining popularity to which we have before alluded, but she has also voluntarily renounced many others that may be deemed fair, and comparatively harmless. We do not mean to speak merely of the entire absence of castles, drawbridges, spectres, banditti-caves, forests, moonlight, and other scenes, which have furnished to Mrs. Ratcliffe and her school, many a gorgeous and terrific tale. Her most distinguished cotemporaries have been content to forego these easy embellishments. But she has made some sacrifices which, if we are not much mistaken, are peculiarly her own. Her pictures are all drawn in the soberest colours. She scarcely makes use of a single tint that is warmer than real life. No writer recurs so rarely, for the purpose of creating an interest, to the stronger and more impetuous feelings of our nature. Even love, the most powerful passion that acts within the sphere of domestic life—the presiding deity of the novel and the drama is handled by her in a way very different from that in which we have been accustomed to see it treated in works of fiction. In them we find it represented sometimes as a guilty, sometimes as an innocent, but generally as an irresistible impulse—as a feeling which springs up spontaneously in the human breast—now as a weed—now as a flower—but whether as a weed or as a flower not to be eradicated. The old rule was for heroes and heroines to fall suddenly and irretrievably into love—if they fell in love with the right person so much the better—if not, it could not be helped, and the novel ended unhappily. And above all, it was held quite irregular for the most reasonable people to make any use whatever of their reason on the most important occasion of their lives. Miss Edgeworth has presumed to treat this mighty power with far less reverence. She has analyzed it, and found that it does not consist of one simple element, but that several common ingredients enter into its composition—habit—esteem—a belief of some corresponding sentiment—and of some suitableness in the character and circumstances of the party. She has pronounced that reason, timely and vigorously applied, is almost a specific—and following up this bold empirical line of practice, she has actually produced cures of the entire cure of persons who had laboured under its operation. Having mastered love, of course she treats the minor passions with very little ceremony, and, indeed, she brings them out so curbed, watched, and circumscribed, that those who have been accustomed to see them range at large would hardly know them in their new trammels. Her favourite qualities are prudence, firmness, temper, and that active, vigilant good sense, which, without checking the course of our kindly affections, exercises its influence at every moment, and surveys deliberately the motives and consequences of every action. Utility is her object, reason and ex-

perience her means. She makes vastly less allowance than has been usually made for those "amiable weaknesses," "sudden impulses," "uncontrollable emotions," which cut so great a figure in the works of her predecessors. Her heroes and heroines are far more thinking, cautious, philosophizing persons than ever before were produced in that character. She is, in fact, if we may be allowed to coin a word, an *anti-sentimental* novelist. Her books, so far from lending any countenance to vice, even in its most refined and agreeable form, afford some of the best lessons of practical morality with which we are acquainted. They teach, not merely by dry, general maxims on the one hand, or by splendid examples on the other, but by reasons put into the mouths of the actors themselves, what is the right mode of conduct in circumstances of difficulty or temptation. She is constantly endeavouring to point out, by the discussion of cases judiciously selected, or ingeniously invented, what is the road by which virtue conducts us to happiness. There is hardly any good quality to which Miss Edgeworth has not contributed her powerful recommendation; but the ultimate rewards of steadiness, independence, and honest persevering exertion, are those she is fondest of setting before our eyes, and we think her choice is sanctioned by the value of the doctrines which she inculcates. She has, doubtless, observed that this mode of instruction is not adapted to those cases in which to deviate from virtue is palpably a crime. It is to the decalogue, and to the terrors of the law, that we are to look for the prevention of these graver and more striking offences. But men become fickle and indolent, and rely upon others to do that which they ought to do for themselves, before they have remarked the beginning of the evil, without foreseeing its consequences, and without being able to apply a remedy. It is to guard against these bad habits of mind—the causes of so much failure, disgrace, and misery, that Miss Edgeworth has principally directed her attention, and there is scarcely a page that does not contain some exhortation—direct or indirect—by precept or example to control our passions and to exert our faculties. There are hardly any works of the kind that young persons can read with so much benefit. To their minds she constantly presents, in various shapes, and with a thousand illustrations, this great and salutary maxim—that nothing is to be learnt, and very little to be gained without labour—severe and continued labour. But she does not forget, in order to reconcile them to this somewhat unpalatable doctrine, to show with equal care and truth that labour becomes vastly less irksome by habit—that judiciously directed it seldom fails of its object—that laziness, even to those whose rank and fortune screen them from its most dreadful consequences—poverty and contempt—is in itself wearisome and painful—that the pauses and recreations of successful

diligence comprise within them more cheerfulness and real gratification than are spread over the whole surface of a merely pleasurable life. With this view her principal characters are represented as persons of good, but not of extraordinary faculties: they do nothing suddenly and "*per saltum*," and their success and attainments are no more than what half the world may hope to equal by following the same means. She deals in examples, not in wonders; hers are models of *imitable* excellence, and she rarely abuses the license of fiction to exhibit those miraculous combinations of virtue and talents, which, though they delight us for a moment with the image of perfection, serve to perplex and discourage, not to guide, the ordinary race of mortals.

Our readers, we presume, are aware, and if they are not, they will be very far from doing justice to Miss Edgeworth's merits, that so far as effect is concerned, this uniform systematic preference of what is *useful* to what is *splendid*, is a prodigious disadvantage. It is upon dazzling characters, in which virtue bordering in its excess upon the contiguous fault, more resembles a generous instinct, than a quality cultivated and strengthened by reason, that the writers of novels have justly relied for securing the public attention. Discretion and a logical head they thought by no means fit for the heroes and heroines of romance. And, undoubtedly, if effect were the only object, they did much better with rash courage, inconsiderate generosity, hasty confidence, and love ardent and irresistible at first sight, qualities infinitely more attractive to the bulk of mankind than those with which Miss Edgeworth has ventured to invest the principal persons of her drama. If, then, in spite of sacrifices to which hardly any one else has submitted, she has contrived to render her works highly entertaining and popular, she surely deserves double praise; not merely for having surmounted a difficulty, which, when that difficulty has been made only for the purpose of being surmounted, is a merit of a very inferior order, but because the purpose for which she voluntarily encountered it was highly useful and important.

To the accomplishment of this task she has brought very considerable talents and acquirements, various reading, knowledge, which, though she is too judicious to display it with ostentation, seems to be both extensive and accurate; a nice observation of manners and character, both in individuals and in society; a clear, easy, unencumbered style, and a keen sense of the ridiculous. Her two strong points are good sense and humour, and it is by the buoyant power of her humour that she has been able to diffuse among the public so large a portion of her good sense. Nothing can be more chaste and correct, and at the same time more ludicrous, than the representation of themselves, which her characters

are made to give in their own conversation. That condition so indispensable to the true comic, their utter unconsciousness of the effect they are producing, is strictly observed. The hand of the author is never perceived, (as it almost constantly is in our modern comedies, to the entire disgust of all persons of tolerable taste,) but they are led in the most natural manner imaginable, and without saying any thing that they might not be supposed to say, to cover themselves with ridicule. The absolute want of colouring and exaggeration only serves to improve the picture, and strengthens the impression almost up to that of the same circumstances in real life. We have always thought these dramatic parts of Miss Edgeworth's books, which, indeed, take up a considerable share of them, very much the best; and it is to this remarkable talent for humour, that she is indebted for the popularity she enjoys, in spite, not only of the disadvantages to which (as we have already observed) she has spontaneously submitted, but also of some defects which we shall now, though unwillingly, proceed to notice.

In the first, and one of the most material branches of novel-writing, that of framing a story, she is remarkably deficient. It must at the same time be owned, that this art, when carried to its highest pitch, is a great, and therefore uncommon specimen of genius and skill. Indeed, if we were to mention that which, in a choice of excellences, we most admire in Fielding's great work, it would, perhaps, be that wonderful variety of incidents arising without improbability, and introduced without confusion, and tending, through a story constantly rising in interest, to an unforeseen catastrophe. Any comparison with so happy an effort of so great a master, would necessarily be unfair; but the truth is, that in this respect Miss Edgeworth is inferior, not only to those that are generally her superiors, but to many among those that are vastly below her in every thing else. She has little fertility in contriving, and still less dexterity in combining events. It is in characters that she shines; when she attempts to give interest to events, it is almost always at the expense of nature and probability. Her narrative is hammered out "*invitâ Minervâ*," and she never would have attempted it at all, except as a convenient vehicle for sketches of life and manners.

On her morality we have bestowed its due praise. It is of that sort which is most calculated to do real practical good; but the desire of instructing is too little disguised. The reader sees too plainly that he is under discipline. There is too much downright lecturing. The serious parts have a *prim* didactic air. The lesser rules of conduct are deduced truly enough, but with too much parade of accuracy and strictness, from general principles. We know how necessary the square and the rule are to the ar-

architect, but we do not like to see the chalk-marks upon the building. Morality ought not to smell of the lamp. It has been Miss Edgeworth's fancy to give all her virtuous characters a tincture of science, and to make them fond of chymistry and mechanics. We have no sort of objection to see them endowed with this useful knowledge, provided it does not prevent them from having rather more warmth, and rather more grace. To say the truth, we are inclined to think that in avoiding the common error of novel-writers who make morality depend too much upon feeling, and too little upon the understanding, she has not completely escaped the opposite fault, but has ascribed too large a share of it to the head, and too little to the heart.



Carmen Triumphale, for the commencement of the year 1814.
By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureat. 4to. pp. 32.

[In this his first laureat ode, though there are several stanzas of great excellence, Mr. Southey does not appear to have answered the public expectations. The Edinburgh Reviewers have taken much mischievous pleasure in placing it in a very ridiculous point of view. They exhaust upon this subject all those well-known arts of sarcastic criticism which they have hitherto used with such effect upon Montgomery and Lord Byron, and sum up their opinion with the following contemptuous epitome of the ode.]

THE subject is the grand one of the approaching liberation of Europe from the tremendous thralldom of France; and noble and inspiring as it is, it is treated by the laureat bard with such inconceivable tameness and sterility, that we have not been able to discover one striking thought, or glowing phrase—one trait of feeling, or spark of fancy—nay, not even one bold image, or lofty expression, in the whole compass of his performance. To compensate for the want of all these, he shouts vehemently, as is his manner, seven several times, “Glory to God! Deliverance to mankind!”—and then proceeds to tell the old story of the war in the Peninsula—not merely for the last year, which is all that comes fairly within the province of a new-year poet—but for the five last campaigns;—and then, having spent fifteen strophes in praising “the Wellesley,” as he affectedly calls Lord Wellington, and abusing the French in the dullest style, and meanest diction of a newspaper, he proceeds to say a word or two on the exploits of the northern princes, and especially of the King of Prussia, whom he ingeniously designates by the name of “the Brandenburg.” He then dutifully congratulates Hanover on the restoration of its old

illustrious line—speaks a word of comfort to the injured Hollanders—and ends with an anticipation of restoration and peace.”

[In all this there appears to us not only a good deal of party bitterness, but also a something of personal malice. It is unworthy of both parties. Why, says Dugald Stewart, do not men of superior talents learn, for the honour of the arts which they love, to conceal their ignoble enmities from the malignity of those whom mortified pride and conscious incapacity have leagued together as the covenanted foes of worth and genius. From the *Eclectic Review*, a very unequal work, but occasionally displaying much ability, we have extracted the following article, which, while it is marked by good sense and taste, breathes a spirit of candour not to be found in the *Edinburgh criticism*.]

IF it be necessary, for the glory of the British court, to have a poet laureat, we presume it is equally so that he should be a man of genius, and that the emoluments of the office should be worthy of the munificence of the sovereign. We recollect no living bard who has more ability to confer honour on the bays, or less occasion to seek honour from princes, than Mr. Southey. But, we think some objections lie against the place itself, considered in its present degraded state, as being beneath the dignity of the court to offer to a man of transcendent intellect—not to say whether it be not beneath the dignity of such a man to accept it. From the manner in which its duties have hitherto been performed, the office can confer on him who holds it but a small portion of credit, inferior even to its scanty emolument. To furnish laudatory odes, at certain seasons, appears to be a servile duty; yet surely the annals of this country, in an age so fruitful of great events as the present, might, twice a-year, supply themes on which the noblest talents might be happily employed in the small compass of an ode. A hundred pounds and a butt of sack, were, we confess, monstrous overpayment for such annual strains of stultifying praise as Cibber, Whitehead, and Pye, were wont to pour into the ear of royalty, being after the rate of twenty shillings a line for pigmy lyrics. Brevity, indeed, was their principal merit; a merit of no ordinary *size* in dull poetry, which, like a humming top, spins the longest when it sleeps; for when the quality of poetry is indifferent, the quantity cannot be too small. Mr. Southey's booksellers might not perhaps venture to purchase the copyright of his best verses at the royal price; yet, considered as being the bounty of a great monarch, which ought to reflect lustre on himself, and for such services as might be rendered by a poet of high order, the remuneration is mean. In the reign of James I. a hundred pounds a year were adequate to the support of one of his majesty's servants in ease and affluence, according to the style of those days; and a butt of sack, even in the present day, is quite as much wine as any poet, accustomed to purer

and more delightfully exhilarating draughts from Helicon, could well drink, yet probably far too little for "rare Ben Jonson," to whom this inspiring perquisite was first awarded. To continue the same stipend, from generation to generation, while the modes and expenses of living are progressively changing and increasing, is to sink the office lower and lower in poverty, and consequently into disrepute, the inevitable attendant on splendid poverty. On a recent occasion, the court has done only half a good deed—it has conferred the laurel on a man unquestionably worthy to wear it; but to have done the whole, and to have done it well, it ought to have made the emolument equivalent to a hundred pounds in the days of old Ben; and also, to have given the poet a *carte-blanche*, to be filled up in respect both to time and subject, according to his own judgment. That no degrading conditions have been imposed on Mr. Southey, we have the evidence of his first ode, now before us, in which there is not a line of flattery to the great personage who at present exercises the sovereign authority, and to whom an expression of gratitude for the appointment could neither have been unseasonable nor reprehensible. The poem is wholly national; and Mr. Southey has conferred, both on his royal patron and on himself, the highest honour, by coming out as the Poet Laureat of the British Isles rather than of Carlton House.

But ought a man of integrity and independence of mind to accept such a post? Upon this point we do not think ourselves competent to say any thing decisive. Yet there does not appear, at least to us, any sufficient reason that should influence a highly gifted and truly honest man to reject it, if proffered to him. The discussion of this question may, however, well be suspended till there be another vacancy;—a vacancy which, we sincerely hope, will not take place in our day. A man, of whose integrity and independence of mind we have always entertained an exalted opinion, notwithstanding some change in the tone of his politics, has accepted the post, and long may he live to celebrate the glories of his country—once, and *but* once more in war, and ever after in peace and prosperity. Since the time of Dryden the court has not bestowed the bays on any poet comparable to Mr. Southey. Warton alone deserved the name; and yet we have never felt that he was a poet of nature's making, but such a one as any man of mind and study can make of himself by patient brooding within the walls of a college. A king is always a king, a poet always a poet. The actor who assumes the dignity of a monarch, however excellently he may sustain it, is a monarch only while he is performing the part: as soon as that is finished he returns into himself, or transmigrates into another character. But he who inherits a throne is, at all times, and under all circumstances, like poor mad Lear, "every inch a king." He, too, is

born a poet is a poet in all things, in prose as well as in verse, in his greatest failures as well as in his most glorious performances. In every production of his mind there is the peculiar form of thought, habit of feeling, and tone of expression, which belong to him exclusively, and distinguish him unequivocally from the man who merely loves poetry, and practises it as an art—who is a poet only when he acts a poet's part. Mr. Southey is eminently a poet, in the first sense of the term as we have used it: Mr. Warton was one in the second sense. In his history of English Poetry, Warton is thoroughly the critic and the antiquary; he understands, admires, and loves his subject; but if he had never written a line of metre, we doubt whether he would have written a line of those three heavy quartos otherwise than as it is written. Southey, who busies himself with literature in every shape, whether he writes history, biography, criticism, romance, or "*Omaziana*," inevitably shows himself to be a poet; for though he may occasionally be prosaic in his poetry, he is always poetical in his prose; we do not mean ostentatiously, or even meritoriously so, but that he treats all these subjects as no one but a poet would treat them. We therefore augur well of the laureatship during his reign; for though his periodical lyrics should be deemed tame in comparison with the choice themes of his heart, into which he has breathed his whole soul, they will still be of a character far superior to the feeble, cold, and insipid effusions of ordinary laureats, and possess more natural interest than the gorgeous pageants exhibited by Warton's Gothic Muse.

It was a perilous experiment to take so long a first flight as the new laureat has done in his *Carmen Triumphale*. We remember no precedent, except the late Mr. Pye's *Carmen Seculare*, on the commencement of the present century, of which we now recollect nothing but the first two lines, and that there were several hundreds equally energetic and sublime.

"Incessant down the stream of Time,
And days, and years, and ages roll."

In his attempt to give a poetical bird's-eye view of the progress of "the deliverance of Europe," from the time that Spain, aided by Britain, unexpectedly made a stand against the usurpation of Bonaparte, and turned the tide of fortune against him, from the straits of Gibraltar to the shores of the Baltic, Mr. Southey has succeeded as well as poetical talent could be expected to succeed. A good political poem, we think, does not exist. Even in Lucan's *Pharsalia*, (which, however, is rather an *historical* romance,) the patriotism overpowers the poetry: and what can be made of a chronicle in verse of modern warfare, of which the scene alter-

nately lies in Spain, Germany, Holland and Russia, and remains in neither long enough to make the reader feel at home in it? The sentiments, personages, and events, the hopes and fears, speculations and realities, contemplated or described in this multifarious composition, are so immediately connected with politics—the politics of to-day, or rather the politics of yesterday, for to-day every interest in the war centres in the heart of France itself, that all the fine “ideal,” the quickening, invisible, undefinable spirit of poetry, is lost, or so mingled with grosser matter as to be rarely felt, and perceived with difficulty, amidst the tumult of ordinary sensations excited by the public details of these events; from which details we have received our first and strongest impressions of them. We do not intend the whole weight of our objections to bear against Mr. Southey. We entertain an opinion of his song of Victory far more favourable than has yet been publicly expressed; but we regret that he should spend his strength in beating the air from Lisbon to Moscow, and from Moscow to Amsterdam, instead of displaying his admirable powers to the highest advantage in a narrower compass. When we see a poem, equally long and excursive, accomplishing all that has been unreasonably expected of Mr. Southey, we will judge him by *that* as a standard. Filicaja’s two Odes on the siege of Vienna, and that addressed to Sobiesky, King of Poland, rank among the noblest lyrics of any age or country; but there is an undistracted interest, a perfect unity, in the subject of the former two, while the latter is a crown of glory to both. Had Filicaja himself attempted to sketch in rhyme the history of Europe for only twelve months, he would not have succeeded better than our countryman has done in his poetical retrospect of five years.

Of all the forms of verse which Mr. Southey has attempted, we think he shines least in the ode. His measures are frequently slow, interrupted, or inharmonious. In the work before us, abounding with vigorous, manly, and patriotic sentiments, the diction, the pauses, the turns, and the whole strain of argument, are rather those of eloquence than of poetry. The following lines will illustrate our meaning, and also discover the politics of the piece:—the latter, however, we shall not presume to criticise.

“ O virtue, which above all former fame,
 Exalts her venerable name!
 O joy of joys for every British breast:
 That with that mighty peril full in view,
 The Queen of Ocean to herself was true!
 That no weak heart, no abject mind possess’d
 Her counsels, to abase her lofty crest—
 Then had she sunk in everlasting shame—
 But ready still to succour the oppress’d

Her Red Cross floated on the waves unlurld,
Offering redemption to the groaning world.

“ First from his trance the heroic Spaniard woke ;
His chains he broke,
And casting off his neck the treacherous yoke,
He called on England, on his generous foe :
For well he knew that wheresoe’er
Wise policy prevailed, or brave despair,
Thither would Britain’s succours flow,
Her arm be present there.
Then too regenerate Portugal display’d
Her ancient virtue, dormant all-too-long.
Rising against intolerable wrong,
On England, on her old ally for aid
The faithful nation call’d in her distress :
And well that old ally the call obey’d,
Well was her faithful friendship then repaid.” P. 7, 8.

The following is incomparably the grandest stanza in the poem.

“ From Spain the living spark went forth :
The flame hath caught, the flame is spread !
It warms—it fires the farthest North.
Behold ! the awaken’d Muscovite
Meets the Tyrant in his might :
The Brandenburg, at Freedom’s call,
Rises more glorious from his fall ;
And Frederick, best and greatest of the name,
Treads in the path of duty and of fame.
See Austria from her painful trance awake !
The breath of God goes forth—the dry bones shake !
Up Germany !—with all thy nations rise !
Land of the virtuous and the wise,
No longer let that free, that mighty mind,
Endure its shame ! She rose as from the dead,
She broke her chains upon the oppressor’s head—
Glory to God ! Deliverance for mankind !” P. 16, 17.

Though the march of the numbers in this magnificent stanza is at first heavy, there is a rising gradation of thought, language, harmony, interest, and emotion, amidst the changes of scene, subject, and imagery, to the very last line, when

“ Glory to God ! Deliverance for mankind !”

is sounded forth with a voice of music and of power, that might “ create a soul under the ribs of death.” Three such stanzas would have constituted a finer New Year’s Ode than we have ever met with from a poet laureat’s pen.

Quelques Détails sur le Général Moreau et ses derniers Moments, suivis d'une courte Notice Biographique. Par Paul de Suinine, chargé de l'accompagner sur le Continent. Pp. 144.

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

THIS is indeed a meager production upon such a subject. But, unsatisfactory as it is, the interest of that subject carries us through, and prevents us from being quite overcome by Mr. Sumine's total incompetency to do it justice. Although, however, we cannot pass this publication entirely over, yet it will not detain us long.

Who, or what Mr. Suinine may be, he has left us to guess. That he is a Russian, we indeed find in every page; that he was appointed to accompany Moreau, he tells us himself; but in what capacity, whether as a companion, an attendant, or a *superintendent*, he has omitted to mention. He was with him during the voyage from America; and exclaims "Je n'oublierai jamais cette heureuse époque de ma vie! J'étais tout entier au plaisir de l'entendre dissertar sur toutes sortes de sujets." But it really appears that he has forgotten all that passed; for of "all sorts of subjects," he gives us none, except a few sentences of his own dull description of the general's manner of conversing.

"Sa manière de s'exprimer, quoique pure et souvent élégante, n'appartenait qu'à lui; elle tenait de la franchise militaire et de la politesse de l'homme du monde. Il exposait ses pensées avec clarté, avec aisance, et il avait tant lu et tant observé qu'il répandait la plus grande variété et le plus constant intérêt dans la conversation. Les seuls objets sur lesquels il était difficile de le faire parler, étaient les faits qui constituaient sa gloire militaire, et les persécutions qu'il avait essuyées de la part de ses ennemis. Il ne pouvait pardonner à Napoléon les maux que celui-ci faisait éprouver à la France, mais il lui pardonnait tous ceux dont il l'avait affligé. Son âme angélique ne connaissait pas la haine, et son cœur repoussait toute idée de vengeance particulière. Les seuls traits que j'ai pu recueillir de lui relativement à son emprisonnement, et à son exil, se rapportent aux refus et à la fierté qu'il opposa sans cesse aux insinuations des agents de Napoléon, qui cherchaient à lui faire faire quelques démarches envers ce dernier pour opérer un rapprochement." P. 21—23.

Then come one or two of the traits with which the volume abounds, that lead us to doubt the correctness of the narrative. It is all written to be read at court, and is crammed with fulsome compliments to the allies, especially Russia—compliments not

only excusable, but laudable in the mouth of the author himself—but wholly intolerable when put by him into Moreau's. For example, we more than doubt every one of the three following anecdotes, which occur within the space of two pages. When Bonaparte found that he durst not sacrifice Moreau, says our author, he sent F (which, we presume, means Fouché, though surely a more foolish piece of coyness cannot be imagined than this blank) to offer him terms of liberty and reconciliation; but these “were dryly rejected by the general, who said he preferred his own lot to that of his persecutor.” Now, as far as our observation of human affairs goes, such epigrams belong only to heroes of the stage, or of German novels, and never come from great men of real life. At all events, if the story have any foundation, we are confident it is built of Mr. Suinine's own materials, and that if Moreau said any thing of the kind, it was only—“Tell him I would not change places with him,” or some such phrase; and nothing about “*mon sort*,” and “*mon persecuteur*.” The next fact is, that when he arrived at the Spanish frontiers, the officer who had accompanied him, (and apparently travelled those 400 miles in silence,) “said mysteriously to him, that if he wished to write to the emperor, he might do so, and await, on the frontier, the answer, which must be speedy and favourable;” and this, be it observed, after Moreau had said, while in prison, that he would not change lots with Bonaparte. “The general answered, that he would not write to *what the officer called his emperor*, nor have any communication whatever with him.” Perhaps Mr. Suinine has forgotten that his own sovereign has very lately set his hand to a declaration, in which Bonaparte is called “his majesty the Emperor of the French;” not to mention the scene of the raft at Tilsit. He has, also, it should seem, forgotten the letter written by Moreau to Bonaparte, the price of his liberation. The next anecdote is no doubt genuine. “Il aimait aussi à s'entretenir du génie et des talens militaires de notre immortel Souvaroff, qu'il jugeait cependant avec une impartiale sévérité.” It is very odd that he should never have conversed on the greater talents of a military genius whom he knew much more of—the Archduke Charles.

It must be admitted that the flattery of this author towards all princes *de facto*, provided they are on the side of Russia, is pretty indiscriminate. He never stops to consider the origin of their dignities—else why should Bonaparte be alluded to as “*what you call your emperor*,” while the Crown Prince of Sweden is treated as a sovereign, and cited as “S. A. R.?” Their titles to sovereignty, however, are the very same; for who can be so foolish as to fancy that the voice of the people had more to do in the Swedish than in the French revolution? This inconsistency

signifies very little in Mr. Paul Suinine; and we should not have noticed it, but for the prevalence of the same folly among persons of greater importance; certainly not among the allied sovereigns, whose conduct in this, as in most other respects, has hitherto been marked with sound sense and consistency.

The general landed at Gottenburgh; and then begins the flattery of Bernadotte, but in so clumsy a way, as to be often incompatible with the admiration of Moreau. Marshal d'Essen, an old Swedish officer, bursts forth in expressions of joy at seeing Moreau. His emotions, however, are truly courtly; they are the reflection of the prince's; or rather he only feels happy at the event, because he knows how it will delight his master. One should think a little genuine admiration might have been expressed for the illustrious stranger on this occasion—but we only find a string of praises, not very lofty, put into Bernadotte's mouth—"How delighted our crown prince will be, who never ceases to speak of his friend General Moreau! How often has he told us that Moreau was born a general, that he had the conception, the coup-d'œil, the decision, of a great captain!" So that an inferior commander becomes all of a sudden Moreau's superior, and entitled to assume the most intolerable tone of preëminence, that of praising, as soon as he is made a prince. This blundering man (whether the marshal or the writer we know not) cannot find any thing to say of Moreau's genius, better than that Bernadotte has a high opinion of him. The same unfortunate disposition leads to the telling of an anecdote, which, if true, is not creditable to Bernadotte's discretion—that above a year before, he had freely talked of Moreau's coming to Sweden. If he really did so, it was many chances to one that the plan was frustrated.

After telling how little baggage the general travelled with, and how he packed it, distributing it equally among his bags or boxes, so that each might contain a little of every thing, and the chances of having some supply of every article be increased, the author hastily mentions the anxiety of all ranks to see and entertain, and show every civility to the traveller on his route to Ystad, where he took shipping for Stralsund, where the crown prince and he met. The interview of these distinguished warriors, under circumstances so extraordinary, is certainly a striking event; and even Mr. Suinine cannot tell it feebly—though he gives us far less of it than might be wished. Bernadotte's first question to every one after this was, "Have you seen Moreau?" Mr. Suinine adds a fact, considerably more in the spirit of candour than could have been expected—that during the three days these great men were together, they arranged the whole plan of the subsequent campaign.

The journey towards headquarters is rendered very interesting, by the enthusiasm for Moreau, shown in the people of all

ranks. Every one expressed his feelings in his own way: the innkeepers refused his money, and the postmasters furnished him with their best horses. No sooner did he stop in any place than he was surrounded with crowds eager to see and applaud him. With his accustomed modesty, he ascribed all these marks of esteem, not to himself, but to the detestation of Bonaparte. A great deal of conversation is said to have passed between the travellers, but scarcely any part of it is preserved. That which is, rather surprises us. It seems, one of Moreau's two favourite heroes was Charles XII; a choice not easily to be anticipated or explained. The other was Frederick II. The injudicious narrator takes this occasion of recording a violent invective against Bonaparte, pronounced by Moreau, as a contrast with the two heroes just mentioned. We say record; but it is very difficult to believe that the following matter came really from that great man. He is speaking of Frederick II. "Celui-là," disait-il, "n'a jamais abandonné son armée au milieu des combats. Ses victoires étaient le fruit des plus hautes combinaisons, secondées du coup-d'œil le plus juste, de plus rare sang-froid, et d'un courage tel qu'il convient aux souverains d'en montrer. La tactique furibonde de Bonaparte a entièrement bouleversé l'art de la guerre; les batailles ne sont plus que des boucheries; ce n'est pas comme autrefois en épargnant le sang des soldats qu'on détermine le succès d'une campagne, mais bien en le faisant couler à grands flots. Napoléon n'a gagné ses victoires qu'à coups d'hommes."—(P. 36, 37.) Surely he could not have chosen so unfortunate a topic as the first which is here introduced, when he must have known that Frederick actually ran away from the first battle he was ever in; nor the last, when he makes Charles XII. one of his chosen heroes. It is impossible to detest Bonaparte more than we do, as a tyrant and a man utterly regardless of the blood he sheds; but in this respect, he resembles other heroes; and certainly Charles XII. was not sparing of his people.

At Berlin the same joy is shown as everywhere else; and, after a few hours' stay, the general proceeds on his journey. He meets many deserters from the French army—but only one who had served under him; and the author makes him say that the greater part of the veterans who had served under Moreau in the campaigns on the Rhine, had perished in the retreat from Russia, and the rest diminished in numbers daily, from the necessity of exposing them to support the raw troops. Is it, then, intended that we should believe that the veterans of 1795, or even 1800, (the last campaign of Moreau,) were left in any considerable numbers as late as 1812, nay, some as late as the present campaign? Who, then, fought all the battles in Spain, and the campaigns of 1805, 1806, 1807, and 1809, in Germany and Poland? The mere

lapse of time would have accounted for most of them ; but when the events too are considered, we can surely only ascribe it to the author's determination to destroy them in Russia, not that any of them should be imagined to have survived in a state fit for service. The same deserter being asked why he deserted, made answer, that there was no longer any pleasure in serving with the French armies, because they were full of children who would not fight except when their ears were deafened with artillery.

Moreau meets on the road a detachment of Russian artillery, which he admires exceedingly ; and of this we can have no doubt ;—but we greatly doubt if he expressed his admiration in such terms as he is here made to do. “ It is thus that the thunders of war should be borne ; the appearance of your artillery explains to me its superiority in the last campaigns : ” An observation, by the way, somewhat unlucky, and leading one to suspect that it is not Moreau's ;—for though Mr. Suinine is too good a Russian to know that the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen were gained by the French, and chiefly by artillery, we guess General Moreau could not have been ignorant of the fact. Flattery is not quite so easy a trade as is sometimes supposed ; they who practise it ought, according to the tenor of an ancient adage, to have good memories.

At length the general arrives at Prague, then the headquarters of the allies ; and his reception by their majesties is kind and friendly in the highest degree. The Emperor Alexander appears to have demeaned himself with the plain and simple frankness which so eminently distinguishes him ; he came to his lodgings between eight and nine in the morning, before Moreau could get out to call upon his majesty, and remained two hours in conversation with him. The effects of imperial condescension are certainly very considerable, and often work strange emotions in the greatest minds. It would argue, therefore, too much presumption, wholly to disbelieve that even Moreau should have been so much affected as our author describes him. But we venture to doubt his having given vent to his feelings in the terms lent him by this loyal Russian. “ He came to me,” says M. Suinine, “ with tears in his eyes, and with a faltering voice exclaimed, Ah ! mon cher S.... quel homme que l'empereur ! dès ce moment j'ai contracté l'obligation de sacrifier ma vie pour lui. Il n'est personne qui ne se fasse tuer pour le servir. Que tous les rapports flatteurs que j'avais entendus sur son compte, que toutes les idées avantageuses que je m'étais faites de lui, sont au-dessous de cet ange de bonté ! ”

From the emperor we are taken to “ their imperial highnesses the Grand Duchesses of Weimar and Oldenburgh, whose talents, information and manners enchanted the general.” He then saw

the generals and ministers. The day after he was presented to the Emperor of Austria, who very politely "returned him thanks for the moderation and gentleness which he had on all occasions shown in his campaigns on the Rhine, adding, that his personal character had greatly contributed to diminish the evils of war." Afterwards the Emperor of Russia brought the King of Prussia, and *presented him to Moreau*, in these words: "General Moreau, S. M. le Roi de Prusse." All this kindness we consider as the height of wisdom and goodness on the part of such personages; for undoubtedly it is much more rare to find sovereigns laying aside their rank and dignity, and treating a truly great man as their superior, than to see them taking strong cities, and performing the other feats of what is usually called greatness. This conduct does not seem to have been thrown away upon Moreau; but M. Guizot must always give us his words. Thus, he says, that hearing one of the generals call the Emperor Alexander "the best of princes," he replied, eagerly, "Comment, Monsieur? Dites le meilleur des hommes!" He also said, that in speaking of military matters, the emperor's "observations were so just, and his commentaries so profound," that "he could fancy himself conversing with the most experienced general." And, after more praises, he added, that "the only fault which his majesty had to diminish all these perfections, was an excess of modesty." "Il professait aussi la plus haute admiration pour la grande Duchesse d'Oldenbourg. C'est, disait-il, la Grande Catherine elle-meme," &c. One feels somewhat anxious under this compliment, touching the state of health of his Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Oldenburgh. The two grand duchesses express the utmost curiosity to learn from our author, "jusques dans ses moindres details sa maniere de vivre au nouveau monde."

From Prague the general proceeded with the emperor to Dresden, where the fatal event happened which even those who are compelled to lament his joining the enemies of his country, cannot fail to deplore. The eternal flattery of the author even follows him here. He makes Moreau's first words, on being wounded, to be, "Je suis perdu, mais il est si doux de mourir pour une si belle cause, et sous les yeux d'un aussi grand prince." However, he describes very well the affliction produced all over the armies by this catastrophe; the tears moistening cheeks furrowed with scars, and the sinking of the most courageous minds under so severe a shock. It is quite superfluous to add, that nothing could exceed the calmness with which the general bore the amputation of both legs, and the operation, if possible, yet more dreadful, of being carried for many leagues of the most frightful mountain roads, in the worst weather, and with a retreating army. Indeed, the slender hopes entertained of his recovery, rested wholly on his immovable constancy of

mind, and the excellent habit of body, derived in all probability from nature, but maintained or improved by that habitual temperance which virtuous and contemplative men delight in, as soon as the first heats of youth have boiled over.

Even on this dreadful journey M. Suinine will not leave the dying warrior alone; he must make him say, when he heard the news of Ostermann's victory, "*qu'on devait attendre les plus grandes choses des meilleures troupes du monde.*" But this is not the only plague which he was destined to endure; a very singular trait follows. He had, contrary to the advice of his attendants, insisted on writing the letter to Madame Moreau, so much celebrated; and being exhausted by the effort, they all kept away from him that he might not be induced to talk in a crisis so infinitely hazardous. "We were desirous," says M. Suinine, very naturally, "of excluding every person from his chamber; nevertheless we could not refuse His royal highness the Duke of Cumberland, who remained about a quarter of an hour with him." We really believe this intrusion of princely importunity is unexampled; and can by no means bring ourselves to believe that the circumstance has been accurately reported by this Russian blunderer. We have seen how those truly magnanimous princes, the allied chiefs, treated the great man—assuming no superiority from their exalted rank, but rather paying their court to Moreau; and then, we are told, comes a person, utterly without importance, only known as a man of high rank;—and presuming on this rank, (of which let us hope he means one day to be the ornament,) thrusts himself into the general's sick chamber, at a moment when his attendants deem his life to depend on perfect quiet! It is impossible to speak temperately on such an exhibition;—as Englishmen, it is impossible not to feel the difference in the demeanour of the princes. But what passed, according to this suspicious narrative? truly a strange colloquy. The duke, who now *for the first time* saw him, said, "he was very happy to make his acquaintance; but that his happiness would have been still greater if he had made it on the field of battle?" Then why did he not? What prevented his royal highness? The Emperor of Russia was close to Moreau when he was shot. The other sovereigns of all ranks had been on the same field of carnage. Not one of them had deemed it beneath his dignity to share in the uttermost dangers of the campaign. Where was the English prince the while? Did he not deign to show himself on this scene of blood and of honour? Possibly he was otherwise engaged—employed in some mission of importance; for he certainly had no military functions. But we had ambassadors too, of all ranks, in those great fights—the glories of which seemed so tempting, that no one could resist joining in the fray, or content him with a distant

view? Had we not the gallant Stewart wounded in that very field? Was not Lord Cathcart constantly present, and in the midst of the fire? Was Sir Robert Wilson ever to seek where the work of death was doing? But if either his occupations or his exalted station prevented him from being on the field of battle with the vulgar herd, why regret not having there met Moreau? Above all, why start up all of a sudden, never having before been heard of, and force his way into the great man's sick chamber "to make his acquaintance," and *talk* to him of fields of battle? The whole story, we repeat, is incredible; though the sequel is imagined with a sufficient air of probability. The general, apparently, not aware of the extreme dignity of the personage from whom he was fated to receive this visit, said, "that it was very probable they might meet in the field in six weeks." The narrator exclaims that he was the only person who had any such idea, because others then gave him over: but he does not appear to doubt the fulfilment of the prediction had he lived, nor to question the readiness of the duke to stoop to the low amusements of lounging or poking about among bullets and bayonets. This extreme reserve, and withdrawing loftiness of his royal highness, which appear never for a moment to have bent to the plebeian occupations of war, that engrossed the whole time of the allied sovereigns—has been singularly enough rewarded by an appointment, of a military—and not of a spiritual nature, as had naturally been expected—more especially when his royal highness, in a contemplative mood, seized on the bishoprick of Hildesheim. The prince regent, in the name and on the behalf of his majesty, one of the bravest of men, has been pleased to send to the duke a field marshal's baton; being the one granted immediately after Lord Wellington's.—But to return.

As the life of Moreau draws nearer a close, M. Suinine hastens to crowd his narrative with stronger and stronger specimens of flattery towards his court. Not content with making the general express, "*avec une chaleur étonnante*"—his delight at Vandamme's capture in these words, "*Il est bien temps que ce monstre soit mis hors d'état de faire du mal!*" he adds, that an act of rigour on the part of the Grand Duke Constantine gave him "*le plus grand plaisir.*" The Emperor Alexander, it seems, had, by an "excess of kindness," allowed Vandamme to retain his sword; but this was speedily redressed by the grand duke, who answered the complaints of the prisoner at being publicly exposed to the insults of the populace, by observing, that the worst treatment would be generosity towards such a wretch. This anecdote of his imperial highness, it seems, gave Moreau, then on his death-bed, the utmost satisfaction. The moment of his decease now drew on apace; he had been seized with the hiccough and vomiting. During the night, he was restless, though without much pain. He

constantly kept striking his watch, and calling his aid-de-camp, Rapatel, or this author, to write, under his dictation, "a letter to the emperor." At length the morning of this awful night dawned;—he felt that he had not many moments to live; when about seven o'clock, "observing (says M. Suinine) that I was alone with him, he made me take the pen, and dictated the following lines."—Now, it is singular, that just at this critical moment, the faithful Rapatel, and all others except the author, were removed. But it must be confessed that he makes the best use of the opportunity; for he writes—"to the dictation of Moreau," the following half sentence: "Sire—Je descends au tombeau avec les memes sentiments d'admiration, de respect et de devouement, que V. M. m'avait inspiré dès le premier moment de notre entrevue." . . .—"He paused, (continues this man,) and shut his eyes. I thought he was meditating on what was to follow, and kept my pen ready to follow—but he was no more." We only marvel that the Grand Duke Constantine was not hooked in by the same means into the compliment;—we verily believe that so gross an outrage to a great man's memory never was committed as this flatterer here offers to General Moreau. Does the reader desire to see how he reflects on his handiwork? "Ainsi finit ce heros, en consacrant sa dernière action et sa dernière pensée au souverain qu'il regardait avec raison comme le principal réparateur des maux de l'Europe, comme celui à qui la France devrait un jour la chute de son tyran et le rétablissement de son bonheur sur les bases justes et solides de la légitimité. Ce fut l'observation que je fis à mon souverain quand je lui annonçai cette triste nouvelle."

Next follows the letter of the emperor to Madame Moreau, which has been so generally read, and deservedly so much admired, for the simple and touching expression of his feelings conveyed in it. Our author, as usual, does his utmost to destroy its effect by extravagant praises; calling it—"the noblest language ever employed by greatness, and the softest consolation ever used by pity;"—affirming, that all we shall ever see written on Moreau will never do his memory so much honour as these "immortal lines;"—and that they have "restored the afflicted widow to existence, and recalled her from the gates of death, and prevented her from sinking under the most poignant grief of which the human heart is susceptible." Among the general's papers, were found part of an intended proclamation to the French; from which, and from other circumstances, M. Suinine positively contradicts the one published in the newspapers under his name, and known to be a mere fabrication.* He also mentions a journal of

* The story of his taking the rank of major general in the Russian service, was absurdly fabricated by the same inventors. M. Suinine states positively, that he refused every offer of this sort which was made to him.

the operations of the campaign, which the general had begun :— But the author adds, what we shall believe when we see it so written under General Moreau's hand, that he was keeping it to send to the Duchess of Oldenburgh. In short, every thing in this narrative is daubed over with a flattery, so nauseous, because mixed up with, and attached to, most interesting facts, that we have rarely seen a performance relating to the life of a great man, more calculated to offend all readers of right feelings.

The work closes with a biographical notice of Moreau, which is below criticism, and apparently introduced only to swell the volume. The only part which has any interest, is the account of the conspiracy which led to Moreau's exile ; and if this is at all correct, it distinctly admits the general to have been engaged in Pichegru's plot, and in the scheme of Georges. The author attempts, indeed, but very feebly and unsatisfactorily, to show that Moreau did not come into these designs, until after Pichegru's arrival at Paris ; but he describes him as a coadjutor, and ready to come forward as soon as Georges should have succeeded in the first step of the conspiracy, which was to attack " Bonaparte on his way to St. Cloud, and carry him off by main force." We are quite confident that this is incorrect ;—such a project bears far too near a resemblance to assassination, (in which most probably it would have ended,) to make it credible that so good a man as Moreau would engage in it. Of this consideration, however, our author, accustomed to the details of Russian history, is, perhaps, wholly unaware. He adds, that the general's plan was by degrees to prepare the way for restoring the Bourbons—and how ? By first restoring the power of the republican party ! This is really too tiresome to dwell upon.

Before concluding the present article, we must remark, that, high as the veneration may be in which all good men hold the memory of its illustrious subject, there can be only one opinion among those who allow themselves to reason upon the last and fatal act of his life. He ought not to have borne arms against his country. This is an inflexible rule ; and he who can admit exceptions to it, must be prepared likewise to defend assassination. But it was against Bonaparte, and to free the French from his yoke, that Moreau joined the enemy. How could he answer for the intentions of the allies ? In truth, short as the time is which has elapsed since his death, we have seen proof that no such scheme is entertained by them. They have, in the moment of victory, recognised the tyrant of France, and offered him a larger empire over Frenchmen than the Bourbon kings enjoyed. For whom, and for what was Moreau, then, fighting ? For Russians and Germans seeking the liberation of their own countries, and justly seeking it—but their liberation from a French yoke ; and this was

not an object of enmity to any Frenchman. They never have pretended to desire any French object—to have any purpose in view which a Frenchman could justly abet them in attaining. We cannot understand what new light some people have suddenly received on the score of universal philanthropy. Those who were wont to rail at all such chimeras, now praise Moreau for fighting the battles of Europe against France. What would they say of an Englishman, who, from some personal or party quarrel with the ruling powers, should be found in arms for the liberty of the seas? They would (and we think very properly) speak to him through the medium of certain jurors for our lord the king.

Far be it from us to deny the doctrine of resistance, or to dispute the existence of a crisis in France which gives every friend of liberty a right to raise his arm against the government. The propriety of calling in foreign assistance in such circumstances, opens a much nicer question; but it does not arise in the present case—for all must agree that such aid is only to be subsidiary, and to back the efforts of the people against their oppressors. The allies, when Moreau joined them, were engaged in liberating Germany—and no movements in France were within their contemplation. Moreau, then, co-operated with them in mowing down the ranks of his own countrymen, because Bonaparte commanded them. Which of the patriots of the seventeenth century ever thought himself justified by Cromwell's breach of all faith with them, in joining the Dutch or Spanish forces against that usurper? Indeed the matter will not bear inquiry; and the discussion might have been spared altogether, if the injudicious praises of those, who never before his quarrel with Bonaparte saw any merit in him, did not impose upon us the necessity of exposing doctrines—shall we call them?—which strike at the root of all the principles of patriotism.

It is with the most unfeigned reluctance and sorrow that we feel ourselves thus compelled to censure the last public acts of such a man as Moreau—not only because he has already expiated his errors by a death of glory, but because his private character appears to us to have been more pure and gentle, and his public principles, on the whole, more sound and disinterested, than those of any other individual whom the eventful days of the French revolution have brought into notoriety. But the principle we have just stated is too clear and too important—especially in such a crisis as now impends over the world—to let us permit any shadow of doubt to be thrown upon it, from respect or from pity for the fate even of such a man. It is singular, indeed, that but a few months have elapsed since we would have quoted Moreau himself as the greatest practical authority for the principles for which we are now contending: since we have occasion *to know*,

that, up to the period of his last embarkation for Europe, it was the decided opinion of that great man, that no circumstances could justify an individual in taking up arms against his country, but the coöperation of a great part of its natives; and that it was his professed determination, up to the hour of his departure from America, never to fight against Bonaparte but at the head of *a French army*—which he firmly believed that the authority of his name would very soon enable him to collect, partly from the emigrants and prisoners that would be disposed to join him, but chiefly in consequence of the large defections which he reckoned upon from the forces of the tyrant.

By what circumstance he was afterwards led to abandon this noble and worthy resolution—or rather, as is more probable, to conceive that it might be substantially reconciled with the part which he actually adopted, we have no means of learning; and should look in vain to such a writer as M. Suinine for information. It is probable that he may have thought his own active example necessary to decide the conduct of those whom he still expected to flock to his standard; and that it became him to hazard even his consistency and reputation, in making an experiment, on the issue of which so much depended. Of such a man we are willing not only to judge favourably, but to presume highly; and had he lived to command in a *victorious* field, we make little doubt that he would have been joined by multitudes of those very men who are now fighting under the banners of Bonaparte; and, finally marching at the head of his countrymen to the liberation of his country, might have set at defiance the imputations to which the early part of his career had subjected him. Unfortunately for him—and for the world—that part was all that he was permitted to perform; and a death, which postponed the deliverance of Europe, has necessarily left a shade on his fame.



Observations made on a tour from Hamburgh, through Berlin, Gorlitz, and Breslau, to Silberberg: and thence to Gottenburg. By Robert Semple, author of Two Journeys in Spain, &c. 12mo. pp. 270.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

MR. SEMPLE travelled during the momentous events of last year's campaign, and among the very scenes where those events were taking place—sometimes a day before one or other

of the armies, sometimes a day behind, sometimes at headquarters: he had opportunities of observing the Cossack soldiers, and the Emperor Alexander's favourite body of guards: he saw the crown prince and General Moreau, and witnessed the meeting of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. All this gives a kind of interest to his little book, which, in an idle hour, one is content to accept, in lieu of information. Besides this, Mr. S. met with a very odd sort of adventure in his peregrinations, which, however disagreeable to himself, certainly gives a little life to his book. At Berlin it was perfectly well known that Dresden, whither our traveller was going, was in the hands of the French. The government, however, (we are merely giving Mr. S's account of the matter,) did not choose to let this fact be generally known, and when Mr. S. applied for a passport thither, it was readily made out, and he was suffered to proceed without any intimation of the danger he was running. It was not till he arrived at Luckau, that he became acquainted with the state of affairs, and the necessity of changing his route. He took the road for Calau, intending to put himself under the protection of Lord Cathcart, to whom he had a letter of recommendation; but at Hoyerswerda, being under great apprehensions of falling into the hands of the enemy, he took the precaution of destroying this letter, which, "in case of being taken," he did not think likely to be of much service to him. On this unfortunate piece of policy we leave our readers to make their own observations. The consequence of it was, that when he presented himself before his lordship, he was told that "his passports contained no proof of his being a British subject, and that he was avowedly born in America." In fine, Mr. Semple was regarded as a spy, and sent off, with one or two other prisoners of state, to the fortress of Silberberg, in which melancholy confinement he remained for eleven weeks. In his way thither, he was mobbed and execrated in almost every town they passed, and once or twice in no small danger of being stoned. "Behold that rascal, how bold he looks! What! does he call himself an Englishman? Ah! a good torturing will soon make him confess the truth." At Silberberg, he was confined in the same *dungeon* with a Frenchman who had been his companion on the road, and afterwards with another, who formed rather a curious addition to the party.

"On the fourth day, we were removed from the upper part of the fortress to a casemate at the bottom of the ditch, in the face of the counterscarp. We had complained of our first lodging, but this was smaller, and still more damp and gloomy. The walls were ten or twelve feet in thickness, so that the light came to us through the arches of the windows, like coming through a long passage. We

were met at the entrance by a strange figure, dressed in a flannel night-gown, and who, we were told, was to be our fellow prisoner. "Mr. Professor," said our guard, "we have here brought company for you." At hearing the title of professor, I examined our new comrade more closely. I beheld a man of about sixty years of age, rather stout and tall, with a countenance not particularly interesting, and a bald head. Under his dirty flannel wrapper appeared a black waistcoat, and he shuffled along in a pair of slippers. In such a dress, and such a situation, who would have expected to see an intimate acquaintance of Bonaparte? I learnt that he was the Abbé Henri, Curate and Professor of Jena, a Frenchman by birth, though long established in Germany, known as the author of several works, and as having lately published a history of the French language.

"After the battle of Jena, his office of curate gave him frequent opportunities of being with Bonaparte, which he did not fail to improve; and by a little dexterous flattery he acquired from him the endowment of a considerable establishment: "Sire," said he to him, "former chiefs have frequently founded large churches for trifling successes; do you now found a small temple for a great victory." The idea pleased; and the church of *Notre Dame de la Victoire* was reared in consequence. This might be flattering to the professor, but it was no doubt a very galling remembrance to the Prussians; and, having heard the account, I was not at all surprised, in these troubled times, to meet the honest gentleman at the bottom of the ditch of Silberberg.

"After the first novelty of fresh society had gone by, I began to reflect that the placing me thus in company with two men of a nation so determinedly hostile to England, was a very unfavourable symptom, and that, after commencing with such an act of cruel injustice, it was probable that the duration and nature of my confinement would be proportionable to it. I knew nothing of what was going on, and was very doubtful whether my letters from Gortitz had been forwarded to England. We were like men cut off from the world. Sometimes, in the silence of the night, we thought we heard the firing of cannon at a great distance, but as it generally ceased with the dawn of day, we knew not what to think of it."

But we are anticipating matters. We should, in the regular course of things, have informed our readers, that on the 17th of April, 1813, Mr. Semple embarked at Harwich for Heligoland, in which island he was detained by easterly winds for eight days, and, consequently, had a little more time for observation than he generally allowed himself on his journey.

"A glance at the composition of this island is sufficient to lead us to expect its rapid decay, a truth which every circuit of it tends to impress still more strongly on our minds. Off the southeast end, at a small distance, lies a low ridge called Sandy Island, which with some ledges of rocks forms the only shelter for vessels lying here. There

are old men still living, who remember when, at low water, it was possible to wade over to the island, which is now no longer so; and the tradition is carefully preserved among the inhabitants, that Heligoland once contained seven parish churches. On every side sharp rocks extend to a considerable distance, the remaining bases of once mighty cliffs. Stop but for a few minutes, and you hear the noise of small portions crumbling down near you, and proving that in some part or other the decomposition is incessantly and perceptibly going on. Here and there you behold large masses, which, although precipitated recently, are already beginning to be smoothed by the waves, and assimilated to the general nature of the beach. Others, at a great height, are marked out by chasms for their fall, and you wonder to see them so long suspended. Nor are these observations to be made altogether without danger. In one of my circuits a mass of many tons fell not far behind me, and overspread with ruins all the beach between the foot of the cliffs and the sea." P. 7—9.

We do not, however, by any means intend to follow the route of Mr. Semple: suffice it to extract a few passages for the entertainment of our readers. The passion of the Germans for music, which we lately had occasion to remark upon, we find several times confirmed in the course of this narrative.

"As Heligoland diminished to our view, our boatmen, animated by the prospect of a speedy passage, began to sing charming little German airs, in parts, with a propriety and softness that surprised me. This taste for music, in a race of men where it was so little to be expected, appeared to me already a national characteristic; and I could not but reflect, that in all the shipping of Great Britain it would not, perhaps, be possible to find a captain and his mate, capable of thus joining even in a national song." P. 21, 22.

"We arrived at Ritzbüttel, where the cheerful sound of music convinced us that all were not asleep. In the common room of an inn, and amidst the smoke of tobacco, four men of poor appearance formed a concert with the harp, violin, flute, and voice." P. 23.

"Whilst we stopped, (at Züllichau,) a choir of boys collected before our door, and forming a circle with a director in the middle, armed with a roll of paper, they sung several beautiful German airs in parts. These choirs are regular establishments in many parts of Germany, particularly in Berlin. The boys are frequently taken from those who are in the colleges, and are well instructed in music at the expense of the individuals who delight in forming these kind of musical societies. On particular days they assemble and sing before the doors of their benefactors; and the public and the passing stranger have the benefit of these institutions." P. 200.

Mr. S. frequently fell in with bodies of Cossacks, and other Russian troops; but we know not that he has communicated any thing very novel with respect to them.

"The true Cossack appeared to me distinguished by little eyes, obliquely placed, and a countenance conveying the idea of being contracted by extreme cold, and the constant dazzling of snow. Among the rest were mixed a few Calmucks. Their high cheek bones, small oblique eyes, and general features, strongly recalled to mind my early friends, the Hottentots; but on a gigantic scale, they being in general the tallest and stoutest men of the party. Some wore a dress of sheep skin, others over that the jackets of French soldiers, especially such as were distinguished by any finery. Among their arms and accoutrements were Turkish, Russian, and French pistols, many French sabres, and some saddles. Before dining, most of them took off their caps, crossed themselves, and repeated a short prayer. They ate without voracity, but asked eagerly for spirits, under the common German name of snaps. After eating, some played at cards, some read letters, at which I was surprised, some conversed in groups, and others, stretched along the ground, placed their heads in their comrades' laps, who performed, with their fingers, the operation of combs. P. 35, 36.

"Among the groups on bivouac, I observed many who had stripped themselves entirely naked, and were rubbing and stretching their bodies before the fires, with a kind of savage delight." P. 98.

Mr. S. obtained accounts of the campaign of Moscow from a Hollander, who had served in it.

"His regiment of hulans had been constantly with the advanced guard under Murat, and out of twelve hundred and fifty men, of which it originally consisted, nearly a thousand had already fallen, or were in the hospital before quitting Moscow. For six days before entering that city he had eaten horse flesh, which was his sole food for sixty-two days on the retreat; and had already paid a ducat for a half beer-glass of common spirits. From the day of crossing the Niemen, during the whole of the march, not a dozen peasants were seen on either side of the route. Every thing was burnt up, destroyed or removed. At the battle of Smolensko, the infantry alone were at first engaged, the cavalry on both sides lining the opposite banks of the river, in separate squadrons, for a long distance, to prevent a surprise on either flank. But in the battle of Mojaïsk, or Borodino, the cavalry had a large part. There he had two horses killed under him. Nothing can be said sufficient to give an idea of the horrors of that battle. The French troops, contrary to their usual custom, fought

in a mournful silence. Cavalry and infantry, Cossacks and artillery, all were mixed together in the promiscuous carnage. The battle began at four in the morning, and the last cannon shot was fired about nine at night. P. 167—169.

It is impossible, by any description, to exaggerate the horrors of the retreat. It was three hundred thousand men put to suffer all that human nature could endure, without entire destruction. His horses all died, and he was obliged to walk in the severity of the cold with his feet nearly bare. He saw forty louis given for a place in a common cart, for a distance of thirty miles; and a general, after making a bargain of that kind, being benumbed by the cold, was pushed out by common soldiers who had previously occupied the seats, and left to perish on the road. P. 170, 171.

The post wagons of Germany seem to afford a traveller very little prospect of comfort.

“ The hour appointed was eleven o'clock, but we did not depart till two. I then, with some astonishment, mounted a long, narrow, covered cart, or wagon, across which three or four seats were slung, and the after-part of which was stuffed with packages. Six other passengers, of whom two were Jews, took their places at the same time. Those in the hinder seat were in the dark, and those in front had no room to extend themselves, or with difficulty to change their position. This, however, I was told, being covered, was a carriage of the first class. P. 43.

In five hours they had travelled sixteen miles. No wonder that poor Mr. S. should declare, in a pet, that it is “ hardly possible for the ancient Germans to have used ruder vehicles than those hourly seen in the heart of civilized Germany,” 71; especially as his companions were none of the most pleasant; they repeated, and praised “ with enthusiasm,” Bonaparte's proclamation to his army at the commencement of the campaign, and expressed great surprise that our traveller should regard a most brilliant sunrise with any kind of delight.

ORIGINAL REVIEW.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of John Calvin, with a selection of letters written by him and other distinguished Reformers ; also notes and biographical sketches of some of his contemporaries. Compiled by the Rev. Elijah Waterman. 8vo. Hartford, 1813.

THE life of Calvin is one of the noblest subjects which can be selected by the philosophical historian. The lofty, intrepid, and zealous character of the venerable Reformer is full of interest. The period in which he lived was the era of the most important revolutions in religion, in politics, in manners, and in literature ; in all of which the agency of his powerful and active mind was conspicuous. He was intimately connected with many of the greatest men which those times, fertile in great men, had produced, with Luther, with Melancthon and Cranmer, and especially with Beza, second only to Calvin himself as a theologian, and the first scholar of a learned age. The writings of Calvin, above those of any modern author, have had a wonderful effect in forming and influencing, not only the speculative opinions, but also the more active principles of conduct of a very great portion of the most enlightened part of the civilized world. “ Two things of principal moment there are,” says the ablest opposer of his system of church government, the judicious Hooker, “ which have deservedly procured him honour throughout the world ; the one his exceeding pains in composing the *institutions* of the christian religion ; the other his no less industrious travels for the exposition of holy scripture according to the same institutions. Of what account the master of the sentences was in the church of Rome, the same and more among the preachers of the reformed churches Calvin hath purchased, so that the perfectest divines were judged they which were skilfullest in Calvin’s writings ; his books were

almost the very canon to judge both doctrine and discipline by. French churches, both abroad and at home, were all cast according to that mould which Calvin had made. The church of Scotland, in erecting the fabric of their reformation, took the self-same pattern, till at length the discipline, which was at first so weak, began to challenge universal obedience."* Most of his works, however, though they still continue to produce their effect through the medium of more popular modern writers, who have imbibed his spirit, and adopted his opinions, are yet, at the present day, if we except the Institutes, much more frequently quoted than read, and are certainly little known to the general scholar. These, therefore, should be analyzed fully and fairly, as well with respect to their literary merit and their general character of thought and argument, as to their theological opinions. Finally, the personal, theological, and literary character of Calvin, should be ably and honestly summed up; a task which would demand the candour of Jortin or Watts, and all the vigour and critical acuteness of Johnson.

If all these subjects, exuberantly rich as they are, do not afford sufficient scope for the biographer, there is still ample room for expansion and digression. The influence of his opinions may be traced; the biographer may show how the simple theology of Calvin has been worked up into metaphysical systems which never entered his mind, or explained away into what he would have shrunk from as heresy. He might point out, too, how far the spirit of the reformer of Geneva has pervaded those systems of religious faith which nominally disclaim all connexion with the peculiar doctrines which bear his name, and how much his genius has shed its influence and given its own colour to the literature, the manners, and even to some of the political institutions of the present day. Here is opened a field of speculation in which the excursive genius of Warburton, though as eccentric in his course as the orbit of a comet, might wanton in boundless digression. Here he might have run wild in paradox, or displayed his giant strength in grappling with the most arduous subjects. But Warburton would probably have viewed the character and opinions of

* Hooker's Ecclesiast. Polit Preface.

Calvin with a malignant and jaundiced eye, certainly without any portion of that cordial admiration which would be essential to give interest and animation to the narrative. In every intellectual gift and accomplishment, in extent and variety of knowledge, in laborious industry and minute accuracy of research, and above all, in that bold originality of conception which can unite into one harmonious whole, the most dissonant materials, Gibbon, as the biographer of Calvin, would have stood without a rival; but his genius had no moral sympathy with that of this illustrious apostle of the reformed faith. Instead of kindling with congenial warmth from his inflexible integrity, his high-seated principle, and his generous yet tempered enthusiasm, he would have continually chilled his reader with cold-blooded sarcasm, and half-veiled irony. Of all the scholars of the last generation, Horsley appears to us to have been the one best fitted for this undertaking. But even Horsley, in America, could scarcely do justice to the task. There must doubtless exist in many neglected historical and polemical writers of the continent, a considerable body of curious matter relating to the history of Calvin's life; most of these are inaccessible to a compiler on this side the Atlantic. As rich as many of our public and private libraries are in works of much greater general utility, we much question whether all the libraries in this country could supply the means of making the researches necessary to give a thorough and satisfactory view of the character of the man and of his times.

After what has been said, our readers will readily anticipate that Mr. Waterman has scarcely filled up the plan which we have sketched out on so bold a scale. Indeed he has not attempted it. He has contented himself with compiling a faithful and unpretending narrative of the life and actions of the great reformer, and has executed his undertaking in a very creditable manner. He has assumed, as the groundwork of his biography, Theodore Beza's *Vita Calvini*, commonly prefixed to the later editions of the *Institutiones Religionis Christianæ*. To this he has adhered very closely, and has translated and embodied almost the whole of it in his own work.

This brief and condensed narrative he expands by occasional

observations and remarks, and the addition of such historical facts as he could glean from various authors of that age, but chiefly from the epistles of Calvin himself, the whole of which are translated and inserted either in the body of the work or the appendix. The biography, which, in spite of these helps, is still meager, is farther enlarged by some digressions in defence or panegyric of Calvin. The longest and most laboured digression is one in vindication of the reformer from the charge so frequently brought against his character by many of the opponents of his doctrines, and lately repeated with much warmth by Mr. Roscoe, in his life of Leo X.—that of being the principal agent in the trial, condemnation, and execution of the Socinian Servetus. We were happy to find that the biographer *almost* exculpates him from the charge of persecution, and shows, in the most satisfactory manner, that though he partook of the general error of the age, in regarding it both as the right and duty of the civil magistrate to repress heretical opinions by the strong arm of legal authority, yet so far was he from having any particular agency in the punishment of Servetus, that he, in fact, interceded, though ineffectually, to mitigate his sentence.

It is amusing to observe that our biographer, in the course of this argument, as well as in other parts of the narrative, often appears to be half inclined to approve of the old-fashioned orthodox mode of treating contumacious heretics, and, without giving any direct opinion on the subject, is continually vibrating between the more tolerant practice of the present age, and the allegiance which, as a faithful and loyal biographer, he feels bound to show to all the opinions of his hero. But in his vindication of the moral character of Calvin from the accusations of Mr. Roscoe and others, we consider him as completely triumphant. Indeed, had his argument been much less powerful and ingenious than it is, we should yet have been strongly disposed to admit its force. We do not number ourselves among those who glory in calling Calvin rabbi and master, yet we confess, that considering him as one of the most illustrious fathers of our civil and religious liberties, we regard his memory with affectionate veneration. Whenever the historian or antiquary is thus successful in wiping away with pious diligence the spots and stains which time has left upon the cha-

racter of wise and virtuous men, he assists in accomplishing many of the noblest purposes of history. He takes away from vice some portion of the apology and the malignant consolation which it finds in the frailty and lapses of imperfect human virtue. He excites the ingenuous mind to measure its conduct by a higher standard of moral and intellectual worth. He awakens in the breast the most generous enthusiasm, and the purest sentiments of our nature, by enabling us to embody, in some substantial form of active virtue, those grand and magnificent, but undefined, ideas of imaginary excellence, which often float before the mind, and then vanish away like the mist of the morning. If "that man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force in the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona," surely he is still more to be pitied, whose heart swells with no virtuous emotion when the clouds of error and prejudice are thus rolled away, and the form of moral greatness stands unveiled before his eyes in its native majesty, like the pillar of Pompey, towering in solitary grandeur above the waste and subject plain.

In one part of Mr. Waterman's work we were much disappointed. Our expectations had been raised by the title of memoirs of the life and *writings* of Calvin. But of his writings, important as they are, Mr. W. gives us but a brief and imperfect account; nothing more, indeed, than the mere titles of some of them, and of others but little more than the occasion on which they were composed, and some general praises of their style or doctrine. There is no regular analysis or criticism upon any of Calvin's works, nor any statement of his opinions on many subjects, of secondary importance, indeed, when compared with the weightier matters of doctrine, but infinitely curious and interesting to many a reader to whom the ponderous latin folios of Calvin are known only by reputation.

Mr. Waterman's style, in the ordinary tenor of his history, is unaffected, and sufficiently perspicuous, but when he leaves his narrative to digress into argument, or strives to rise into elegance, he loses all command of language, and his diction becomes deformed by provincialisms, and debased by strange and anomalous

impurities. One of his most ordinary faults is the use of words not in their true and received signification, but in a different sense so nearly related to the true, that while the meaning is sufficiently obvious, the expression has a strange and foreign sound, not unlike the composition of a foreigner, or a literal translation from another language. Thus, for example, he uses the phrase "he dissembled repentance," for "he affected or pretended repentance;" and again, "The lapse of years rarely effaced from his recollection persons whom he had once recognised," meaning "persons whom he had known, or been acquainted with." Sometimes he indulges in metaphorical expressions not always very clear in their meaning, and singularly harsh and pedantic in their effect; such as "the hydras of faction shoot forth their successively revegetating heads;" and again he talks of "impeaching persons of a nictating vision;" meaning, as we gather from the context, accusing them of dulness of perception. These stately sentences are curiously contrasted by one or two slovenly colloquial phrases—he talks, for instance, of "the nervous system of some men being put all on shiver." These inelegancies are, perhaps, intentionally hazarded for the sake of producing a dashing effect of spirit and strength. If so, we cannot compliment Mr. Waterman upon his success; their only effect is to give to his composition a certain whimsical, particoloured appearance, forcibly reminding us of the dialect of the learned Hudibras, which was,

English cut on greek or latin,
Like fustian, heretofore on satin;
And had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he spoke two parts in one.

It is but justice to our author to repeat that this fault is far from being habitual with him; there are, however, others of equal magnitude, of much more frequent recurrence in his pages. He constantly employs several words of American origin, of no authority or peculiar significancy whatever; in particular the word "*locate*," of which he seems very fond, a word useful and proper enough in its primitive legal and business sense, for which purpose it was originally manufactured, but unnecessary in any other, and espe-

cially so, when used (as by Mr. W.) for *place* or *assign*; and the verb *approve*, which we hold to be utterly worthless and indefensible, and, in fact, little better than a *squatter* upon the possessions of that respectable ancient English verb *to approve*. Occasionally, too, Mr. Waterman is bold enough to introduce words or modes of speech of still less authority, and, to the best of our knowledge, altogether of his own coinage. The most conspicuous among these, are two words of latin pedigree, *vafrous** and *propulsive*, both of which, although they are a very scholar-like pair of adjectives, and, as Bardolph says, words of exceeding good command, we do most earnestly pray him to eject, without ceremony, from his next edition.

We mean nothing disrespectful to the reverend author, by these remarks. If his work had not evidently been the production of a man of learning and good sense we should not have selected it for the purpose of thus pointing out certain barbarisms which infest his style in common with that of many of our writers. He is but the representative of many offenders of the same class; and we consider ourselves as merely discharging our duty as censors in the literary republic, by thus branding these vagrant and alien words which have intruded themselves among us into the privileges of citizenship without right or merit.

Many of the faults of style upon which we have above remarked, are altogether provincial; into others, we are strongly inclined to believe, our author has been betrayed solely by a certain feverish polemical spirit which sometimes shows itself in his pages, and which, though it happily does not partake of the malignity and the disregard of truth which so often disgrace religious controversy, is yet sufficiently powerful to vitiate his taste, and to de-

* This is the first time we recollect to have met with the word *vafrous* in any writer, good or bad. It is not in Johnson, Mason's Supplement, Ainsworth, Kenrick, Sheridan, Walker, or any other dictionary of authority, for we have examined all we could find on the shelves of a large public library. But since writing the above, a learned friend has referred us to that copious receptacle of antiquated pedantry and obsolete impurities, Bailey's folio dictionary, where, we understand, *vafrous* and its relations, *vafriety* and *vafrouness*, may be found. There let them remain "quietly inurned," they are surely not worth reviving. We are glad that neither of them is of American growth. *Propulsive* is not even in Bailey.

stroy that dignified sobriety of thought and style which is the highest praise of historical composition.

To conclude—Mr. Waterman's book, though not a very great work, nor, indeed, quite worthy of the subject he has chosen, is yet highly respectable, and, we think, useful. We do not know that the information which he has here collected is to be found elsewhere in our own language—certainly it is not in any single English volume. We, therefore, recommend this work to all those of our readers who are not over scrupulous as to style, and who are desirous of knowing something more of the venerable Calvin than is to be learnt from the vague invective, or undistinguishing eulogy, with which his name is continually bandied about in theological magazines and controversial pamphlets.

V.



A General History of Connecticut, from its first settlement under George Fenwick, Esq. to its latest period of amity with Great Britain, including a description of that country, and many curious and interesting particulars. By a Gentleman of the Province. London, printed and sold by J. Bew, 1781.

THE course of time may be divided into three distinct periods. The first comprehending those ages altogether beyond the reach of historical research, and of which even the tradition is lost;—the second, the season of fable, partly founded on fact indeed, but so distorted as to be altogether incredible;—and the third comprising that period of which the events are preserved in authentic chronicles. As the historian undertakes to record the actions of one or other of these there will be found a regular gradation towards the impossible, in proportion as he approaches the first. Ascending the stream of time, wonders multiply towards its source—at every step the soil waxes more and more fruitful in prodigies, until at last, like the imaginary torrid zone of the ancients, the whole region becomes peopled with monsters, fiery dragons, and superhuman heroes, whose most insignificant exploits are altogether beyond the reach, or even comprehension, of this

degenerate age. Mankind, who delight in being astonished, and soon become satiated with mere probability, have always dwelt on these achievements with peculiar complacency when they happened to be related of their ancestors, and have preferred them to all the true matter of fact heroism of later times.

Thus in the early records of almost every country of christendom, we find a mighty champion, for some inconceivable reason called a saint, whose legend is more prized in the hearts of the people than the exploits of a whole dynasty of valiant monarchs. Old England would rather give up Marlborough himself than Arthur and his Round Table, and consign all her other Georges to oblivion, sooner than part with the invincible St. George who slew the dragon, and delivered his brother champions from captivity. There is no true Irishman, or bonny Scot, let him be ever so sober, that will not get fuddled in honour of honest little St. Patrick and St. Andrew ; and even the pacific Americans will, doubtless, some day or other, when they get a reputable tutelary saint, maintain his honour, and drink to his glory with most exemplary patriotism.

The love of the marvellous is inherent in our nature. The pride of human reason indeed affects to despise every thing but truth ; yet stern and inflexible as reason may pretend to be, there are times when it delights to unbend—to yield the reins to imagination, and ramble with her through all the devious windings of fiction, and over the fertile regions of impossibility. Aware of this, and anxious that the people of the United States should become acquainted with the only native historian of their country who has thought it worth his while to administer to this harmless propensity, we have undertaken to introduce the present work to their notice. It was first published about forty years ago, and, considering the youth of our nation, the author may claim not a few of the privileges attached to ancient historians, whose business it is to make the early chronicles of their country as marvellous as possible.

The general history of Connecticut, to a review of which the foregoing remarks are intended as introductory, attained to very considerable reputation in the province whose first settlement it professes to record, where it was called the *Lying History*, to distinguish it from all others, as well as in a sort of ironical commendation

of its scrupulous veracity. Lucian, who wrote an account of a voyage to the moon, containing more extravagance of invention than even the relations of those late travellers who have visited this country, called it *The True History*. Nobody ever believed one word of it, and since that time every historian who expected to gain the reputation of veracity, has cautiously abstained from any professions to that effect, and had much rather his history should attain to any other distinction than that of truth. The friends of our author, for this reason, very soon after its first publication, gave the work under consideration the title which has distinguished it ever since, and which, if we are not egregiously mistaken, will wonderfully recommend it to those who are disgusted with the grave falsehoods of authentic histories, as well as those who, not being in the secret we have hinted at, expect to find it a record of impossible events, or a chronicle of exploits beyond the reach of human power, like the early histories of all other nations.

Our author commences his work with a detail of the first attempts of the English to effect settlements within the limits of Connecticut. These, it appears, were made nearly about the same time by three different parties; the first headed by George Fenwick, Esq.¹ at Saybrook; the second by John Haynes and the Rev. Thomas Hooker, at Hartford, where they found a Dutch colony which they forthwith sent about its business—and a third under the direction of Theophilus Eaton and the Rev. John Davenport, at New-Haven. It appears that these parties were seceders from the mother church of Massachusetts, and, as the author dryly observes, “came there to escape persecution, and to be at liberty to persecute others.” It is indeed a subject of serious concern to read in the history of these early times, of the dissensions of the different congregations, each of which considered its pastor as infallible, and held his doctrines to be the only true guide. Smarting as they were under the recollection of those severities which drove them into the wilderness; surrounded by savage enemies jealous of their encroachments, and ready to take advantage of their disunion, still being destitute of the wholesome cement of a little persecution, they seem to have lost sight of those principles of toleration which they demanded of others, and to have dealt not only with quakers, anabaptists,

adamites and papists, but those who differed with them in the most trifling ceremony, as if they were worse than heathens. Thus the congregation under Eaton and Davenport came from England to join their brethren in Boston, but bringing with them some new notions, which did not exactly correspond with those of the first emigrants, they could not agree. Eaton and Davenport went to New-Haven, and the people of Boston held a general thanksgiving, "because Providence had stationed Eaton and Davenport so far from them." This unaccommodating spirit, however, answered one good purpose by contributing to the more rapid settlement of the eastern states. Every new town was the progenitor of three or four little ones in its neighbourhood, which were peopled generally by some flock of stray sheep, that, under the guidance of a popular preacher, departed from the mother church and went out into the wilderness to seek its fortune. The history under our consideration is full of instances of this sort. Each held its own pastor as the uncontrolled head of the church. But although they would not allow his infallibility to be questioned by others, yet it distinctly appears they sometimes took the liberty of doing it themselves, and numerous are the contests related between these sturdy republicans, and their preachers, who seem, like man and wife, to have been always quarrelling about who should wear the breeches. But it is a most pleasing result to discover, as we certainly do, that from these habits of almost indiscriminate resistance to established authorities, and from the infinite divisions of the church in the new world, sprung at last the most perfect system of rational freedom, as well as the first example of universal toleration, the modern christian world ever enjoyed. Singular and unaccommodating as were the manners and habits of the early emigrants, they furnished excellent raw materials for freemen. In process of time their unbending spirits softened down into a steady and rational abhorrence of tyranny, and what at first seems to have been a fidgeting impatience of all kinds of restraint, settled at length into a rational detestation of all restraints that were not sanctioned by the laws. When, too, the representatives of the different states met to devise the constitution of our general government, such a diversity of religions prevailed all over the land, and the numbers of each were so well balanced, that no particular

sect was sufficiently strong to impose its ordinances on the other, or aspire to the dignity of an established church; and the consequence was, that they compromised matters by allowing an equal toleration to all. The divisions which at first sight seemed to menace the interests of religion, at last contributed to purify it, at least from the stain of that malignant persecution which sprinkled the sacerdotal lawn with the blood of men who believed in the same redeemer, and not unfrequently converted those whose errand and whose vocation was charity to all men, into bloody executioners, heaping coals of fire upon the heads of christians like themselves. Thus in this new world persecution became at last the cause of her own overthrow, and perished like the inquisitor Alvarez, in an auto-de-fé of her own lightning.

After detailing the various attempts at colonization in Connecticut, the historian proceeds to inquire into the different titles under which the first settlers took possession. This part of his work is highly curious, and the result is not a little to the discredit of the good people of that state, who, he maintains, never had any legal title whatever, but were a set of arrant squatters, that settled just where it suited them, without asking leave of any living soul, except the Indians, with whom, as is usual with white people, they made excellent bargains. The sum of these transactions with the aboriginal inhabitants forms another item in the precious history of poor honest ignorance all over the face of the earth. Civilized nations have always thought themselves at liberty to impose upon those who were uncivilized, and to cheat an Indian has philosophically been considered nothing more than making a lawful use of the advantages derived from superior refinement in the art of bargaining.

They conceived, with great apparent justice, that because the opportunities which the savages possessed of acquiring information had not been equal to theirs, the Indians were not entitled to any of the privileges of humanity, and the consequence is, that their only experience of the superiority of civilized men, has been that of their refinement in injustice, and their dexterity in cheating. Everywhere they have been driven by syllogisms, and scripture quotations, from their ancient inheritance; everywhere they

have been alternately the tools and the victims of the ambition of other nations, and everywhere the most that they have gained by associating with white men, is a more familiar acquaintance with vice, and an enlargement of their conceptions of immorality. Numerous attempts have indeed been made to draw them from the darkness in which they are plunged with regard to heavenly truths, but their general experience of the conduct of christians is little calculated, we think, to recommend their doctrines, as the antidote of the precept, for the most part, is too weak to overcome the poison of the example.

Little good will probably ever be done in this way, unless the attempt is connected with the introduction of a system which will gradually draw them into habits of cultivation, and convert them from hunters into farmers. When they become husbandmen, when they have a comfortable home, a happy fire side, and a regular system of domestic economy ; when the minds of their children have been gradually prepared by education to receive the doctrines of truth, then, and not till then, will the attempt to convert them tend to any other result than to make them more wretched. To take from them the arrow and the spear, before they can handle the axe, and direct the plow, is to convert the hardy, active tenant of the boundless forest, not into a civilized being, but into a sort of incongruous monster, with all the vices peculiar to both stations of life. He will become such an animal as we see sometimes lounging about the taverns of the western frontier. A wretched sot who has lost his original *cast* without having acquired any other—a spiritless slave, whom every slave of the house chastises at pleasure, and whose sole business in life is to perform the most menial offices for the purpose of obtaining that liquor which is the only christian divinity that he adores. To call such a being a christian—to suppose him capable of comprehending or practising a single principle or rite of christianity, is a mockery of religion, and a libel on real believers. It is earnestly to be wished that the plan of carrying religion on in one land, and agriculture in the other, originally adopted by this government, and so successfully prosecuted among the natives on the southern frontier, will suffer only a temporary interruption by the present war, and that the return of peace will bring with it a revival of that wise and benevolent system. Thanks to the impulse given by a people to

whom three quarters of the globe at least owe obligations they will never repay, we mean the quakers, the chains of the negro are broken ; and may we not hope, now that the glorious race of emancipation is begun, the wrongs of the Indian may also cease ? —There are other wrongs besides kidnapping and slavery, and more christian modes of retaliation than burning and conflagration.

Among the various curious particulars which the industrious research of our author has rescued from oblivion, there is nothing of more value than the transcript of the celebrated judicial code known by the name of *Blue Laws*, under which the first colonists of Connecticut subsisted for a considerable time. We regret, however, that he has not informed us to whom we are indebted for this singular code, and the reader must, therefore, remain ignorant of the name of a legislator who, had he lived in days of yore, would certainly have rivalled the famous Draco.

All that we can do is to give the laws verbatim, leaving it to the industry of future antiquarians to discover their author. They are as follows :

“ The governor and magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion.

“ From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

“ The governor is amenable to the voice of the people.

“ The governor shall have only a single vote in determining any question, except a casting vote when the assembly may be equally divided.

“ The assembly of the people shall not be dismissed by the governor, but shall dismiss itself.

“ Conspiracy against the dominion shall be punished with death.

“ Whoever says there is a power holding jurisdiction above and over this dominion, shall be punished with death and loss of property.

“ Whoever attempts to change, or overturn this dominion, shall suffer death.

“ The judges shall determine controversies without a jury.

“ No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote, unless he be converted or a member in free communion of one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

“ No one shall hold any office who is not sound in the faith, and faithful to this dominion ; and whoever gives a vote to such a person

shall pay a fine of one pound. For the second offence he shall be disfranchised.

“ No quaker, or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates, or any officer.

“ No food and lodging shall be afforded to a quaker, adamite, or other heretic.

“ If any person turns quaker he shall be banished, and not suffered to return on pain of death.

“ No priest shall abide in this dominion. He shall be banished and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

“ No one shall cross a river but with an authorized ferryman.

“ No one shall run on a sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church.

“ No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on sabbath day.

“ No woman shall kiss her child on the sabbath or fasting day.

“ A person accused of trespass in the night, shall be judged guilty unless he clear himself by his oath.

“ When it appears that an accomplice has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

“ No one shall buy or sell lands without permission of the select men.

“ A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the select men, who is to debar him the liberty of buying or selling.

“ Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbour, shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped fifteen stripes.

“ No minister shall keep a school.

“ Man stealers shall suffer death.

“ Whoever wears clothes trimmed with silver or bone lace above two shillings a yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the select men shall tax the offender at the rate of 300*l.* estate.

“ A debtor in prison swearing he has no estate, shall be let out and sold to make satisfaction.

“ Whoever sets fire to the woods and it burns a house, shall suffer death; and persons suspected of the crime shall be imprisoned without benefit of bail.

“ Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of 5*l.*

“ No one shall read common prayer, keep christmas or saint's day;

make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, the trumpet, and the Jewsharp.

“ When parents refuse their children suitable marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point.

“ The select men, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents and put them into better hands, at the expense of the parents.

“ A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of 10*l.*; a woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

“ A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

“ No man shall court a maid without first obtaining consent of her parents—5*l.* penalty for the first offence—10*l.* for the second; and for the third, imprisonment during pleasure of the court.

“ Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned.

“ Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.”

Such is the curious code which has made so much noise in the world. Like the laws of the Druids, which it resembles in other respects, it was never written, but was declared and interpreted by the select men, the judges, and the pastors of the different congregations. The reader will not fail of being struck with the extraordinary mixture of reason and absurdity, of liberality and bigotry, which it contains. While he admires the former, he is not hastily to charge the lawgivers of Connecticut with a more than ordinary portion of bigotry and superstition. Two centuries ago people were not exactly what they are now, when every man, however ignorant or stunted in his intellect, is qualified, at least in his own opinion, to make laws and direct the measures of government. These simple pilgrims doubtless cudgelled their brains full many a sleepless night to digest this code, however deficient, and brought it to maturity with prodigious labour of cogitation. The true principles of rational liberty had just begun to dawn forth in the modern world, and as there were few newspapers to enlighten the people, they possessed in general but vague, indefinite, and fantastical ideas of freedom. Yet still even here we perceive some indications of that hardy spirit of independence which the old puritans of Queen Elizabeth's time planted in England, and which, being mellowed, chastised, and disciplined in the progress of human reason and knowledge, at length produced the mild and rational system of

liberty which we now enjoy, and we trust long shall enjoy, notwithstanding the foretellings of a class of prophets who seem resolved to contribute to their fulfilment. Against every system of government complaints will arise; but it is sufficient for attaining all the happiness in the power of mere political institutions to bestow, that when the majority are aggrieved, they have the power to obtain redress and future security, without resorting to violence, but simply by the exercise of their constitutional privilege of suffrage.

Among the regulations contained in the system of laws which gave rise to these observations, there are several that we think entitled to our admiration. It would be difficult to find anywhere a better statute than that respecting drunkenness, or penalties more righteously denounced than those against the publisher of a lie. The sumptuary law against persons wearing "gold, silver, and bone lace," is, perhaps, the best calculated to repress the extravagance of beggarly vanity of any ever devised. The statute taking away ignorant children from parents who wilfully, and not from inability, neglect their duty, and obliging them to pay the expense of a suitable education, is liable, indeed, to many objections, but under proper regulations must have contributed greatly to the general dissemination of learning.

But the article which obliges "married people to live together or be imprisoned," is too much like the pleasant alternative of marrying or being hanged, to meet our entire approbation; neither do we think their mode of cropping the hair equal to that practised at this time. Touching the denunciation against minced pies, we must take leave to observe that they are not only orthodox pies, but also of great antiquity, as appears by the testimony of Olaus Wormius, Schoeffer, and other writers, who have dilated on the manner of the northern nations celebrating their holidays. Lastly, as admirers of an agreeable and soothing art, we cannot forbear protesting against the music of these rigid legislators.

But most of these obnoxious statutes have, we believe, long since fallen into disuse, and the principal resemblance between this ancient code and the present charter of Connecticut, is observable in the prerogatives of the select men, which still subsist in all their ancient rigour. A man may be a native-born citizen and a freeholder, yet he is not permitted to vote for the most insignificant parish officer, unless the select men certify that he is

“of mature years, quiet and peaceable behaviour, a civil conversation, and forty shillings freehold, or forty pounds personal estate; if the select men of the town certify a person qualified in these respects, he is admitted a freeman on taking an oath of fidelity to the state.” It will readily be perceived that this inquisitorial power must give the select men a vast influence in elections, and if our limits would permit, we think the steady political habits of this state might be traced very clearly to this prerogative, which enables the select men, if they are so inclined, to prevent almost any person they please from exercising the right of suffrage. The words “quiet and peaceable behaviour, and civil conversation,” are sufficiently elastic to be stretched so as to comprehend the whole general tenor of a man’s conduct, or contracted to any particular instance of irregularity. This power may certainly be abused, but that it had not been complained of at the time our author wrote his history of Connecticut, we are assured expressly. Only two appeals had then been made from the decisions of the select men, and, if we recollect right, they were in both instances confirmed. Acquiescence in the acts of those in authority proceeds either from a conviction of their being just, or from despair that any opposition will be effectual. There is a kind of despotism under which the people are silent as the grave, not because they have no cause of complaint, but because they dare not complain, lest a new vial of wrath should be poured upon their heads. Wherever a people murmur very energetically, they are either free from any violent oppression, or they are on the eve of a revolution; for when the tongue, in a despotic government, once gets free, all the rest follows of course. It may, we think, be laid down as a political axiom, that under a tyrannical government there is much grievance and little complaint; and that in a free state, on the contrary, there is very little suffering, but a prodigious deal of clamour.

Much has been said of the severity of these venerable statutes called the Blue Laws; but we think part of that severity may be ascribed to the peculiar situation of the framers. Punishment, in order to be effectual, should be in some degree proportioned to the difficulty of apprehending the criminal; to the obstacles in the way of his conviction; and to the measure in which he is liable to be affected by that punishment. A slight penalty may

be sufficient to deter a man from the commission of a crime, provided the discovery and the infliction be certain. But if the chance of punishment be very remote and improbable, the degree of the penalty should be proportionably increased—the weapon should be keen that wounds at a distance.

Their religious dissensions caused the first colonists of Connecticut to separate into small parties very early, and seek new settlements remote from those who they considered their oppressors. Here, surrounded by Indian tribes, who inhabited the wide wilderness, or by almost impenetrable solitudes, escape was comparatively easy to the offender; and if he chanced to be taken, the defective mode of administering justice, as well as the close union which had attached the little band to each other, and had gradually been strengthened by dangers, must have afforded frequent opportunities of evading punishment. But even supposing the delinquent at last to be brought to conviction, it is to be considered that the honest pilgrims had been so well seasoned in England by stocks, imprisonments, bastinadoes, and other gentle applications for bringing back stray sheep to the fold, fashionable in those days, that they did not mind trifles.

Having concluded the historical part of his work, our author commences a geographical description of Connecticut, dividing it into three great sections. The first consisted of the kingdom of Sassacus, which comprehended the present counties of New London and Windham; the second of the kingdom of Quinnipiog, comprising the counties of New-Haven and Fairfield; and the third was composed of the counties of Hartford and Litchfield.* This last was the patrimony of the great Connecticote, who gave his name to the whole state, and was, if we may believe our author, a sort of Agamemnon, a “king of men,” who had tributary kings under him, being, in fact, the only Indian emperor ever discovered in North America. The ancient limits of the state of Connecticut, the historian affirms, of right extended to the Hudson, and he complains bitterly of the encroachment of our ancestors, whom he calls the “sly New-Yorkers,” a name which we will venture to say was never applied to them before or since. He maintains that these worthy Dutchmen cheated the sister state out of the whole of Long Island, which of right belonged to Con-

* Two new counties have since been formed in Connecticut, called Middlesex and Tolland.

necticut. These charges are now of no importance, except as they implicate the characters of our venerable forefathers, whose reputation for patriarchal simplicity and inflexible uprightness, is such as to repel such imputations at once, and render a vindication altogether unnecessary. Besides this, he in the very outset of his work maintains, that the people of Connecticut had never a legal title to any of the lands they occupied, and how people can be "cheated" out of what never belonged to them, is quite incomprehensible.

We have one more charge under this head against the historian, and that is, the unhandsome manner in which he speaks of Mr. Smith, the author of the first history of New-York, whose credit is so high as to be sometimes referred to in judicial pleadings. We are aware that historians, any more than people of other trades, cannot be expected to agree, and that the first business of an historical writer is to put down all his predecessors in order that he may have plenty of room; yet still we must seriously protest against this attack upon the credit of the father of our history, whose authority is equally sacred with that of Herodotus, or the father of any history extant.

Having sketched the general divisions of Connecticut, the author proceeds to a more particular description of the principal rivers, towns, remarkable curiosities, &c. interspersing it with notices of various traditions, and relations of remarkable occurrences. Many of these are highly curious, and it is in this portion of the work that we begin to discover those symptoms of the marvellous, which gained the history that distinguishing appellation to which we have formerly alluded.

Speaking of the Connecticut river, he mentions a remarkable fact in natural history, which would certainly stagger any reader not familiar with Titus Livius, Pliny, and other writers, who are considered as authentic by all orthodox scholars. He relates that the water, being compressed between two "unyielding rocks, becomes consolidated without frost, by pressure and by swiftness, to such a degree of induration that no iron crow can be forced into it." Whatever may be thought of this passage, it relates nothing half so remarkable as thousands of stories told by ancient writers, who are still considered good authority notwithstanding these frequent departures from sound matter of fact. Setting aside the numerous tricks played by the ancient

rivers with unsuspecting damsels, all early history is full of strange stories about them. We will content ourselves with instancing two; one related by the most celebrated philosopher, and the other by one of the most famous historians of antiquity. Aristotle mentions a river, called the Elusina, which had a most extraordinary ear for music, insomuch that it would bubble, and dimple, and dance about with evident symptoms of delight whenever any instrument was played on its banks; and Josephus affirms that a river of Judea, whose name he discreetly conceals, pursued its course regularly for six days and stood still on the seventh. From these instances it will appear that the singular compression of Connecticut river is not altogether without a parallel in the unaccountable caprices of other streams, nor our author destitute of the authority of great names to sanction his story.

In running over the list of principal towns, we notice several curious particulars, some of which we shall give to the reader without comment, leaving him to draw his own conclusions with regard to their veracity. Of New London he says, "The people of this town have the credit of inventing tarring and feathering as a punishment for heresy. They first inflicted it on the papists and anabaptists." This fact refutes the conjecture of certain antiquarians, who, with the usual sagacity of that useful race of people, maintain that it was of southern origin, because that region abounds in tar.

The people of the town of Norwich have the following complimentary notice.

"Were I to give," says the historian, "the character of the people of Norwich, I would do it in the words of the famous Mr. George Whitfield, (who was a good judge of mankind,) in his *Farewell Sermon* to them a short time before his death: 'When I first preached in this magnificent house, above twenty years ago, I told you that you were part beast, part man, and part devil, at which you were offended. I have since thought much about that expression, and confess that for once I was mistaken. I therefore take this opportunity to correct my error. Behold! I now tell you that you are not part man and part beast, but wholly of the devil.' " This was a "farewell" with a vengeance, and such as the good people of Norwich, whatever may be their component parts, probably remember to this day, if there be any truth in the story.

This division of man reminds us of that of the Mississippi navigator who affirmed himself to be "all alligator but his head, which was of aqua-fortis."

The town of Windham is distinguished by the following singular occurrence. The author's account of the evening concerts is exceedingly alarming. Aristophanes' chorus of frogs was nothing to them; neither do we ever remember to have seen or heard any thing that would bear a comparison, except in Hogarth's inimitable picture of the Enraged Musician, where, if the beholder's imagination is tolerably active, he may realize something of the kind.

"Strangers," says our author, "are very much terrified at the hideous noise made on a summer evening by vast numbers of frogs in the brooks and ponds adjacent. There are about thirty different voices among them, some of which resemble the bellowing of a bull. The owls and whip-poor-wills complete the rough concert, which may be heard several miles off." "One night in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond about three miles square, and about five miles from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body and marched, or rather hopped, towards Minnomantic river. They were under the necessity of going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bull frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled a road forty yards wide for four miles in length, and were for several hours passing through the town unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened. Some expected to find an army of French and Indians, others feared an earthquake or dissolution of nature. Old and young, male and female, fled hastily from their beds with worse shriekings than those of the frogs. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt, and summoned resolution enough to return back to their wives and children, when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words, *Wight, Helderkin, Dier, T'élé*. This last they thought meant treaty, and plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached and begged to speak with the general; but it being dark, and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear.

At length, however, it was found that the dread inimical army was only an army of thirsty frogs going to the river for a little water. Such an incursion," continues the historian, "was never heard of before or since; and yet the people of Windham have been ridiculed for their timidity on this occasion. I verily believe an army under the Duke of Marlborough, would, under the like circumstances, have acted no better than they did."

We fully agree with the author, and think, moreover, that the people of Windham deserve great credit, particularly the intrepid three who went to conclude the treaty. If the conjecture were admissible, we should be inclined to suppose that these frogs, particularly those who bellowed like bulls, were of the breed of Seriphus, so celebrated by Ælian and others for making a prodigious noise whenever they went abroad.

This remarkable story of the frogs has often been brought forward as a proof of our author's singular credulity, or rather of his propensity to exaggerate. Yet it is not without a parallel. Justin relates that the inhabitants of Abdera were once driven out of their country by an incursion of this kind. The people, like those of Windham, were horribly frightened at first; but on discovering their assailants in the morning, they, one and all, fell into a fit of laughing which lasted several days, and, it is said, gradually extended to the extreme borders of Greece, where it spent its force against Mount Ossa in Thessaly. One of these Abderites was Democritus, who never recovered his gravity, but continued laughing on to the end of his life, whereby he attained to great distinction, and was called the laughing philosopher.

A particular description is given in this work of the town of New-Haven, which he considers, with great justice, one of the most beautiful places in the United States. "It is also celebrated," says he, "for having given the name of *Pumpkin Heads* to all the New-Englanders. It originated in the blue laws, which enjoin every male to have his hair cut round by a cap. When caps were not to be had, they substituted the hard shell of a pumpkin, which being put on the head every Saturday, the hair is cut by the shell all round the head. Whatever virtue may be supposed to be derived from this custom I know not; but there is much prudence in it. First, it prevents the hair from snarling; secondly, it saves the use of combs, bags, and ribands; thirdly, the hair cannot in-

commode the eyes by falling over them ; and, fourthly, such persons as have lost their eyes for heresy, and other wickednesses, cannot conceal their misfortune and disgrace."

We intended to have extracted a very curious account of a *Paw-waw* held near Litchfield, wherein Mr. Visey, a learned man from New-York, distinguished himself by discomfiting a vast number of the Indian devils ; a victory particularly honourable to New-York, because some of the ablest exorcisers of the eastern states had failed in the same attempt. It was also our intention to treat our readers to the story of the ship seen in the air at New-Haven, and several other curious particulars. But our limits will now only permit us to make a few general observations with respect to the degree of credit which ought to be given to the work under consideration.

That the History of Connecticut contains many things that may startle the timid bashfulness of modern skeptics, we are perfectly aware, but we at the same time aver, that not one of these equals the thousand marvellous stories of Herodotus, Livy, Pliny, and an infinite number, we may say all, the ancient historians of any sort of reputation with the moderns. People who believe the stories which Herodotus fathers upon the Egyptian priests ; the account of the Nasamonians which he gives with such gravity ; the match at dice between Rhampsinitus and Ceres in the shades ; the exploit of Arion of Methymna ; or the notable experiment by which the Egyptian king ascertained which was the most ancient nation in the world—all related by the father of history—we had almost said the father of lies—need not affect to doubt the modest relations of our author. When the Roman historians tell us of the ox that cried out in the market of Rome, "Rome take care of thyself;" of the dog that spoke when Tarquin was driven from the throne—of the rook that on seeing the assassination of Domitian exclaimed "well done;" and of the infinite number of miracles and prodigies achieved by the gods in favour of Rome, we believe them because they happened at such a distance, and so long ago, that there is nothing to contradict them except their impossibility. The better sort of readers, indeed, incline to doubt this part of their history, but make atonement by believing all the rest, and we only claim for our author the like

favour. Credulity is not so bad as unbelief, and the historian who relates only what he believes to be true, is much to be preferred to one who fetters the imagination with perpetual doubts, and leaves the reader adrift on the ocean of uncertainty, or, as they politely express it, "to draw his own conclusions."

Thus the early historians of every country are always most valuable, because they are a class of people who seldom doubt any thing, and are never deterred from setting down any exploit to the credit of their countrymen, on the score of its impossibility. It is of little consequence how much they deal in the marvellous; so long as their stories tell to the credit of their native country, they will always find a good number of believers. But wo to him who relates any thing to its disadvantage without disguising a good part of the truth. His history will be called the lying history to a certainty. It is not a little remarkable that almost all the ancient histories now extant are full of the marvellous, and were probably preserved by the monks on account of their great resemblance to the romances which were so fashionable in the darker ages of literature, rather than from any intrinsic superiority over cotemporary works. Probability soon dies, but the wonderful and the incomprehensible, like the mighty turtle of eastern mythology, survives even the dissolution of nature, and triumphs over the wreck of worlds.

All the early historians of other countries abound in these immortal incongruities; and if they are believed, it would be a singular exception to refuse the same indulgence to our author. It is very true that distance of time, like distance of space, allows the imagination full room to expatiate in boundless luxuriance, and gives free scope to the airy and fantastic gambols of credulity. Things related to have happened but yesterday, and within a short distance, are subject to the test of inquiry, and may be proved or disproved; but of events beyond the sphere of examination, we can only judge by what we conceive to be the limits of possibility. How many things are thought to have been possible in the early ages of the world that are not so now, either because the limits of human power, or the bounds of human credulity have been circumscribed? Convinced of this, the later historians are content to record only such events as come within the limits of our present capacity of

belief, and are one and all lamentably deficient in the marvellous, relating only such things as might have happened anywhere, and every day, without making any great figure in the almanac or parish register. This is it that makes many of them so dull that very few people, except those who want to be put to sleep in an easy way, will read them. This, too, is the case with our own historians, with the exception of the author of the *History of Connecticut*, who has laudably endeavoured to give our early annals an air of romance which will render them peculiarly attractive. While other nations number among their progenitors heroes, monsters, demi-gods, and most illustrious robbers; and pretend to exploits that could only have been performed by the assistance of Beelzebub; we, when we grow old, and want to boast of our ancestors, will have nothing to show but a band of pious pilgrims who sought the interminable forests of the new world, not in the glorious hope of plunder or of conquest—not in search of a more mellow clime or fertile soil—not for the purpose of ransacking the maternal bosom of the earth for hidden gold—but for the liberty of worshipping their maker in the manner they thought best.

When, in after times, we are called upon to vie with the nations of the old world in splendour of descent, or in traditional renown, how will we shrink from the contrast between the peaceful pilgrim whose shield was his trust in Providence, whose sword the word of truth—and the prowling robber, or marauding pirate, who, smitten with the smiling aspect of some devoted land, poured in his hungry followers sword in hand, exterminated the ancient possessors, founded a new nation, and when he died, from a monster became a god! How will we then repine that we did not stimulate the inventive genius of our author to the production of some great work that might have vied in wonders and monstrous exploits with the most renowned of the early historians! As it is, our history is likely to become a mere hum-drum, true history, not like that of Lucian, abounding with strange people living on the scent of frogs roasted on the coals—who, we suppose, were the ancestors of the French—or with others having each a goodly cabbage growing out behind, who were doubtless the forefathers of the valiant sour-kront eaters of Germany—but a mere matter of fact chronicle, abounding in no other romance but that of real

life. Such matters, however strange, are not to be compared with the relations of the early historians of the enviable old world, which are so beautifully incongruous, or so delightfully improbable, as to tickle the imagination in a wonderfully pleasant manner. A real event, however extraordinary, if its causes be clearly explained, ceases to be an object of wonder; whereas a most agreeable astonishment is excited by a fictitious circumstance related in such a manner as to make it appear quite impossible. There is a symmetry in truth that diminishes its apparent greatness, whereas falsehood is generally magnified, like a building, by the disproportion of its parts—we feel much less surprise at seeing a tall man whose frame is in perfect proportion, than a little stunted dwarf whose very want of symmetry renders him a monster.

For these reasons, and in the hope that at some remote period, when improbability shall have become hallowed by time, and impossibility consecrated by the belief of ages, the relations of our author may become the foundation of a chronicle that shall vie with those of Archbishop Turpin, or Sir Richard Baker, we are anxious that the History of Connecticut should be preserved. Time, that can do any thing but make people young again, will give it value as he plies his ceaseless course, and time will increase our faith in the wonders its records. When truth is buried in the rubbish of ages—when all cotemporary testimony is swept away—when detection has quenched her taper—and the mists of time, like those of the natural world, have given to distant objects an indistinct, mysterious, and exaggerated outline—then it is that credulity riots in the fertile fields of the marvellous, and romance becomes history.

P.

LORD BYRON.

AMONG the cluster of poets that have lately sprung up in Great Britain, the most fashionable, at the present day, is Lord Byron. Independent of his literary merits, his popularity may be attributed, in some degree, to his rank, youth, and the eccentric and romantic cast of his private character. He is descended from a

noble and illustrious family, that may be traced back to the reign of William the Conqueror. Two of his ancestors fell in the field of Cressy, another fought under the banner of Earl Richmond at the battle of Bosworth, and several lost their lives in the armies of Charles I.

Lord Byron inherited the title at an early age, in immediate succession from his granduncle William. He passed several of his youthful years in Scotland, but received the chief part of his education at the celebrated school of Harrow, and finished it at the university of Cambridge. While at school, he evinced those peculiar traits of character, and that poetical talent, which have since distinguished him. He was independent, and rather haughty in his manners; limited in his friendships; eccentric in his opinions; and of a proud reserve that approached to misanthropy. Still he does not seem to have been unpopular; his schoolmates, though they were repelled from his intimacy, yet gave him credit for high and generous qualities, and strong sensibilities; he was accounted an apt student and a good scholar, and was remarked as excelling in poetical exercises. Shortly after leaving school, and before he was of age, he published a volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled "*Hours of Idleness, by Lord Byron, a minor.*" This volume fell under the lash of the Edinburgh reviewers, who animadverted upon it in a strain of coarse but highly ludicrous satire. Their strictures, though severe, were in general just, and though their ridicule may have been galling to the individual, yet if it could operate in any degree to restrain that fatal eagerness to rush into notoriety, which is the misfortune of so many young writers, we cannot but think it highly beneficial. Still we consider their censure of the poems as too unqualified—many passages in the volume are stamped with considerable poetical merit; several of the poems, which, from their date, must have been written when his lordship was but fifteen years of age, are surprising productions for such early youth, and, indeed, the whole collection, as the writings of "*a minor,*" certainly bore the air of very great promise.

One of the best of the poems is an elegy on Newstead Abbey, the family seat of the Byrons. Here his lordship dwells on the former power and feudal grandeur of his ancestors, recounts their gallant exploits, and pours forth, in elevated language, the feelings

of a high-born soul, meditating on the ruins of past magnificence. The concluding stanzas apply immediately to himself, and are selected as being characteristic of the poet.

“ Newstead ! what saddening change of scene is thine !
 Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay ;
 The last and youngest of a noble line
 Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

“ Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers ;
 Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep ;
 Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers ;
 These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

“ Yet are his tears no emblem of regret,
 Cherish’d affection only bids them flow ;
 Pride, Hope, and Love, forbid him to forget,
 But warm his bosom with impassion’d glow.

“ Yet, he prefers thee to the gilded domes,
 Or gewgaw grottoes of the vainly great ;
 Yet lingers mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
 Nor breathes a murmur ’gainst the will of fate.

“ Haply thy sun, emerging, ye may shine,
 Thee to irradiate with meridian ray ;
 Hours, splendid as the past, may still be thine,
 And bless thy future, as thy former day.”

It is worthy of remark, that in one of the poems in this collection, he seems to have anticipated the castigation of criticism, and even to have acquiesced in its justice :

“ Still I must yield those worthies merit,
 Who chasten with unsparing spirit,
 Bad rhymes, and those who write them ;
 And though myself may be the next
 By critic sarcasm to be vex’d,
 I surely will not fight them.

“ Perhaps they would do quite as well
 To break the rudely sounding shell
 Of such a young beginner ;
 He who offends at pert nineteen,
 At thirty may become, I ween,
 A very hardened sinner.”

But with all this apparent meekness, and professed submission to the rod, Lord Byron possessed the inseparable irritability of an author, and retorted upon the Edinburgh critics in the well-known

satire of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The success of this poem at once stamped his reputation; it met with vast circulation, and universal applause. The million were delighted with it, from the relish that almost every one has for any thing pungent and satirical; some authors extolled it, because they had formerly suffered under the lash of the critics themselves, and rejoiced in any thing that could reach their feelings, or prove their fallibility: while many others joined in the plaudits, by way of making favour with the poet, lest they should at some future time suffer under the satire of his excursive muse.

The poem, indeed, was intrinsically excellent, possessing much of the terseness and vigour of Roman satire; and though he lay about him with an unsparing hand, and often cut down where he should merely have lopped off, still, we think, the garden of poetry would be wonderfully benefited by frequent visitations of the kind. The most indifferent part of the poem is that where the author meant to be most severe; his animadversions on the critics have too much of pique and anger; the heat of his feelings has taken out the temper of his weapon; and when he mentions Jeffrey he becomes grossly personal, and sinks beneath the dignity of his muse. Whatever may have been the temporary pain of the application, we think Lord Byron was benefited by the caustic of criticism. He was entering into literature with all the lulling advantages of a titled author; a strong predisposition on the part of society to admire; and none of those goads to talent that stimulate poor and obscure aspirers after fame, whose only means of rising in society is by the vigorous exertion of their talents. His lordship might, therefore, have slipped quietly into the silken herd of "persons of quality," who have from time to time scribbled volumes of polite, spindle-shanked poetry, in their nightgowns and slippers, had not the rough critic of the north given a salutary shake to his nerves, and provoked him to the exertion of full and masculine talent.

On coming of age, Lord Byron, after taking his seat in the house of peers, went abroad and spent some time in the south of Europe, and among the Grecian islands. He appears to have trod those classic regions with the enthusiasm of a scholar, and to have stored his mind and exalted his imagination with the relics of de-

parted taste and grandeur, and the luxurious scenes and gorgeous imagery of the east. He returned to England in 1811, and in the spring of 1812 published "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*." The limits of this brief article will not allow us to enter into any examination of the merits of this poem, which, indeed, has been thoroughly scrutinized by every periodical publication of the times. In the notes appended to it, his lordship again took occasion to indulge in a few hits of no great force against his old adversaries, the Edinburgh reviewers. These writers, in reviewing his "*Childe Harold*," spoke of it with great candour and applause, and in the conclusion of their criticism, adverted, in terms of manly moderation, to his lordship's determined hostility. This unexpected liberality touched the generous feelings of the poet, and in a letter, which he immediately wrote to Mr. Jeffrey, he lamented the literary feud that had arisen between them, expressed his sense of the fair and candid criticism of *Childe Harold*, and regretting that his resentments had led him to the publication of his satire, declared, that as an atonement, he would endeavour to suppress its circulation, and banish it from print. His lordship has faithfully observed the promise, and the consequence is, that a copy of "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*" is not to be procured at present in any of the bookshops of Great Britain.

The subsequent writings of Lord Byron are too well known to need recapitulation. He has published a succession of brilliant little eastern tales, decorated with appropriate and splendid imagery. These are in every one's hands, and are the hackneyed subjects of every review. The profits of these writings have been liberally dispensed by his lordship to various persons; for, though by no means very affluent in his circumstances, he considers it a point of pride not to receive pecuniary emolument from the inspirations of his muse. In the introduction to his last poem he expresses a determination not to publish again for several years; and we understand he is about once more to depart on his poetic rambles in the east. We hope he may keep to his determination, and give time for that poetical genius, which has hitherto manifested itself in brilliant sparks and flashes, to kindle up into a fervent and a lasting flame.

[Leigh Hunt, the author of the *Feast of the Poets*, has written much and well in verse and prose, on various subjects, particularly politics, literature and dramatic criticism. But in every thing he writes, he discovers a poetical character. He is naturally a poet—not, perhaps, of the first order, and probably incapable of producing the highest effect of sublimity or pathos, but full of fancy, of sprightliness, of taste, and of sentiment. The following sketch of his life, written by himself about four years ago, possesses much interest, and places in a strong light the boldness and independence of the author's literary and political character. It is to be regretted that so much of violent asperity and personal feeling should mingle with his political opinions. Since the date of this letter Mr. Hunt was for about a year the editor of a quarterly literary publication of great merit, entitled the *Reflector*, in which the *Feast of the Poets* first appeared, after which he again entered with much violence into political controversy, and has since shared the fate of Cobbett, having been convicted of a libel upon the Prince Regent, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Surrey gaol.]

MEMOIR OF MR. JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

DEAR SIR,

Examiner Office, April 20, 1810.

You know my opinions respecting the biography of living persons, especially of those who either deserve no such notice, or may wish to deserve it better: but you have succeeded in persuading me that a public writer, who pays attention to the drama, is a person of some interest to your readers; and as an author on these occasions must be an assisting party to what is said of him, I have thought it best to say quite as much as need be said, in my own person, and thus perform the task as frankly and decently as possible. ADDISON has observed, in corroboration of your arguments, "that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." (Spec. No. 1.) And it was said of TOM BROWN, I think, when the second edition of his poems did not sell, that the joke was lost, because he omitted the portrait. Now, as my first wish is to be well understood, I would not willingly lose any help towards that valuable qualification. I should be very sorry were the reader puzzled with any opinion of mine, from his ignorance of my having a dark complexion, or the ladies incline to doubt my sensibility, for want of knowing that I am very happily married. Thus I fairly disclose these two important secrets to the public; and that no possible joke may be

lost, the artists, you see, have produced a very good likeness of my face.*

Of birth, &c. you tell me it is absolutely necessary to say something. Well:—I was born at Southgate, in October, 1784. My parents were the late Rev. I. HUNT, at that time tutor in the Duke of CHANDOS's family, and MARY, daughter of STEPHEN SHEWELL, merchant of Philadelphia, whose sister is the lady of Mr. President WEST. Here, indeed, I could enlarge, both seriously and proudly; for if any one circumstance of my life could give me cause for boasting, it would be that of having had such a mother. She was indeed a mother in every exalted sense of the word, in piety, in sound teaching, in patient care, in spotless example. Married at an early age, and commencing from that time a life of sorrow, the world afflicted, but it could not change her: no rigid economy could hide the native generosity of her heart, no sophistical and skulking example injure her fine sense or her contempt of worldly-mindedness, no unmerited sorrow convert her resignation into bitterness. But let me not hurt the noble simplicity of her character by a declamation, however involuntary. At the time when she died, the recollection of her sufferings and virtues tended to embitter the loss; but knowing what she was, and believing where she is, I now feel her memory as a serene and inspiring influence, that comes over my social moments only to temper cheerfulness, and over my reflecting ones, to animate me in the love of truth. At seven I was admitted into the grammar school of Christ's Hospital, where I remained till fifteen, and received a good foundation in the Greek and Latin languages. On my departure from school, a collection of verses, consisting of some school exercises, and of some larger pieces, written during the first part of 1800, was published that year under the title of *Juvenilia*, and in a manner, which, however I may have regretted it, it does not become me, perhaps, to reprobate. The verses were my own, but not my will. The pieces were written with sufficient *imitative* enthusiasm, but that is all: I had read GRAY, and I must write something like GRAY; I admired COLLINS, and I must write something like COLLINS; I adored SPENSER, and I must write a long allegorical poem, filled with *ne's*, *whiloms*, and personifications, like SPENSER. I say thus much upon the subject, because, as I was a sort of rhyming young Roscius, and tended to lead astray other youths, who mistook reading for inspiration, as in fact has been the case, I wish to deprecate these precocious appearances in public, which are always dangerous to the taste, and in general dissatisfactory to the

* This letter is accompanied in the *Monthly Mirror* by a very fine head.

recollection. After spending some time in that gloomiest of all "*darkness palpable*," a lawyer's office—and plunging, when I left it, into alternate study and morbid idleness, studious all night, and hypochondriac all day, to the great and reprehensible injury of my health and spirits, it fell into my way to commence theatrical critic in a newly established paper, called the *News*, and I did so with an ardour proportioned to the want of honest newspaper criticism, and to the insufferable dramatic nonsense which then rioted in public favour. In 1805 an amiable nobleman, at that time high in office, procured me a humble situation in a government office. This office, in January, 1809, I voluntarily gave up, not only from habitual disinclination, but from certain hints, futile enough in themselves, yet sufficiently annoying, respecting the feelings of the higher orders, who could not contemplate with pleasure a new paper called the *Examiner*, which, in concert with one of my brothers, I had commenced the year before, and in which I pursued the very uncourtly plan of caring for nothing but the truth. This paper, which it is our pleasure to manage as well as we can, and our pride to keep as independent as we ought, is now my only regular employment; but I contrive to make it a part of other literary studies, which may at a future time, by God's blessing, enable me to do something better for the good opinion of the public; and as to its profits—with constitutional reform for its object, and a stubborn consistency for its merit, it promises, in spite of the wretched efforts of the wretched men in power, to procure for me all that I wish to acquire—a good name and a decent competency.

I find I have been getting serious on this magnificent subject; but a man's muscles unconsciously return to their gravity when employed in talking of his own affairs, and few persons have enjoyed a more effectual round of flatteries than myself, who have been abused and vilified by every publication that has had the least pretension to infamy;—not to mention the grateful things said of me by the writers of "*comedy*," to whom I have been teaching grammar any time these six years—or the epithets lavished upon my head by our prepossessing ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who has twice brought me into court as "*a malicious and ill-disposed person*," purely to show that he could not prove his accusation. It is in vain, however, that I write as clearly as I can for the comprehension of the ministerialists: nothing can persuade them, or their writers, that all I desire is an honest reputation on my own part, and a little sense and decency on theirs. It is to no purpose that I have preserved a singleness of conduct, and even kept myself studiously aloof from public men whom I admire, in order to write at all times just what I think. The corruptionists will have it that I am a turbulent demagogue, a factious, ferocious,

and diabolical republican, a wretch who "horriſies the pure and amiable nature" of royal personages, a plotter with CORBETT, whom I never saw in my life, and an instrument of the designs of HORN: TOOKE, whom I never wish to see. It is equally in vain that I have taken such pains to secure the gratitude of the dramatists. I understand they never could be brought to regard me in the proper light; and a variety of criticisms, as well as the reports of my "good-natured friends," have conveyed to me, at divers times, the most positive assurances that I was an uninformed, an unwarrantable, and an unfeeling critic—a malignant critic—a bad critic—no critic at all—nay, a blackhearted being who delighted in tormenting—a sort of critical RHYNICK WILLIAMS who went about slashing in the dark—and in fine—what I must confess I really was at one period of my life—a boy. The worst publications that attacked me I abstained from noticing, not only from a proper respect to myself, but upon the principle that their own vices had already given them their death blow. However, they still continued fighting, like the vivacious deceased in the romance, who had not time, you know, to discover he was dead:—

*Il pover' uomo che non sen era accorto,
Andava combattendo, ed era morto.*

Orlando Innam.

But you see they die off, one after the other. The process is the same, though slower, with those "*living dead men*," the dramatists: and even the attorney-general and his right honourable friends, whose vigour consists in the persecution of newspapers, and whose genius in the waste of their country's blood, will recollect, I trust, that the inevitable hour awaits them also, and a much more serious one than can be contemplated in jest.

But enough of this egregious history. Disinclined as I was at first to the publication of this little memoir, I am at length not dissatisfied, I confess, with having an opportunity of contradicting, under my name, all those motives of envy or of ill temper, to which my humble efforts in the cause of taste and reason may have been attributed. To envy Mr. CHERRY or Mr. DIBDIN is no easy task; but to feel a personal ill will against bad writers would be, I trust, a still harder with me, if possible. If such persons lose their reputation or their profits, and become by-words for bad writing, they must attribute the misfortune to its real cause, and make the plain shoulder-shrugging confession which the other day escaped Mr. REYNOLDS, who has now given the town not only a fair warning, but a better proof of his sense than all his comedies put together. The just severity of criticism

regards nothing but what is public ; and had I made any answer to those poor reprobates, who, when they could find nothing personal to attack in me, attacked the character of those who were related to me, I should have challenged them to produce a single passage, in which I have made any personal attack on the deformities, morals, or hearts of those whom I criticised. Political stricture is another thing ; and to be bitterly severe on men who grow wealthy and wanton in the lavishment of English blood, requires nothing but to be commonly virtuous. But I have heard that even some of our present rulers cut a very good figure at their fire sides, and I have no doubt that our bad writers cut much better. So far from meddling with either of them there, who would not wish them there, wrapped up forever in social enjoyment ? The dramatists would at once make the proper use of their talents by fitting up baby theatres for their children ; and Mr. PERCEVAL, instead of sending his countrymen to prisons and graves, would hit the exact pitch of his genius in the forging of cherry-stone chains and the blowing of bubbles. But as criticism is not to invade the privacies of men, so private considerations are never to issue out upon, and obstruct, public criticism ; still less are they to be sacred in the defence of political character, when they are so continually brought into play by the politicians themselves, and elevated to the room and to the rank of public virtue. As I began, therefore, I shall proceed. I am not conscious of ever having given praise for policy's sake, or blame for malignity's ; and I never will. A strict adherence to truth, and a recurrence to first principles, are the only things calculated to bring back the happier times of our literature and constitution ; and however humble as an individual, I have found myself formidable as a lover of truth, and shall never cease to exert myself in its cause, as long as the sensible will endure my writings, and the honest appreciate my intentions.

Yours, my dear Sir, very sincerely,

LEIGH HUNT.

POETRY.

SONNET.

ON A MOONLIGHT VIEW OF HIGHLAND SCENERY.

TO * * * * *

HOW sweet, my friend, at this lone hour, to scale
These moonlight mountain cliffs, and view below
The dark lake sleeping in the silver glow
With all its shadowy isles;—to list alone
The dying winds that sigh around the steep,
And summer rills adown the rocks that creep
With a dull, tinkling, melancholy wail;—
How solemnly, while hush'd the fitful gale,
Falls on the ear that deep and nameless tone,
From the dim bosom of the wilderness;—
Made of all mingling sounds—so like the moan
Of child that murmurs through its dream of bliss;—
Thus look'd the infant world ere yet the groan
Of human guilt or grief disturbed its happiness!

TO THE SAME.

THEY call'd us brother bards!—The same blue streams
Witness'd our youthful sports; our tears have sprung
Together, when those ancient tales were sung,
That tinged our fancy's first and sweetest dreams;
Two simple boys bewitched with magic themes!—
And still, as riper years and judgment came,
On mutual couch we plann'd our mutual schemes,
Our tastes, our friendships, and our faith the same:—
But not the same our task!—Thy loftier lyre,
Which, with the tide of feeling, swells or falls,
Shall charm tumultuous camps and courtly halls,
And rouse the warrior's arm and patriot's ire—
While I shall chant my little madrigals
To happy circles round the cottage fire.

BALLAD.

1.

When the sky is black above, and the billows white below,
 And between the foaming swells we are lab'ring to and fro;
 When waves they roar beneath us, and thunders roil o'erhead,
 O think ye not, ye landsmen! it is a scene of dread?
 But dreadful though it be, yet it cannot us appal,
 For we feel Affection pours her prayers, and Mercy hears them all.

2.

When the ship is on her beams, and the masts are all a wreck,
 And, to 'scape the angry surge, we are lash'd upon the deck,
 When night is closing fast, and no sign of succour near,
 O think ye not, ye landsmen! it is a scene of fear?
 But fearful though it be, yet it cannot us appal,
 For we trust Affection pours her prayers, and Mercy hears them all.

3.

But see, the morn approaching, a vessel heaves in sight,
 The waves are sinking once again, the breezes they are light,
 She sees our waving signal, and swiftly beareth down,
 The red cross is her flag, and her country is our own:
 With pleasure, then, ye landsmen! our dangers we recall,
 For we ~~know~~ Affection pour'd her prayers, and Mercy heard them all.

W. M. T.

THE BALLOON.

[From the Reflector, edited by Leigh Hunt.]

The *airy ship* at anchor rides;
 Proudly she heaves her painted sides
 Impatient of delay;
 And now her silken form expands,
 She springs aloft, she bursts her bands,
 She floats upon her way.

How swift! for now I see her sail
 High mounted on the viewless gale,
 And speeding up the sky;
 And now a speck in ether tost,
 A moment seen, a moment lost,
 She cheats my dazzled eye.

Bright wonder! thee no flapping wing,
 No labouring oar, no bounding spring,
 Urged on thy fleet career:
 By native buoyancy impelled,
 Thy easy flight was smoothly held
 Along the silent sphere.

No curling mist at close of light,
 No meteor on the breast of night,
 No cloud at breezy dawn,
 No leaf adown the summer tide
 More effortless is seen to glide,
 Or shadow o'er the lawn.

Yet thee, e'en thee, the destined hour
 Shall summon from thy airy tower
 Rapid in prone descent;
 Methinks I see thee earthward borne
 With flaccid sides that droop forlorn,
 The breath ethereal spent.

Thus daring Fancy's pens sublime,
 Thus Love's bright wings are clipped by Time;
 Thus Hope, her soul elate,
 Exhales amidst this grosser air;
 Thus lightest hearts are bowed by Care,
 And Genius yields to Fate!

L. A

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Rodman's translation of the Commercial Code of France, 8vo. New-York.—We consider this volume as a very valuable addition to the library of every liberal-minded lawyer. An opinion has been taken up in this country that the codes of France were formed altogether for the purpose of producing certain political effects, and that their authority and importance were, consequently, dependent upon the existence and power of the Napoleon dynasty. This impression is entirely erroneous. The fact is, that there is no system of laws in the civilized world so richly deserving that boasted title which has been assumed by the civil law, of "The Public Reason" of Europe. The codes of the civil law were compiled, as is well known, by Tribonian and nine associates, from the former codes and ordinances. The pandects which accompanied them were digested from the decisions and opinions of the Roman lawyers by the same great civilian, with the assistance of seventeen others. The whole of that great work, which has for ages commanded the respect and obedience of the civilized world, and has even transfused its spirit into the legal institutions of those countries which refused openly to receive its authority, was compiled under an arbitrary prince, and in less than five years. The old systems of the French law had been gradually refined and improved by the application of the principles and authority of the civil law, and the labours of several of the most enlightened lawyers of modern Europe—of Emerigon, of Pothier, of Montesquieu, of Vain, and the Chancellor D'Aguesseau.

The three jarring and discordant systems of common law, or *coutumes*, which prevailed in different parts of France, were, after several centuries of amelioration, gradually coalescing into one more harmonious body. The ordinance of marine, compiled by order of the French government, in 1681, had, by its wisdom and ability, excited the admiration, and even, in part, procured its adoption, in most parts of the commercial world. The present learned Chancellor of New-York, when chief justice of that state, speaking of this ordinance, observed: "This code is not only very high evidence of what was then the general usage of trade, but, from its comprehensive plan and masterly execution, it has been respected as a digest of the maritime law of all the commercial nations of Europe." 3 Johnson. From these rich materials of jurisprudence the present code was formed. In imitation of the manner in which the civil code was compiled, a commission of six of the ablest lawyers of France, most of whom had received their education, and had practised under the ancient regime, was appointed for the purpose of digesting a commercial code. This was completed in less than two years. When finished it was presented to the consideration of the several chambers of commerce in the great commercial cities, to the different commercial tribunals, and to the courts of appeal established in the several departments of the empire. All these bodies separately deliberated upon it, and apparently with the greatest bold-

ness and freedom. Their discussions are collected in two large quarto volumes. According to the different genius and characters of the officers who composed these tribunals, the most various alterations are proposed. Some comment upon the phraseology with all the minute accuracy of mere technical lawyers, others discuss principles and propose alterations with as much boldness of theory as Jeremy Bentham, or any of his school of legal free-thinkers. All this seems to be done, so far as it respects merely the rights of property and justice between man and man, with as much liberty, and with much more deliberation, than are commonly exercised in the discussion of any act in our general or state legislatures. Were it not for a most disgusting vein of personal flattery to the Emperor Napoleon, which runs through the whole, the reader would never for a moment suspect that these free and enlightened discussions had taken place under the dominion of a military despot.

Many of these alterations and suggestions were adopted upon a second revision by the original compilers, and, after having passed through these several stages of correction for about six years, the code was discussed in the council of state, and finally adopted by the legislative body in 1807. Thus has been formed an admirable system of commercial law, expressed with wonderful brevity and precision. As the French codes are the work, not of the despot, but of the natural representatives of the mind of the French people; we accordingly find, that in the overthrow of the power and establishments of Bonaparte, these are preserved, and still remain the law of the land. Almost every other branch of jurisprudence is of necessity, in some measure, of merely local application, but the rules of commercial law are either founded on general usage or deduced immediately from the principles of universal reason; and thus, to borrow the words of Sir William Jones, the greatest portion of the system is law at Westminster-Hall as well as at Orleans. Mr. Rodman's version is accompanied by the original French in the opposite page. Though this is very proper, and renders the volume more useful as a book of reference and authority, we confess, that for ourselves, we feel much more grateful for the version than for the republication. However familiar the reader may be with the French of Boileau and Voltaire, or even with the language of conversation, he will soon find himself as much at a loss among the terms of French law, as a foreigner, however intimately acquainted with Shakspeare or Addison, would be perplexed by an English discussion on misfeasance, nonfeasance, bottomry, or bailment. His version is executed, so far as we have observed, with great fidelity, and all the elegance of which the nature of the work would admit. A very scrupulous grammarian might object to two or three slight gallicisms, but it is to be considered, that, as in a translation of this nature, precise accuracy is of much more importance than elegance, it was often necessary, where there is no English expression exactly analogous, rather to retain a French idiom, than to run the risk of conveying an erroneous impression of the sense of the original by a similar, but not precisely parallel, English phrase. To the translation are appended a number of notes by the translator, explanatory of the terms and provisions of the French law, or comparing it with our own law on the same points. They show much research, and are highly creditable to the author, both for matter and style.

Bartholemy Lafon, Esq. who some time since published a very excellent map of Orleans and Lower Louisiana, has lately issued the prospectus of a work to be entitled *Urano Geography*, the leading object of which is to prove that America was known to the ancients, a truth which he thinks demonstrable on the evidence of the hieroglyphical signs of the celestial sphere. He declares himself able to prove that the western hemisphere was the cradle of the demi-gods, and celebrated by the poets of ancient Europe; that Medea distinguished these regions by her magic and her adventures; that Cephæus, Cassiopeia, Andromeda and Perseus were all Americans! The learned gentleman intends, further, to show that America was the soil on which grew the golden apples of the Hesperides, and where the golden fleece was sought by the Argonauts. He contends that the poet Ovid was intimately acquainted with the scenery of our western country, and that in his *Metamorphoses*, lib. 7. v. 371—380. in the fable of Hyrius and Phyllis, the cataract of Niagara is clearly, though in part allegorically, described.

In the course of this curious performance, Mr. L. declares himself able to prove that there was a time when the earth performed its annual revolutions in periods of 357 and 360 days, and when the equator corresponded to regions of the earth widely different from those which it now encircles.

The fourth of these great revolutions, he says, which changed the equatorial and polar spaces, began on the first day of the christian era, so that the earth has now revolved on its present axis and orbit for little more than 1814 years, at the commencement of which period it started in the first nodus of the constellation of Pisces.

Such is the general outline of an hypothesis which, by its novelty and superior boldness, puts to shame all those ingenious refinements by which critics have discovered the whole body of heathen philosophy in the 6th book of Virgil, and a complete system of physics in a Hebrew root, and, in our opinion, even far eclipses that swaggering paradox of Dr. Bentley, who is said to have maintained that the *Iliad* was nothing more than a Jewish allegory, and the blind bard himself no other than King Solomon.

Melshesmer's Catalogue of the Insects of Pennsylvania. 3vo. York, (Penn.) Pp. 60. This pamphlet, intended as the first part of a larger work, which, we regret to say, has never been completed, was published in 1806. Mr. M. is a respectable clergyman of the Lutheran church, who has for several years devoted a considerable portion of that leisure which he could snatch from professional studies and parochial duty, to entomological researches. He has in these inquiries extended the bounds of our knowledge of the insect kingdom, and enriched it with a number of new species. In the classification of his catalogue he has followed the system of Fabricius, and in this first part of his projected work he has gone through and described the whole denominated by Fabricius, *Eleuterata*, nearly corresponding, as we believe, to the Linnæan *Coleoptera*. The region chiefly explored by Mr. M. was the district around Hanover, or M'Allister's town, in which he has collected and examined no less than 1363 different species of insects, a very large proportion of which are entirely unknown to the entomologists of Europe.

Since the date of his publication a taste for every species of scientific pursuit has been rapidly evolved in many parts of our country, and we trust that he will no longer be deterred from promoting his researches by that chill neglect which has hitherto impeded the completion of this undertaking.

Muhlenberg's Catalogus Plantarum Americæ Septentrionalis. 3vo. Lancaster, 1813. The Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg has been long known as a zeal-

ous and successful cultivator of natural science. The present work is intended as a systematic scientific catalogue of the native and naturalized plants of North America. It is compiled, for the most part, from the author's actual observations on the living plants of Pennsylvania, and dried specimens which he procured from his correspondents in various parts of this continent. He has generally avoided the insertion of any plant of foreign origin not perfectly naturalized to our climate. His list of indigenous plants is of course very far from being complete, but it is probably the most ample catalogue which has yet been formed. It is evident from the slightest inspection of the work that a great deal of botanical information is here compressed into a very narrow compass. Each page is divided into five compartments, which contain, successively, a description of the calix—the corolla—the Linnean or other scientific name—the English or the vulgar name—and, lastly, the time of flowering, and native place of growth. By the aid of certain arbitrary characters and abbreviations he also informs his readers, in a sort of scientific shorthand, whether the plant is frutescent, whether indigenous or exotic, annual or perennial.

The volume is published in no very splendid style, and the learned author, together with the industry and love of knowledge of his German ancestors, has inherited some share of their tolerance of bad paper and slovenly printing. The work is nevertheless of much greater utility and value than many far more splendid publications.

We have not the honour of any personal acquaintance with the clergy of the German churches of Pennsylvania; but we cannot refrain from adding that this, with the work above noticed, and some other papers of a similar nature, have impressed us with a very high respect for the ardour and application which several individuals of that body have manifested in the cause of science. They have engaged in different literary and scientific pursuits with the greatest zeal and industry, without patronage, almost without the stimulus of learned society, and with little public sympathy or curiosity to excite or applaud their labours.

Dr. Mitchill, professor of natural history in the college of physicians in New-York, is engaged in preparing for publication a work on the natural history of the fishes of New-York. This will include almost every variety of fish which frequent the American coast, or inhabit the rivers and streams of this continent. It is an untrodden field of investigation, and the learned professor can derive little assistance from the European ichthyologists. He must depend upon his own observations and industry. We have seen the first sheets of his book, and so far as he has proceeded he has executed the work in the most satisfactory manner. Dr. Mitchill seems about to perform for the ichthyology of his country what Wilson has done in its ornithology. It is to be regretted that the doctor is not enabled by public patronage to call in the aids of the arts, and, by accompanying his descriptions with accurate and highly finished engravings, to present the lover of the fine arts and of natural history with a proper companion to the splendid volumes of Wilson.

Dr. Bigelow of Boston has just published, in one volume 8vo., his *Flora Bostoniensis*, being a scientific catalogue and description of the native plants of the country adjacent to Boston.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Royal Society—A short paper, by Mr. A. CARLISLE, was read on monstrosities, as an appendix to his remarks on Zerah Colbourn; the purport of which was, that both sacred and profane history record examples of hereditary monstrosity, particularly in supernumerary fingers and toes; and that these extra appendages are generally attached to the outer side of the hands and feet, very rarely to the inner, and almost never to any other limb.

The doctrine of animal heat, or rather the comparative heat of arterial and venous blood, has occupied the attention of Mr. JOHN DAVY, who communicated the result of his labours in this department of science to the society. The experiments of Crawford being performed at a time when the process and means of analysis were much less perfect than at present, it is necessary they should be repeated before they can be received as correct results in the actual state of our knowledge. Mr. Davy operated on the blood of sheep and lambs; and the detail of his experiments will be read with more pleasure, from the consideration that no animal experienced any pain from his researches. He began by depriving arterial and venous blood of fibrine, ascertaining their specific gravity, the former being 1047, and the latter 1050, placing them in glasses of equal dimensions, filling a similar glass with water raised to the same temperature, and observing their relative rate of cooling. In different experiments he found arterial blood 93.7-1°, and venous 92, a result altogether incompatible with the theory of Crawford, but reconcilable with that of Dr. BLACK, or the opinion of Mr. BRODIE. The posterior portion of the brain he found from 1 to 2 degrees higher than the anterior, and both were as much lower than the rectum. The heat of the body generally diminishes in proportion to the distance from the heart. (This fact is not very consistent with the notion of the nerves occasioning animal heat, as its focus is not very replete with nerves.) In general the temperature of arterial blood was from 1 to 1.2 degrees higher than that of venous; only one degree was observed between the heat of the blood in the left and right ventricle of the heart. A newly-born child raised the thermometer to 96; after three days it rose to 99. Mr. Davy also made a variety of experiments on all parts of the body, with a view of ascertaining their relative heat; he avoided all theoretical speculations, but seemed somewhat inclined to the supposition of Dr. Black, respecting the origin of animal heat.

Dr. SPURZHEIM, the colleague of Dr. GALL in his Lectures on *Craniology*, is now in London, and about to commence a course of lectures on that novel subject. He purposes to publish a *View of the Doctrines of Gall*; and to illustrate the work with numerous engravings, made from drawings of the skulls of criminals, and others in Germany and France. The subject merits notice, but its deductions appear to us to have been made with those over-sanguine feelings that usually characterize new discoveries. Dr. S. is an Austrian, and enjoys considerable reputation at Vienna as a man of learning and science.

A work is announced by subscription, entitled *Roman Costume*, from the latter period of the Republic to the close of the empire in the East; by a graduate of the university of Oxford, and F. S. A. The valuable discovery of paintings and bronzes by the excavations at Herculaneum, afford authentic originals for the dress at the beginning of the empire. The column of Trajan presents many specimens in the commencement of the following century, as does that of Antonine for the middle of it. The arch of Severus begins the succeeding one; that of Constantine the next; and the column of Theodosius the middle of the following one. Other pieces of

sculpture, dyptics, and coins, fill up the intermediate times, and extend it to the end of the empire of the west. That assiduous collector, Du Cange, and others, lend their able assistance towards the pursuit of costume in the eastern empire; and its latter periods have survived the ravages of time in illuminations on vellum, illustrating the literary productions of the age. The correct colours of the Roman dress are to be found not only by a reference to the notices of their authors, but in the Herculaneum paintings, tessellated pavements, and Greek manuscripts.

COUNT RUMFORD has lately been engaged in a new series of experiments on the draft of carriages with broad and narrow wheels. It is commonly considered that broad wheels, by presenting a greater surface of friction, require a greater draft; but among other applications of philosophy to common life, during the French revolution, it was ordered that all loaded carriages on the roads of France should have broad wheels. The consequence is, that the roads of France are now the best in the world; and it is found that as they are never cut up by narrow wheels, so broad wheels require less draft than narrow ones, and are now preferred all over France by carriers of every description, as less liable to wear out, and as requiring but one fourth of the number of horses. An observation of this fact on the roads, led Count Rumford to put broad wheels of four inch felly to his chariot; and several months' experience in driving about Paris has afforded a similar result as to draft, while the motion of the carriage was beyond comparison more easy and uniform. A very remarkable circumstance resulted from his varied experiments; he found a great difference in the law of the augmentation of the draft without any augmentation whatever of the velocity; which difference of draft depends not on the *velocity* but on the *nature* of the road. When the carriage went on a rough pavement at an easy walking pace, the draft with the new wheels was but 40 pounds, but at an easy trot it became equal to 80 pounds, and at a quick trot to 120 pounds. *But upon an unpaved road, as well as in sand or gravel, the draft was always nearly the same, whatever was the pace of the horses.* This difference, without doubt, depends on the smart shocks that the carriage receives when it is drawn rapidly over a pavement; but it follows that the slower a carriage goes, the weight and load remaining the same, the less force is necessary to draw it; and, consequently, when travelling on a great paved road, if we wish to go very fast, we must quit the paved for the unpaved side, even when this unpaved side is far from being good; but when we travel with a carriage very much loaded, and wish to save the horses, we must go at an easy walking pace upon the pavement.—We have been favoured with some other experiments by Mr. Randolph, another American gentleman, now in London.

The Speeches of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, in the House of Commons, from his entrance into parliament in 1760 to the year 1806, with Memoirs, Introduction, &c. will soon appear, in 6 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Phillippart (author of the Northern Campaigns, and many other works on military subjects) intends to print a work entitled the lives of the British Generals, from the period of the conquest, on the plan of Campbell's Lives of the Admirals. It will be published occasionally, and is expected to be completed in six vols. Price, by subscription, 14s. bds.; large paper, 17. 1s. each volume.

Shortly will appear a History of the Quarrels of Authors, a continuation of their calamities, or some memoirs for our literary history, including specimens of controversy from the reign of Elizabeth. By the Author of Curiosities of Literature. In 3 vols. crown 8vo.

Edinburgh, in the nineteenth century. Speedily will be published Letters from Edinburgh. This work will contain a detailed account of the present state of society and manners in the northern metropolis, sketches of its most eminent living characters, a view of the different parties in religion, politics, and literature; strictures upon the public institutions, &c. &c.

Old works reprinted—Speedily will be published, A gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, garnished and decked with divers dayntie Deuises, right delicate and de-

lightfull, to recreate echemodest Minde withall. First framed and fashioned in sundrie Forms, by diuers worthy workmen of late dayes; and now ioined together and builded up: by T. P. Imprinted at London, for Richard Jones, 1578. Edited by Thomas Park, Esq. F. S. A.

Messrs. Longman and Co. have made arrangements for the republishing of the following rare works.

A handfull of Pleasant Delites, containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories in diuers Kindes of Meeter; newly deuised to the Newest tunes, &c. By Clement Robinson and others, 1584.

The Phoenix Nest. Built up with the most rare and refined Works of Noblemen, woorthy knights, gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and brave Schollars. Never before this time published. Set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, Gent. 1593.

England's Parnassus: or the choycest Flowers of our modern Poets, with their poetickall comparisons. Description of bewties, personages, castles, pallaces, mountaines, groves, seas, springs, rivers, &c. Whereunto are annexed other various discourses, both pleasant and profitable. Imprinted at London for N. I. C. B. and T. H. 1600.

Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses, imprinted at London, by F. K. for Hugh Astley, dwelling at t. Magnus Corner, 1600

Mrs. West has in the press *Alicia de Lacy*, an historical novel in three volumes.

Miss Cullen, author of *Home*, will publish in April a novel entitled *Mornton*.

OBITUARY.

The late General Brock.—The parliament of Upper Canada have voted an address to the prince regent, praying for an authority to make a grant of lands in that province to the relatives of the late General Brock who fell so nobly in its defence, against the invasion of the Americans. His royal highness has been most graciously pleased to accede to a request which does so much honour to the memory of the deceased, and is so gratifying to the feelings of the living.

Died in Scotland.—Doctor Ogilvie, almost the only survivor of a number of literary characters among the Scottish clergy, whose fame commenced with the accession of his present majesty, and has adorned the long course of his reign. Though chiefly known as a poet, and a critic in belles-lettres, he published several sermons, an essay on the theology of Plato, and an examination of the arguments against christianity, that have been adduced by deistical writers. As a preacher he was distinguished by an easy flow of language, and an energy and pathos of natural eloquence, which frequently touched the hearts of his audience, and never failed to excite interest and attention: and though he was a man of learning and genius who resided in a remote district, his manners were bland and unassuming, and his character had all the simplicity of a child. His works, as an author, are before the public and will speak for themselves. It may, however, be mentioned in this place, that his first poem, viz. that on the "Day of Judgment," was composed in his 16th, and published in his 18th year: that the last considerable poem which he wrote, namely, that entitled "Human Life," was published in 1806, when he was 74 years old; and that in his 78th year he wrote a beautiful short elegy to the memory of the late learned and ingenious Professor Scott.

Dr Ogilvie was the next heir to the title of Earl of Findlater and Seafield. By his death this title devolves upon his eldest son, James Ogilvie, the celebrated orator.

At Bath, aged 55, Dr. Hartley, Esq. son of the celebrated Dr. Hartley. His multiplied infirmities having for some years secluded him from society. Mr. Hartley had passed away from the public recollection: yet his very eccentricities, at one time, gave him notoriety, and he bore no inconsiderable share in the political transactions of his day. The son of Dr. Hartley would of course be a scholar; Mr. H. was accordingly bred at Oxford, and, receiving early in life the appointment to one of Dr. Radcliffe's travelling fellowships, he had an opportunity of familiarizing himself with the languages of the continent, which afterwards proved highly advantageous to him. He was, at his death, senior fellow of Morton College, and we believe, the oldest member of the university. With the advantages of such an education, Mr. Hartley was introduced into public life, and sat during two parliaments as representative for Hull. In the debates concerning the American contest, he took an active part in favour of the colonies; but the mildness of his personal character preserved him from the excesses of party. At the close of that most unfortunate war, he was appointed to assist at the negotiations which ended in the recognition of American independence; and as British minister he signed the treaty of peace in 1783. Mr. Hartley, however, was not a successful speaker; his materials were ample, and his diligence was indefatigable; but he was unnecessarily minute in his details, feeble in his arguments, and languid in his delivery. With such an obstacle he could not rise to high employment; and, accordingly, withdrawing from politics, he applied himself to the cultivation of belles-lettres, and to mechanical and physical pursuits, for which he had always a great predilection. Amongst his plans will be recollected one for securing houses from the ravages of fire, by means of thin plates of iron closely fastened to the tops of the joists; for this invention he procured a patent in 1776, and parliament voted him a sum of money to defray the expense of his experiments.

Drowned in a river in the retreat of the French army under Bonaparte, from Leipsic, Prince Poniatowski, commander of the Poles, who constituted part of the rear guard. Colonel Kieki, his adjutant, and Herakowski, adjutant of the General of Division Krasinski, who arrived at Warsaw on the 8th of November last, have given the following particulars respecting the death of the prince:—On the 19th of October, when the French army was retreating, the emperor assigned part of the suburbs of Leipsic, next to the Borna road, to Prince Poniatowski. This post he was to defend with a body of not more than two thousand Polish infantry. Perceiving that the French columns on his left flank were hastily retreating before a superior force, and that there was no possibility of getting across the bridge, incessantly crowded as it was with artillery and carriages, he drew his sabre, and turning to the officers immediately about him—"Gentlemen," said he, "'tis better to fall with honour," and at the head of a few Polish cuirassiers and the officers attending him, he fell furiously upon the advancing columns. He had been wounded both on the 14th and 15th; on this occasion he received a musket ball in his left arm. With the words above mentioned he sprung forward, but found the suburbs filled with allied troops, who hastened up to him to make him prisoner. He cut his way through them, was again wounded through his cross, threw himself into the Pleisse, and, with the assistance of the surrounding officers, reached the opposite shore in safety. The horse which he rode was left behind in the first river, and the prince, greatly exhausted, mounted another which was brought him. He then proceeded to the river Elster, but it was already lined with Prussian and Saxon riflemen; and seeing them advancing upon him on all sides, he plunged into the river and sunk together with his horse. Several officers who precipitated themselves into the water after the prince, were likewise drowned, and others taken prisoners on the bank or in the river. The prince was nephew to Stanislaus Augustus, the last King of Poland. His funeral obsequies were performed on the 9th November, in the church of the Holy Cross at Warsaw, in the presence of the most distinguished Russian and Polish families in that city. In the middle of the church, which was most brilliantly lighted up, stood a tasteful canopy, under which was placed a coffin richly decorated, covered with the mantle of the prince, and adorned with the military insignia of the deceased. Close to it were suspended his eight orders, proofs of his distinguished valour, his services to his country, and the regard of foreign powers. Below was seen the medallion of the prince, with his coronet, marshal's staff, and coat of arms. The high mass was said by his excellency the Bishop of Zambizycki, and was accompanied with select music performed by amateurs of the capital.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR AUGUST, 1814.

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Correspondence of the late Gilbert Wakefield, B. A. with the late Right Honourable Charles James Fox, in the Years 1796—1801, chiefly on subjects of classical literature. 8vo. pp. 232.

[From the British Review.]

THE high intellectual endowments of the two characters at the head of this article, the part they acted on the stage of public life, and above all, perhaps, the yet ill understood motives and principles of action which guided their conduct, conspire to render any production from the pens of Mr. Fox and Mr. Wakefield, and more especially of the former, interesting to the public. Of Mr. Fox's character and distinguished talents, both as an orator and as a scholar, it is much to be lamented that no production of his own, nor scarcely, we might add, the page of history itself, except as connecting his name with that of his great political antagonist, will afford any adequate and lasting memorial to posterity. Whatever may have been the cause of this, and the cause, perhaps, may lie buried in the latent and essential qualities of his own

mind, the effect certainly is to lay his friends and admirers under a strong obligation to seize every prudent opportunity of bringing his name and pretensions more into view ; and we cannot but consider it as the discharge of a debt on the part of Lord Holland to have consented, as the advertisement informs us he obligingly did, to give up that portion of Mr. Wakefield's correspondence with Mr. Fox, which has enabled the editor to present us with the whole, in a series nearly uninterrupted, from the year 1796 to the year 1801.

There is something in this particular form of publication which renders it strongly adapted to assist that inquiry into character, which, in respect to Mr. Fox, engages the curiosity of every contemplative mind. We need not go back to the familiar letters of Cicero and Pliny to be reminded by those interesting sketches of history and character which they contain, of the attraction which belongs to this species of publication. The recently revived practice (certainly exceeding all just bounds) of publishing private correspondence has afforded sufficient examples of the assistance to be derived from it in estimating more exactly the general weight and worth, as well as the distinguishing characteristics of the several writers. By an insight thus afforded us into the interior and domestic economy of their minds, we learn with more accuracy to appreciate the pure and refined sentiment of a Cowper ; the sterling acquaintance with men and manners of a Richardson ; the vanity of a Seward ; the genuine solidity and piety of mind, unspoiled by wit as genuine, of a Carter or a Talbot.

Should we have it in our power to unfold any properties of the mind of Mr. Fox, hitherto less known, (with Mr. Wakefield we are far better acquainted,) by the help of the present publication, we should feel ourselves richly repaid : we should rejoice to make this return to the public for having travelled with us through so many pages of dry discussion.

The general reader will, perhaps, not be sorry that the whole publication is short, containing only 232 not closely printed pages ; while the moral inquirer may, from this circumstance alone, deduce an inference as to the natural indolence and oscitancy of Mr. Fox's habits ; an indolence which we cannot but think must often have deprived his friends of the result of his long protracted and retired meditations at St. Ann's Hill, when even his correspondence with so distinguished a character as Gilbert Wakefield, and one so congenial to himself on his two favourite topics of literature and politics, does not, in the course of five years, appear to have extended beyond the limits above mentioned.

Is there not something remarkable, too, in the choice of subjects in this correspondence ? Were the minds of these two great po-

litical champions so thoroughly made up, in agreement with each other, upon all questions of civil and social concern, that it was impossible to find between them a single point of difference or of rational and amicable discussion except on literary ground? Or did Mr. Fox, in his comparative silence upon other questions of deep and vital importance to the standing interests of humanity, show a delicate sense of the *ratio loci et temporis*, and a wish, Atticus-like, to exchange the painful anxieties of public life and a concern for the public weal, then so eminently endangered, for academic ease and learned retirement? Was it that he suspected the prudence of Mr. Wakefield? was it, in a word, that he wished to hint the advice of a certain old adage to this bold pretender to a universal dictatorship; and tacitly to convey to him the answer of Alexander to the intrusive Stoic, who would fain have entertained him with a long discourse on the art of war? Be this as it may, it will be our business to give our readers some general notion of the several extended philological inquiries contained in this correspondence; and then to collect, from the occasional topics of a more popular, and, perhaps, more interesting nature, interspersed through the letters, the matter of some concluding observations on the respective characters of the writers.

The correspondence opens with a note from Mr. Fox, dated December 17, 1796, acknowledging the honour done him by Mr. Wakefield, "a person so thoroughly attached to the principles of liberty and humanity," in dedicating to him his new edition of Lucretius, of which he had received the first volume. The receipt of the second, accompanied by the Diatribe on Porson's *Hecuba*, draws from Mr. Fox certain critical inquiries; which lead, in letters 3, 4, 5. to an investigation of the use of the final ν paragogic by the Greek tragedians, resumed again in letters 26, 28, 29. It would be beyond our present purpose to "decide where such critics disagree," as Mr. Wakefield, who contends on one side for its uniform omission, and Mr. Fox, backed by Porson, who inclines on the other to its constant reception. Porson is, indeed, roundly, and with apparent justice, accused of establishing a rule in favour of this paragogic letter, for the sake of differing as widely as possible from Wakefield: an injustice similar to that which it has been said that Sir J. Reynolds exercised towards his cotemporary Wilson, in certain censures passed in his lectures upon a practice to which that classical painter was much addicted. It is certain that Mr. Fox, who quotes with approbation the ingenious argument of Porson on the subject, p. 106. quotes also facts, pp. 83. 105. in direct opposition to it, "of the neglect of which, he rightly observes, that he (Porson) ought to be told." What follows from Mr. Wakefield on this question produces no small shock to every

critic's nerves, and agitates the very centre of philological orthodoxy.—“Owners of MSS.” says Mr. Wakefield in p. 114. “have perpetually corrected them, as we see at this day, according to their own fancy; and if Porson, for example, had them all, in time he would put in the *v* throughout; and these MSS. might go down as vouchers for the practice of antiquity.” The unfortunate differences between these almost equally unfortunate men is well known. Porson was in the habit of treating his rival with a contempt which the self-sufficiency of Wakefield could ill brook. To his numerous challenges Porson returned nothing but a haughty silence, and was only once heard to threaten, that if Wakefield continued his attacks he should in return “look into his *Silva Critica*.” It will not be an uninteresting quotation from these letters if we give the following retaliatory opinion of Mr. Wakefield, which may also serve as some clew to the origin of the above mentioned differences.

“I have been furnished with many opportunities of observing Porson, by a near inspection. He has been at my house several times, and once for an entire summer's day. Our intercourse would have been frequent, but for *three* reasons: 1. His extreme irregularity, and inattention to times and seasons, which did not at all comport with the methodical arrangements of my time and family; 2. His gross addiction to that lowest and least excusable of all sensualities, immoderate drinking; and, 3. The uninteresting insipidity of his society; as it is impossible to engage his mind on any topic of mutual inquiry, to procure his opinion on any author or on any passage of an author, or to elicit any conversation of any kind to compensate for the time and attendance of his company. And as for Homer, Virgil, and Horace, I never could bear of the least critical effort on them in his life. He is, in general, devoid of all human affections; but such as he has are of a misanthropic quality: nor do I think that any man exists, for whom his propensities rise to the lowest pitch of affection and esteem. He much resembles Porteus in Lycophront:

————— ὃς γέλως ἀπεχθεται,
καὶ δακρυ ———

though, I believe, he has satirical verses in his treasury, for Dr. Belenden, as he calls him, (Parr,) and all his most intimate associates. But, in his knowledge of the Greek tragedies, and Aristophanes; in his judgment of MSS. and in all that relates to the metrical proprieties of dramatic and lyric versification, with whatever is connected with this species of reading; none of his contemporaries must pretend to equal him. His grammatical knowledge also, and his acquaintance with the ancient lexicographers and etymologists, is most accurate and profound: and his intimacy with Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and other dramatic writers, is probably unequalled. He is, in short, a most ex-

traordinary person in every view, but unamiable; and has been debarred of a comprehensive intercourse with Greek and Roman authors, by his excesses, which have made those acquirements impossible to him, from the want of that *time*, which must necessarily be expended in laborious reading, and for which no genius can be made a substitute. No man has ever paid a more voluntary and respectful homage to his talents, at all times, both publicly and privately, in writings and conversation, than myself: and I will be content to forfeit the esteem and affection of all mankind, whenever the least particle of envy and malignity is found to mingle itself with my opinions. My first reverence is to virtue; my second, only to talents and erudition: where both unite, that man is estimable indeed to me, and shall receive the full tribute of honour and affection."

Can we disown the leading strokes of this gloomy portrait? can we but lament it should belong to one of the first scholars that England or that Europe ever saw?

"Who would not *weep* if such a *man* there be,
And more than *weep*, if *Atticus* were he."

We should do no favour to our readers by presenting them with another learned and ingenious inquiry into the nature and early use of the digamma. This inquiry, which meets us in letters 8, 9, 11. and some others, is however connected with another of more general interest in the walks of literature, the genuineness of the 24th book of the *Iliad*, and, strange to say, into the being and identity of the great poet himself. A doubt as to the genuineness of the 24th book of the *Iliad* had been expressed by Mr. Wakefield in his observations upon that most marvellous of all modern *Pyrrhonisms*, the famous dissertation of Bryant upon the siege of Troy; and we were not surprised on that occasion that the contagion of scepticism so congenial to our critic's mind, should have reached and infected him when in immediate contact and combat with the plague itself. Letter 9. seems to have been written about the same time with his observations on Mr. Bryant; and, perhaps, all things considered, we might have permitted Mr. Wakefield *huic uni—succumbere culpa*. The doubt is very ingeniously maintained on his part; though, we must add, also repelled with equal ingenuity and much good sense on the part of Mr. Fox; and we are only sorry that we cannot give both as a fair specimen of the respective critical powers of the writers. We must be satisfied with referring to letters 9. and 11.; and proceed to state the second and more important delinquency of our critical sceptic, which, without preface, we shall give in his own words from letter 9. p. 27—29.

"What is so well known with respect to every malefactor tied up at Newgate; (most detestable, flagitious practice!*) his 'birth, parentage, and education; life, character, and behaviour;' are all utterly unknown of Homer. We are at liberty, therefore, to frame any hypothesis for the solution of the problem concerning his poems, adequate to that effect, without danger of contravening authentic and established history. Now *δαρζος* is an old Greek word for τυφλος: see Hesych. and Lycophr. ver. 422. I take *Homerus*, then, to have originated in the peculiarity of a certain class of men, (i. e. blindness,) and not in that of an *individual*. That bards were usually blind, is not only probable, from the account of Demodocus in the *Odyssey*, but from the nature of things. The memory of blind men, because of a less distraction of their senses by external objects, is peculiarly tenacious; and such people had no means of obtaining a livelihood but by this occupation. All this is exemplified in fiddlers, &c. at this day. Now the Trojan war (the first united achievement of the Greeks) would of course become a favourite theme with this class of men, who are known to have been very numerous. Detached portions of this event, such as the exploits of Diomed, of Agamemnon, the Night Expedition, the Death of Hector, his redemption, &c. would be separately composed and sung, as fitted, by their lengths, for the entertainment of a company at one time: and we find, in fact, that the parts of these poems are now distinguished, by scholiasts, grammarians, and all such writers, by these names, and not by books. These songs, bearing date demonstrably before the use of alphabetic characters in Greece, and when the dialect of the civilized parts of Asia (Ionia and Æolia) was uniform, could never be traced to their respective authors: and, in reality, we find from Herodotus, the first Greek historian, that no more was known of this *Homer*, nor so much, in his days, (2, 3, 4, or 500 years after the event,) as in our own. These songs of *blind men* were collected and put together by some skillful men, (at the direction of Pisistratus, or some other person,) and woven, by interpolations, connecting verses, and divers modifications, into a whole. Hence *μεικρὰ*. Here we see a reason for so many repetitions: as every detached part, to be sung at an entertainment, required a head and tail piece, as necessary for an intelligible whole: and hence we observe a reason for those unaccountable anomalies of measure, and the neglect of the Æolic digamma, from an ignorance of its power in those later times, whether from new insertions, or from alterations in the transmitted pieces, to effect regularity and consecution. This accounts also for the glaring disparity in some of the pieces: for nothing can be more exquisite than what you so justly admire, the interview of Priam and Achilles; and nothing more contemptible than the whole detail of the death of Hector, and reconciliation of Agamemnon and Achilles.

* What does this mean? Is this merely a poetical license, or is it Mr. Wakefield's political liberty which abhors the cord and the drop, as nature does the vacuum which suspends all her choicest operations?

You are expecting a noble exhibition of generosity and magnanimity on both sides, and you are put off with a miserable, tedious ditty about *Atè*." P. 27.

Not being aware that Mr. Wakefield has announced this amusing conjecture in any of his printed works, we are disposed to claim for him that indulgence which we ever think due to the character of an author, when suffering under the exercise of the very questionable right of posthumous exposure to the eyes of the public. But certainly we must say a more improbable story, we had almost said a keener burlesque upon the framers of hypotheses, has scarcely met our eye among all the extravagancies of learned speculation.

In letters 19, 20, 28, 29, 31. we find a reference made to a plan which Mr. Wakefield had in contemplation for a new Greek and English Dictionary; and it seems he had a store of 20,000 words, "words good and true," found in no common lexicon, to vindicate his claims on the gratitude of scholars, as a diligent lexicographer.—"One day with another," says he in p. 123. "I at least add twenty from my reading, for months together; some original words; the generality compounds." When we hear after this in p. 179. that the plan of his lexicon was abandoned, we are naturally led to inquire with some curiosity into whose hands the important catalogue of foundling words was consigned, and whether the public are ever to be called to take into its protection these houseless orphans. Perhaps, however, most of these words existing only in very obscure writers, "common" lexicographers have preferred the loss of some personal character for accuracy, to the much greater public inconvenience of overloaded lexicons. The uncommon, and such are generally the inferior, authors are perhaps best treated with annexed glossaries of their uncommon words; and glossaries of that kind might greatly facilitate philological research. An interesting plan is quoted in p. 126. by Mr. Fox, from the French academicians, for a *chronological* lexicon; or a lexicon giving an account of words in their original and afterwards their adscititious meanings, successively gained from various authors, arranged in chronological order. But a remark of Mr. Wakefield's, in p. 205. on the "learned and vigorous expressions of Ennius and Lucilius, and the old Roman comedians and tragedians, with a lamentation over their words, as being "marked inelegant and of suspicious authority in dictionaries," makes us suspect that pedantry would occasionally have triumphed over scholarship, and thus prevented a judicious selection or exposition of words in a new lexicon; though as etymologists we quite agree with our critic, that the loss of the old Roman poets, from the light which they would have thrown on the formation of the Latin lan-

guage, and its derivation from the *Æolian* Greek, is a severe, if not the severest calamity ever sustained by philological learning.

Having been desirous of giving our readers some specimens of the critical powers of these two eminent correspondents, we have thought fit to confine ourselves to that object in the first instance, that we might not have afterwards to draw on an exhausted patience for attention to such dry discussions. But we find in this little volume, which we cannot but recommend as an interesting work to the classical scholar, the exercise of considerable literary taste, as well as of critical acumen.

It will have been seen already from Mr. Wakefield's summary sentence on "the miserable ditty on Atè" in Homer, in which Mr. Fox "perfectly agrees," that their opinions on the merit of classic authors have been pretty freely expressed: in this instance we are also inclined to add, unjustly: for the ditty on Atè, so far from making out satisfactorily to our conviction the spuriousness of that part of the *Iliad* which contains it, carries to our minds a very sufficient internal evidence of its belonging to the identical old minstrel, whose very existence Mr. Wakefield attempts to disprove. Our critics seem entirely to have overlooked its singular agreement with another passage (*Il.* 1. 500.) where the very same personage is introduced under a similar imagery, and in an address curiously enough made to the same Achilles for the self-same purpose of bespeaking his favour. Neither can we see any thing in the use of such an apologue in either place at all abhorrent, either from the practice of Homer himself,* or from the custom of antiquity in general, which notoriously dealt in that artificial and circuitous mode of addressing the understanding. And we see much art in the adoption of this "miserable ditty" on the part of Agamemnon on this particular occasion, as being calculated to relieve him from one of the most difficult of all tasks, an apologetical address from a king to an offended subject; and as being likely to raise, instead of diminishing, his consequence among his people, by showing him to have been a sufferer from the influence of the injurious goddess only in common with Jupiter himself, and, in fact, to have owed his passion not to his temper, but to his stars. See lines 36, 37, 38. *z. τ. λ. Il. τ.*

We must also venture to express our disagreement with Mr. Wakefield in his sentence on a poet of modern date, whose name, however, we are taught in no dishonourable way to associate with that of Homer, viz. the "pleasing, melancholy" Cowper. We had heard that Mr. Fox's good taste led him to a great admiration of that poet; and in letter 26. we find the following testimony

* "Homer, who has constructed the noblest poem that was ever framed from the strangest materials, abounds with allegory and mysterious description. He often introduces ideal personages," &c. Bryant's *Ancient Mythology*, vol. 1.

to the fact from his own pen: "Did you, who are such a hater of war, ever read the lines at the beginning of Cowper's *Task*? There are few things in our language superior to them, in my judgment. He is a fine poet; and has, in a great degree, conquered my prejudices to blank verse." The chilling answer of Mr. Wakefield, in letter 27. is as follows: "I have, occasionally, looked into Cowper, though I possess him not. He appeared to me too frequently on the verge of the ludicrous and burlesque; but he deserves, *I dare say*, the character which you give him:—but surely Milton might have reconciled you to blank verse without the aid of Cowper." To this Mr. Fox replies by some insinuations against Milton, as exhibiting "a want of flow of ease, of what the painters call a free pencil." And Mr. Wakefield retorts upon Cowper, p. 122. "that of all the miserable versification in blank verse Cowper's translation of Homer is the most miserable he had yet seen:" referring to the beginning of *Odyssey* X. as a proof of his position. Now we will venture to affirm, in direct opposition to the Warrington schoolmaster, that one of the points in which Cowper has signalized himself is that of a correct, and, in the present age, most meritorious as well as masterly judgment in English versification. Without troubling ourselves at this moment to turn to the passage in question, we have no hesitation in ranking it, *if* as bad as it is represented, amongst the exceptions, perhaps the many exceptions, which in so long a work as an entire translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* may reasonably be expected.* But we have some reason to question altogether the rhythmical ear of a man who can see no difference between the accent on the first syllable of *virum* in *arma virumque cano*, and the actual rest on the corresponding long syllable in *vires*. (Vide p. 6.) With regard to Cowper's translation of Homer in general, it seems to us to be a work much underrated by modern self-erected judges of poetry.

Our admiration of the poetry of Pope will yield to that of no one who is disposed to view it with the candour of critical discrimination. We are not inclined to call that laboured excellence of thought condensed in his pithy lines by the name of conceit, nor to proclaim him in his mellifluous flow of classical language as under any counter-compact against *simplicity*, like Shadwell. But as a model of poetry, Pope, we venture to say, is dangerous: as a standard of taste, defective. We are, doubtless, apt to be misled, not to say bewitched, by the even, but monotonous harmony of the bard of Twickenham, and dazzled by the close array

* On referring, after writing this, to the passage in question, we are astonished, perhaps not astonished, to find it as correct, harmonious, and elegant a specimen of Cowper's style as we could wish to produce.

of his pointed antitheses and shining sentiments. On subjects requiring energetic brevity, or majestic strength, his style is admirable; and there is doubtless a vigour, richness, harmony, and pomp, in detached passages of his translation of Homer, which the corresponding passages of Cowper do not seem to reach, or even to approach. And this is more particularly true of some of the fiercer descriptions of battles, or the more affecting scenes of living nature. But as a whole, to be accompanied throughout, to give a fair idea of the great poet, (a just one who can give?) to interest the finer feelings of the heart, to sustain that interest, to please with all possible variety of correct cadence and nicely-balanced periods, we have an opinion, it may be a peculiar one, in favour of Cowper's blank verse translation, even beyond that which we entertain of its rhyming and splendid rival, considered merely as a representative of Homer. We could much wish for some fair opportunity of vindicating more fully this opinion; at present we must satisfy ourselves with generally expressing our surprise, that such a man as Wakefield should speak as he does respecting such a man as Cowper. His charge of a perpetual propensity to the ludicrous and burlesque in the *Task* seems to us a most unwarrantable misrepresentation of that most elegant satire, embellished as it is by the most touching sentiments, moral and religious. And we must look somewhat deeper than poetic taste, in a mind so *liberal*, so *imbued with sensibility* as that of Mr. Wakefield is by his admirers stated to have been, for this marked indifference to a writer almost excessive in his attachment to liberty, and for pure and exquisite sentiment unrivalled in English literature.

In letters 25, 26, 27. we find a high commendation of the poetry of Ovid, whom Mr. Wakefield does not hesitate to call "the first poet of all antiquity," p. 83. a remark to which Mr. Fox replies, by professing himself a great admirer of that poet, "to the great scandal of all who pique themselves upon purity of taste:" but he still ventures to prefer "the grand and spirited style of the *Iliad*; the true nature and simplicity of the *Odyssey*; the poetical language (far exceeding that of all other poets in the world) of the *Georgics*; and the pathetic strokes in the *Æneid*." To which he subjoins, with commendation, a reference to a similarity pointed out by Wakefield between Ovid and Euripides. Mr. Fox's high opinion of Ovid has an air of less intrepidity, when it is recollected that he was backed by the authority of Milton, whose favourite authors were Ovid and Euripides; the *Metamorphoses* of the former he is said to have had nearly by heart. A good comparison is instituted between Ovid and Virgil by Wakefield in p. 96, 97. in which, however, he leaves some-

what coldly the single superiority of magnificent language to Virgil.

From letter 29. we should willingly, if we had time, produce to our readers the critical remarks of Mr. Wakefield's on the minor Greek poets; but must content ourselves with generally referring the curious on these interesting topics to very sensible and discriminating observations on the works of Apollonius Rhodius, Aratus, Nicander, Dionysius, Periegetes, Oppian, Nonnus, and the obscure but classic and highly finished Lycophron, dispersed over Mr. Wakefield's share in this correspondence. We could with pleasure also give some of Mr. Fox's just and scholar-like observations scattered up and down these letters, particularly those in letter 53. upon the pathetic in the *Æneid*. But it may be a matter of mere curiosity to our readers to see one or two quotations from Mr. Fox of a more general nature, by which they may be able to fix the standard of his scholarship from his own mouth.

"I am at present," says he in letter 7. "rather engaged in reading Greek; as it is my wish to recover at least, if not to improve, my former acquaintance (which was but slight) with that language." Of old editions and MSS. he professes himself "uncommonly ignorant, never having read Homer in any other editions than the Glasgow and Clarke's." And in letter 28. we find the following confession, which we freely confess we equally admire for its frankness and good sense.

"I wish to read some more, if not all, of the Greek poets, before I begin with those Latin ones that you recommend; especially as I take it for granted that Valerius Flaccus (one of them) is in some degree an imitator of Apollonius Rhodius. Of him, or Silius Italicus, I never read any; and of Statius but little. Indeed, as, during the far greater part of my life, the reading of the classics has been only an amusement, and not a study, I know but little of them beyond the works of those who are generally placed in the first rank; to which I have always more or less attended, and with which I have always been as well acquainted as most idle men, if not better. My practice has generally been '*multum potius quàm multos legere.*' Of late years, it is true, that I have read with more critical attention, and made it more of a study; but my attention has been chiefly directed to the Greek language, and its writers; so that in the Latin I have a great deal still to read: and I find that it is a pleasure which grows upon me every day." Page 110, 111.

If these concessions forbid us to place Mr. Fox among the first scholars of the kingdom, which we understand some of his friends have injudiciously done, they still, in conjunction with the many sound and sensible observations, critical as well as *sen-*

timental, which accompany them, prove him to have had a high relish, and even we would say with his panegyrist Parr, "an exquisite taste, for the most celebrated authors in Greek and Latin:" they show him to have been possessed of a tenacious memory, and the power of readily applying his acquired knowledge; together with much philological precision, when disposed to put forth (which he appears often to have been) the vigour of his strong, native sense in considering "the structure of sentences, the etymology of words, the import of particles, and the quantity of syllables." In short, he had a mind to relish and improve a literary retirement: his disappointments in public life did not leave him, as they have left many a statesman, without resource; and in the alternate and gratifying exercise of a vigorous judgment and vivid imagination, he could forget the feelings which first banished him to St. Anne's Hill; and could indulge the playful recreations of poetry and criticism as a happy exchange for the turbid and precarious visions of a rash, political ambition.

On subjects of a still higher and more interesting nature these letters afford us few or no specimens of Mr. Fox's views; excepting a faint prayer of humanity on "the turn affairs had taken in Italy—God send it may lead to a peace:" (p. 162.) and a lamentation over the time lost in benefiting the world by an historical undertaking of which we know the result.—"I shall grudge very much the time it takes away from my attention to poetry and ancient literature, which are studies far more suitable to my taste." (P. 169.) We have scarcely a hint of Mr. Fox's proficiency in those feelings and those arts which, above all others, tend to improve, exalt, and bless the human race. Unfortunately, too much is to be gathered from this portentous silence—*Dum tacet, clamat*. It calls us to the contemplation of "that something still" defective in the utmost plenitude of Mr. Fox's mind; a void, a dreary waste, pervading all its moral part; a pining want of proper culture; a pernicious crop of sickly fruits, seeming, as it were, to echo cheerless to the wind. *C'est un bel edifice, mais il y manque la chapelle*, said a lady to Mr. Gibbon, when boasting of his history. Can any other sentiment arise in the mind of him who contemplates with the eye of truth the hollow fabric raised by fame and Dr. Parr to Mr. Fox's memory? The stately form, the rich materials, and spacious groundwork of this fabric lead us, indeed, to feelings of no common regret for the deficiency within: and deeply must we reprobate that system of education which in his early youth marked out no line, laid no foundation stone, for supplying the important part. Perhaps in a mind less original and commanding than Mr. Fox's, we readily accept education, if studied to mislead, deprave, intoxicate the boy, as some excuse, or at least palliation, for the failures of the man. If

Mr. Fox's superior powers failed of educing these higher principles, apparently so congenial to them, we are only so far disposed to excuse him, upon any plea, as we believe great faculties to imply great temptations; and upon the plea of education in particular, only as far as we generally observe less leisure and inclination to be left in after life, in proportion to the talents spoiled by fashion or ambition, for redressing early errors, and changing the first direction.

In the mean time let us observe that characteristic traits of Mr. Wakefield also abound in these letters. His powers as a scholar and a critic have been already appreciated with so much accuracy by his kindred tribe as not to need further illustration: his fame has, doubtless, been much injured in this department through the influence of his known literary rashness and overweening self-conceit. The humiliating concessions respecting his own *Silva Critica*, as containing "*plurima, quæ sint juveniliter temeraria, ἀρροδίαυρα prorsus, et homine critico indigna,*" might have well been anticipated from the following passage in his own life.

"It always appeared to my mind not only a violation of truth, but an act of ingratitude to the 'Giver of every good gift,' to dissemble or disparage those qualifications which I was conscious of possessing; and I esteemed it not folly only but a fraud—to bestow on ordinary proficient in learning and virtue such commendations as were only due to the *genuine* possessors of those valuable acquisitions. These dispositions, unconnected or unimpaired, as best pleases the reader's taste, have accompanied me through life; these domineer in my constitution to this very hour," &c.

That they did so, we have more than one melancholy proof in the present letters. It grieves us, but for example's sake, to drag to light against our departed scholar "his frailty from its dread abode," by quoting such passages as the following: "I knew my Lucretius must make its way in time against all personal and political opposition, especially when known on the continent." Speaking of a critical nicety which Dr. Parr had in conversation deemed inadmissible, "I made no reply," says our self-complacent critic, "but concluded it to have been unobserved by all readers but MYSELF!"* "Excuse me," says he, in another

* A more innocent and interesting agreement between Mr. Wakefield's delineations of himself in his life and in these letters appears in the following passages:—"At college—a strange fastidiousness, for which I never could account, occasionally took a bewildering possession of my faculties. This impediment commonly recurred in the spring of the year, when I was so enamoured of rambling in the open air that not even emulation itself could chain me to my books." Vol. i. p. 87.

"My appetite," says he, near ten years after, in letter 39. dated Dorchester gaol, (poor fellow!) "my appetite is apt to flag with the hilarity of the season and the tempting appearances of nature; so that I should not much object to a liberation at this time with Lord Thanet and Mr. Ferguson!"

letter, "if I appear positive ; it is only in the expression, which one acquires from the study of mathematics ; where, after constructing the figure, it is usual to add, '*I say*, the triangle so and so is the triangle required !' "

We turn from this bold avowal of a frailty, surely in Mr. Wakefield, at least, productive of most pitiable consequences, to appearances of a more engaging nature.

On hearing of an accident which had befallen Mr. Fox in taking the amusement of shooting, his humanity suddenly displays itself in the following undisguised avowal of his sentiments, in letter 23. After an elegant quotation from Cicero, he proceeds—

" Am I, Sir, indecently presumptuous and free, am I guilty of a too dictatorial officiousness, in pronouncing those pleasures to misbecome a man of letters, which consist in mangling, maiming, and depriving of that invaluable and irretrievable blessing, its existence, an inoffensive pensioner on the universal bounties of the common feeder and protector of all his offspring ?"

The answer of Mr. Fox is what his less tender nerves and less scrupulous conscience might have led us to expect—

" That—if to kill tame animals, with whom one has a sort of acquaintance, is lawful, it is still less repugnant to one's feelings to kill *wild* animals ; but then, to make a *pastime* of it—there is something to be said upon this head—I admit it to be a questionable subject ; *at all events, it is a very pleasant and healthy exercise !*"

What a deal of trouble would this concluding "ratio sufficiens" for "questionable" practices have saved laborious casuists, and their old fashioned, purblind, limping, followers !* Mr. Wakefield is not, however, to be so put off ; but rejoins on his green-coated, gaitered correspondent, "that the question of animal food has no more to do with rural sports than capital punishments with racks and tortures ;" he asks if it is "*philosophical* and humane to leave numbers of animals to perish by pain and hunger, or to occasion the remainder of their lives to be perilous and miserable ?" And as to *hunting*, he roundly tells Mr. Fox "that it is the most irrational and degrading spectacle in the world, and an admirable prologue to those delectable operations which are transacting in Holland and elsewhere." Mr. Fox, in his next letter, declines the controversy, by gently throwing before him the shield of

* We trust this mode of reasoning was not in Mr. Fox's purview when he refers, in letter 10. to literature—as the greatest advantage in troublous times (*next to a good conscience*) which one man can have over another.

“authority and precedent, rather than argument; of excuse, rather than of justification.”

We could have wished to see Mr. Wakefield, who had evidently here the right of the argument, and was so eminently “disdainful of danger” on all occasions in maintaining that right, equally solicitous for the welfare of his correspondent on some more material points. We could have wished him, at least, as a professed christian, *knowing his man*, not to have referred Mr. Fox, with unqualified and unbounded praise, to his favourite Lucretius, and recommended it to his perusal, particularly the termination of the third book, (letter 5.) of which we are bold to say, the *chief* merit is not its being a favourable specimen of the *Lucretian grandiloquentia*, but its being the most calm and captivating statement of the atheist’s remedies against the fear of death that, perhaps, ever was penned; this praise, of course, Mr. Fox echoes back in the same accents, and “declares the end of the third book to be perfectly in his memory, and worthy of all that Mr. Wakefield had said of it.” Equally inappropriate do we think was the act of “damning with faint praise,” in letter 56. the noble and immortal labours of Tertullian in the cause of christianity. And more than inappropriate, not to say profane, is the application of a scriptural test of virtue to Mr. Fox’s merits, in letter 14. “I am glad I can congratulate you on escaping the inauspicious omen of the scriptures, ‘wo! unto you when all men speak well of you.’” Measured by this test, certainly Mr. Fox and his minority will ever stand high in the records of fame; and our condemnation of Mr. Wakefield in adopting it may not be so complete from reflecting that (in the feelings of a universal charity, doubtless) he has taken abundant care that the defenders of church and state, in opposition to Mr. Fox’s views, should not be wanting in that same test of their claims on the gratitude and admiration of mankind.

The general result of our perusal of this small, but, on the whole, interesting volume, as well as of our reflection on the personal qualities of the respective writers, may be summed up in a few last words. The statesman leaves on our minds the impression of a person possessed of a calm and dispassionate mind, carefully examining its own operations, weighing its opinions, suggesting with a diffidence, apparently unaffected, the results of a mature and penetrating judgment, and even in a great political measure (that of returning, after his secession, to parliament) professing to have been guided by the sentiments of others.* On the other hand, we see the self-important scholar verifying to the close of life that justly earned and too applicable epithet; equally

* Vide p. 133.

vehement and authoritative in maintaining the most ancient and most novel doctrines, the most certain facts, and most questionable hypotheses; and demanding, in truth, a homage to his opinions which others might have blushed to receive unasked. How much does the glance of an unavailing regret increase our chagrin when it supposes the picture reversed!—when it imagines the former character drawing from the resources of his own great mind alone, those resolutions and plans of actions which might have made him the reformer and guide, instead of being the dupe and the tool, of a weak but domineering party; and to have seen the other throwing up those reins of proud independence, which every stage of life proved him less and less fit to hold; and under the prudent guidance of some experienced director of his course illuminating with his rays that world, which he well nigh set on fire like Phæton, by his presumptuous indiscretion.

Again, we see, with some mixture of pleasing emotion, an apparent frankness, sincerity, and warmth of feeling on the part of Mr. Wakefield, which we in vain looked for in the expressions of his correspondent. Mr. Fox, guarded, shrewd, and self-possessed, like a true man of the world, discerning the strong and weak points of the other, adapting himself to them, and evidently as contented with the easy enjoyment of a literary correspondence with his friend in gaol as with his friend at home—Mr. Fox, we must say, seems to us to have wanted, or to have worn away, many of those noble and tender sensibilities, of which the undue and unrestrained indulgence so much misled Mr. Wakefield; but which, in misleading him, made him no less an object of pity to the feeling, and regret to the reflecting, than one of caution to the wise, and of terror to the peaceful.

In both characters we see instanced the lamentable operation of false or defective principles. We see these two men, confessedly in one of the most important crises which their country had ever experienced, more intent on settling the final, and the *Æolic* digamma, or the precedence of Ovid and Virgil, than on those portentous events which, in public, they represented as involving every thing important to the highest interests of man. In Mr. Fox's correspondence we see little or no zeal expressed for right opinions on the constitution of that country of whose cause he was the patriotic defender; in that of Mr. Wakefield's letters we perceive as little attention to the cause of a religion of which he professed himself at once the preacher and reformer. They had, evidently, much to learn on these points, each respectively of the other. Though it was the misfortune, or rather fault, of both to believe but little, yet each believed something in his peculiar province which we have reason to fear was not admitted by the other. Mr. Fox, it is true, did not systematically scoff at revelation, (he

was too wise,) nor did Mr. Wakefield openly proclaim anarchy and regicide; he was too decent; yet had each used the opportunity he possessed for the improvement of the other, we might have been relieved from many apprehensions as to what were really the views of both; and some proofs, let us indulge the hope, might have been added, to the very few hitherto produced by their respective friends, of the social virtue of a Wakefield and the christian belief of a Fox.



Essays on the Sources of the Pleasures received from Literary Composition. (Continued from page 370. vol. 3.)

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THE sixth essay is on melancholy.

“There is (says the essayist) a wonderful propensity in the human mind to seek for pleasure among the sources of pain. We have a delight in the compositions which agitate with terror, and fondly return to the tale of sorrow. Nor are we attracted merely by the fears or calamities of others; what is more remarkable, we are pleased with the passages which raise our melancholy on our own account. Of this kind are all those passages (and there are none more popular) which give striking descriptions of the evils of life, of those evils to which we find ourselves every moment exposed.” P. 175. “Horace frequently reminds us how soon the joys of this life pass away, and how soon we must part with every object of attachment; yet these are some of the verses which we are aptest to commit to memory, and fondest of repeating.” P. 176.

In the first place, when the mind is depressed by misfortune, it cannot bear the images of gayety; just as the eye, when long used to darkness, shrinks from the cheerful sunshine. It takes refuge then in such poetry as is accordant to its present feelings, in descriptions, and sometimes exaggerated ones, of the miseries of life. In the next place, as the author observes, melancholy thoughts are frequently conversant with what have been our happiest hours.

“In the recollection of joys that are past, which is the kind of melancholy that we are the fondest to indulge, the conception of these

joys renews in some degree the sensations of our happier days, and relieves with its brighter colouring the gloom of sorrow." P. 181.

After all, melancholy is frequently a disease, and frequently an affection. There is little of it in the robuster geniuses, in Milton, and Shakspeare, and Homer; Pope and Horace have more of it; but the most exquisitely melancholy personages are the contributors to the magazines, the Lauras, and Annas, and Rosas; gentle souls, whose very breathing is a sigh, who walk out—perhaps we ought to say stray or wander forth—with a handkerchief in one hand and a pencil in the other, and weep, and moan, and indite most lamentable ditties upon every thing that ever was, is, or can, or shall be.

We are glad to relieve a little the tediousness of critical discussion by a pretty long extract from the next essay, the subject of which is the tender affections.

"I know not, for instance, if any representation can either awaken more delightful emotions, or raise us higher above selfish and ungenerous feelings, than the following relation, which deserves so well to be recorded, for the honour of the fair sex, and the instruction of ours. It is taken from General Burgoyne's *State of the Expedition into Canada*, during the campaigns of 1776 and 1777. On the march of the 19th of September, 1777, Lady Harriet Ackland, the wife of Major Ackland, of the grenadiers, had been directed by her husband to follow the route of the artillery and baggage, which was not exposed, his own party being liable to action at every step. The relation is continued by General Burgoyne in these words:

"At the time the action began, she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was found the action was becoming general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the first care of the wounded. Thus was this lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and musketry for some hours together, with the presumption, from the post of her husband at the head of the grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three female companions, the Baroness of Reidesel, and the wives of two British officers, Major Harnage and Lieutenant Reynell; but, in the event, their presence served but little for comfort. Major Harnage was soon brought to the surgeons very badly wounded; and a little while after came intelligence that Lieutenant Reynell was shot dead. Imagination will want no helps to figure the state of the whole group.

"From the date of that action to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her usual serenity, stood prepared for new trials. And it was her lot that their severity increased with their numbers. She was again exposed to the hearing of the whole action, and at last received the shock of her individual misfortune, mixed with the intelligence of the

general calamity; the troops were defeated, and Major Ackland, desperately wounded, was a prisoner.

“ ‘ The day of the 8th was passed by Lady Harriet and her companions in common anxiety: not a tent or a shed being standing, except what belonged to the hospital, their refuge was among the wounded and the dying.

“ ‘ I soon received a message from Lady Harriet, submitting to my decision a proposal (and expressing an earnest solicitude to execute it, if not interfering with my desigus) of passing to the camp of the enemy, and requesting General Gates’s permission to attend her husband.

“ ‘ Though I was ready to believe (for I had experienced) that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely for want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed; I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told she had found, from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection.

“ ‘ Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain to the artillery, readily undertook to accompany her, and with one female servant, and the major’s valet de chambre, (who had a ball, which he had received in the late action, then in his shoulder,) she rowed down the river to meet the enemy. But her distresses were not yet to end. The night was advanced before the boat reached the enemy’s outposts, and the sentinel would not let it pass, nor even come to shore. In vain Mr. Brudenell offered the flag of truce, and represented the state of the extraordinary passenger. The guard, apprehensive of treachery, and punctilious to their orders, threatened to fire into the boat, if they stirred before daylight. Her anxiety and sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections upon that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But it is due to justice, as the close of this adventure, to say, that she was received and accommodated by General Gates, with all the humanity and respect, that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved.” P. 229—233.

We come, in the eighth Essay, to a subject, than which, says the author, “few speculative subjects have occasioned greater perplexity”—beauty. “We speak,” says he, “of a beautiful woman, and a beautiful tree; a beautiful building, and a beautiful piece of music; a beautiful poem, and a beautiful theorem.” We do so: and all the perplexity arises, as it appears to us.

from our applying the word *beautiful* to objects which affect us with very different feelings. Let us endeavour to distinguish them.

In the first place, our senses and the objects of nature are so adapted one to the other, that almost every thing external which we contemplate affords us pleasure, sensual pleasure. The thing which thus pleases we call beautiful, though, perhaps, common conversation has limited that term to the objects of sight. Of this pleasure, be it observed, we can give no account. We are pleased, we know not why. The Deity has so willed it; it is a proof of his goodness that he has. Thus, almost all the *colours*, and all the combinations of them which we meet with in nature, are agreeable to the eye; the same may be said of almost all the *forms*, whether the soft and waving outline of hills and meadows, or the angularities of rocks and trees. Nothing seems to us more idle than to inquire further into the matter; and nothing more unfounded than the distinction which Mr. Price has endeavoured to institute between the beautiful and the picturesque.

In the exercise of the understanding and the reasoning powers, every one knows how distressing are confusion and perplexity, and how agreeable, on the contrary, it is to have the steps of a proposition laid down in a regular, clear, intelligible train. The pleasure thus received is, to our minds, of a perfectly different kind from that received in the contemplation of external nature; yet we describe the object that affords it as *beautiful*;—"we speak of a beautiful theorem." That the beauty consists in the intelligibility of every step, and the connected order of the whole, will appear from analyzing any particular theorem. We choose the forty-seventh of the first book of Euclid, as one with which many of our readers must be acquainted, and which every one who is so must acknowledge to be most "beautiful." It is required, then, to prove that the squares upon the sides of any right-angled triangle are, together, equal to the square upon the hypotenuse. The squares being described, and three lines added to the diagram, we find the square upon the hypotenuse divided into two parallelograms and two additional triangles formed. By the help of former propositions it is proved that the two triangles are equal, that the square upon one side of the original triangle is double of one of them, and one of the parallelograms into which the square upon the hypotenuse has been divided double of the other; and it is thence inferred that the square and the parallelogram are equal. In a similar manner it may be shown that the square is equal to the other parallelogram; and it is inferred that the two squares taken together are equal to the two parallelograms taken together, that is, to the square upon the hypotenuse. Suppose, now, that the two triangles had been said to be equal, and the reader referred for a

proof to some future proposition; or suppose that it had not already been proved that a parallelogram is double of a triangle on the same base and between the same parallels—and the author had stopt short in the middle of his theorem to prove it, or had thrown the proof into a note; would not the proposition have lost much of its *beauty*? The understanding would be distressed, either by taking that for granted which had not been proved, or by having the train of reasoning broken in upon by extraneous proof.

Most persons would speak of geometry as more “beautiful” than any algebraical calculus. Yet they lead, perhaps, exactly to the same conclusion, and the algebraical calculus by an infinitely speedier process. The geometrician walks, the algebraist flies in a travelling carriage and six. But then the understanding is assisted by the senses in geometry, and, moreover, sees the meaning of every step that is taken. The walker sees his road before him, and turns to the right or left, or goes straight forward, as he judges necessary; the man in the travelling carriage knows he shall be taken right, draws up his blinds, falls asleep, and finds himself, after a time, at the end of his journey, hardly knowing how he got there.

We ought just to notice that, from that curiosity providentially implanted in our natures, we have a pleasure in arriving at any truth, and that pleasure is the greater as the truth is more extensive; and, moreover, if the truth lie very remote, there is a pride and a pleasure in overcoming the difficulties in the way to it. And this last frequently adds greatly to the *beauty* of a proposition. For instance, if a body be compelled to move in an elliptical orbit by a force situated in one of the focuses of the ellipse, we can prove that the intensity of this force must vary inversely as the square of the distance from it; we can prove this in a series of steps, each one as well grounded, and all as well connected, as those in the theorem of Euclid, above given; moreover, the truth is of the utmost importance, and of an application as extensive as the planetary system; and further, the method used in coming at it (viz. that of limiting ratios) is so subtle as to be highly gratifying to the pride of human intellect. Reasoning is always carried on by means of intermediate ideas; in reasoning by the method of prime and ultimate ratios, that intermediate idea is a nonentity; upon all these three grounds we pronounce the proposition “beautiful.”

We would not be understood to mean, by these examples, that the beauty which addresses itself to the understanding is limited to mathematical reasoning. Moral reasoning, though it certainly does not admit of the same precision, is, however, in its degree, very pleasing to the mind. We know of no specimen of moral reasoning, of which the steps follow one another more connectedly,

more mathematically, where the understanding finds itself more at ease, or takes in the subject more readily at one general view, than the second book of Paley's *Moral Philosophy*. There is, indeed, an incurable defect in the principle, as addressed to fallible creatures, but this is nothing to the beauty of the argument.

We have been thus long (thus tedious, we are afraid) upon this subject, not because of its connexion with essays on the pleasures of the imagination, but to show how utterly unconnected they are, and to do away, in some measure, the perplexity which arises from using the same word for things essentially different.

The beauty of external objects, then, and the beauty of a theorem, we consider as perfectly distinct, and the latter as having no place in an inquiry into the sources of the pleasures of taste. But there is still another kind of beauty—that which addresses itself to the moral feelings. To a good man the exercise of the tender affections, “comprehending all the different modifications of love, from the transient good will which we feel for a common stranger, to the fondness with which the mother watches over her child in distress, or which unites the hearts of absent lovers,” is most delightful. The husband of an amiable woman, the father of an affectionate family, the man who can look up with confidence to the friend of his father and the guardian of his youth, he who retains in after-life the dear companions of his boyish days, or who, “illustriously lost” to the world, is surrounded in his native village by happy tenants and retainers—these are, perhaps, among the most enviable of mortal men. Our feelings are thus providentially regulated, and there is an end of the matter. Accordingly, from the sympathy of our nature, the sight of such objects—of a happy family, of fast friends, of a kind master and grateful servants—is called *beautiful*; not, indeed, because it affects us at all in a similar way with the beauties of nature, still less with the beauties of regular and accurate demonstration, (at least, we can discover no such similarity in our own feelings,) but simply because it confers a pleasure, a calm pleasure.

Beauty, then, (in the common, loose sense of the word,) addresses itself to the senses, the understanding, or the moral feelings. Poetical beauty speaks to the imagination, or rather, perhaps, to the senses and the moral feelings through the medium of the imagination. There is much ambiguity in the common use of the expression, “pleasures of imagination.” The pleasures of sight and of hearing are no more pleasures of imagination than those of taste and smell: the delight experienced at the rich glow and glorious colours of an evening sky, or the music of the spring,

is as merely *sensual* as an alderman's at a turtle feast, or a carman's at a quid of tobacco. In the same manner the pleasures of imagination are not to be confounded with those received immediately by our moral sensibilities.

The pleasures of the imagination are those received from the contemplation of objects which are not immediately before us, but which we have the power of conjuring up to ourselves. For every thing in nature that, when present, is delightful to the senses, we can, when absent, recall vividly to our minds, and receive from the image, perhaps, a greater pleasure than from the original. We say a greater pleasure, for, besides that there seems to be something pleasurable in the exercise of the faculty, we can, by a proper selection and combination of really existing things, create to ourselves more agreeable scenes than any, perhaps, that are to be found in nature. "When we look at a landscape, we can fancy a thousand additional embellishments. Mountains loftier and more picturesque; rivers more copious, more limpid, and more beautifully winding; smoother and wider lawns; valleys more richly diversified; caverns and rocks more gloomy and more stupendous; ruins more majestic; buildings more magnificent; oceans more varied with islands, more splendid with shipping, or more agitated by storm, than any we have ever seen, it is easy for human imagination to conceive."* The same may be said of that class of beautiful objects which are perceived by the moral feelings. "It is easy to see," says our author in another place, how "the imagination may conceive a race of mortals far more amiable and respectable than the best and most accomplished of human creatures." In fact, the reader has only to call to mind a few of the heroes and heroines of poetry and romance, and compare them with the plain, homely beings of this "working-day world," to acknowledge the truth of the remark.

We must not leave the subject of beauty without just observing how superior the pleasures of the moral feelings are to those of the senses;—how much of the beauty of the human countenance is the beauty of expression; how insipid the best features are, if not lighted up by the soul; and, on the contrary, how pleasing good temper and good sense will sometimes render even the plainest face;—how much of the pleasure received from the prospect of a lovely scene arises from a sympathy with the imaginary beings with which we never fail to people it, and from recollections somehow associated with it;—and how gladly we turn from the description of mere external nature to that of human

* Beattie, on Poetry and Music, Part I Chap. 5.

actions and human feelings, from the "hesperian fruit" and "oriental pearl," and "mazy rills running nectar," to the

—————"Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect."

Thus the philosophical poet,

—————"Beauty dwells,
There most conspicuous, e'en in outward shape.
Where dawns the high expression of a mind."

And again,

—————"Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship; as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for other's woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace," &c.
"Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime."

Our author has now gone through the sublime, the pathetic, and the beautiful: there is still, however, a large class of the objects of imagination, and of literary compositions, left unnoticed. The last essay is devoted to the ludicrous. The essayist adopts the theory of Dr. Hutcheson, who maintains, in his *Reflections on Laughter*, that "the ludicrous consists in the contrast of dignity and meanness, whether the dignity and meanness reside both in the same object, or in different objects which are nearly related to each other." Against this theory, our readers know, Dr. Beattie and others have contended, "as not sufficiently comprehensive," maintaining, that the "ludicrous results from incongruity in general, or from some unsuitableness, or want of relation in certain respects, among objects which are related in other respects." "Laughter," says Beattie, "arises from the view of two or more inconsistent, unsuitable, or incongruous parts or circumstances, considered as united in one complex object or assemblage, or as acquiring a sort of mutual relation from the peculiar manner in which the mind takes notice of them." Almost the whole of the essay before us is taken up with considering the cases which Dr. Beattie has stated in opposition to Dr. Hutcheson.

We are certainly of opinion that Dr. Beattie made his case good; that is, that he produced many things confessedly ludicrous in which the incongruity was not of dignity with meanness. As, however, we doubt of the truth of Dr. Beattie's own theory, (for we do not by any means think that laughter *always* "arises from the view of two or more inconsistent, unsuitable, or incongruous parts or circumstances,") we shall not spend any time upon this dispute, but shall just take occasion to state what occurs to ourselves upon the "ludicrous."

§ The ludicrous in composition may, perhaps, be safely divided into wit and humour. Humour is the imitation of the ridiculous in human character. As we have moral feelings, by which we love or admire what is amiable or great in human character, and by which we detest the more gigantic vices, so we have feelings of ridicule, also, for the lesser vices, for petty meannesses, and all infringements of what the French call the *petites moeurs*. This appears to have been Aristotle's view of the matter.

We are aware of an objection to this: it looks like making ridicule the test of truth. But our feelings were given us at our birth; they are applied as habit and education dictate. The stream was supplied by nature, the channel is cut by custom. All our feelings are perverted. Admiration is no more the test of truth than ridicule. We as frequently admire great and splendid vices as we laugh at what is worthy or amiable. These feelings might be given us for useful purposes, and yet degraded, as in their present state, as often do harm as good. Humour addresses itself to our perceptions of the ridiculous—and, accordingly, we shall find it engaged in portraying and exaggerating these said little blemishes and foibles. Let us turn to Molière—an author who has, perhaps, taken a wider range here than any other. What do we find ourselves laughing at while reading Molière? At the meannesses of avarice, at the absurdities of pedantry, and affectation, and vanity, at coxcombs, and clowns, and hypochondriacs. If Harpagon had been represented as oppressing the poor, or as turning away from misery without relieving it, we should have detested him, not laughed at him. But when we see him puffing out the candle ends, lest he should be ruined, stooping in a violent fit of passion to pick up a pin, fumbling about the *hauts-de-chausses* of a footman he is turning off, lest he should carry away any thing with him—his avarice is then ridiculous only. What is it that we laugh at in the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*?" Ignorance and vanity;—an ignorance which education has made us consider as ludicrous, and a vanity that is naturally ridiculous. "I am quite in a passion," says he to his master of philosophy, "with my father and mother for not having had me instructed in the sciences

when I was young." "You are quite in the right," says the other, "nam sine doctrina vita est quasi mortis imago. You understand that? of course you are acquainted with latin?" O—yes;—but—but—make as if I were not; explain the meaning of that to me." And afterwards.

"*M. Jourdain*. I must let you into a secret. You must know I'm in love with a lady of quality, and I want you to help me in composing a little kind of a billet-doux. That will be gallant, you know.

"*Master*. To be sure. What, would you have this billet-doux in verse?

"*M. Jourdain*. O, no, no; no verse.

"*Master*. You choose plain prose.

"*M. Jourdain*. No, I don't choose either prose or verse.

"*Master*. It must be one or the other.

"*M. Jourdain*. Why must it?

"*Master*. Because we can only express ourselves in prose or verse.

"*M. Jourdain*. What! is there nothing but prose and verse?

"*Master*. No, Sir. All that is not verse is prose, and all that is not prose is verse.

"*M. Jourdain*. Why, when one talks, what is that?

"*Master*. Prose.

"*M. Jourdain*. What! when I tell the servant to bring me my nightcap and slippers, is that prose?" &c.

Away goes *M. Jourdain* with the grand discovery to his wife and maid servant.

"*M. Jourdain*. You speak like brute beasts; I'm ashamed of your ignorance. For instance, do you know what that is you are saying?

"*Madame Jourdain*. Yes, I know that what I am saying is very well said, and that you ought to think of living after another fashion.

"*M. Jourdain*. I'm not talking of that; I ask you what—what those words are that you are saying.

"*Madame Jourdain*. Very sensible words, to be sure: I wish your conduct were as much so.

"*M. Jourdain*. I tell you I'm not talking of that. What I ask you is this—this that I'm saying, what I'm saying now to you, what is it?

"*Madame Jourdain*. Why, nonsense.

"*M. Jourdain*. Pooh! pooh! that's not what I mean. This that we are both saying? the language that we are using to one another?

"*Madame Jourdain*. Ah, ah.

"*M. Jourdain*. What is it called?

"*Madame Jourdain*. Why, what people choose.

"*M. Jourdain*. It's prose, you dunce.

"*Madame Jourdain*. Prose?

"*M. Jourdain*. Yes, prose. All that is not verse is prose, and all that is not prose is verse."

Or, let us take an instance from "*Les femmes savantes*." A vain poet is reciting his verses ("To a Lady in a Fever") to some ladies who affect to be judges.

"*Trissotin*. Sure you had lull'd to sleep your sense,
To treat with such magnificence,
And to lodge so loyally
Your most cruel enemy.

"*Belise*. Ah! what a sweet beginning!

"*Armande*. How gallant
That turn is!

"*Philaminte*. Ah, for running easy verse
There is none like him.

"*Armande*. Lull'd your sense to sleep!
Can any thing be finer?

"*Belise*. Lodge your enemy!
Don't you prefer that?

"*Philaminte*. Ay, but then, remember,
'With such magnificence!' 'so royally!'
What well-picked terms!

"*Belise*. Come, let us hear the rest.

"*Trissotin*. Sure you had lull'd to sleep your sense,
To treat with such magnificence,
And to lodge so royally,
Your most cruel enemy.

"*Belise*. Ah! lull'd your sense to sleep!

"*Armande*. 'Your cruel enemy!'

"*Philaminte*. 'With such magnificence!' 'so royally!'

"*Trissotin*. Bid it go, whate'er they say,
From that rich saloon away,
Or the proud ungrateful elf
Will attack your lonely self.

"*Belise*. Ah, stop, for pity; let me, let me breathe.

"*Armande*. Give me a moment's leisure to admire.

"*Philaminte*. One feels, while hearing this, a kindly fainting
Glide to the bottom of one's very soul.

"*Armande*. 'Bid it go, whate'er they say,
From that rich saloon away.'

'That rich saloon!' O, what a sweet expression!
And what a noble metaphor that is!

"*Philaminte*. 'Bid it go, whate'er they say!'
Whate'er they say 's in admirable taste.
In my opinion, 'tis invaluable.

"*Armande*. And I'm in love, too, with 'whate'er they say.'

"*Belise*. It is most happy, sure. 'Whate'er they say!'" &c.

We will make one more extract from the "*Malade Imaginaire*." Argan, the valetudinarian, is "cockered and spirited up" till he refuses to take some medicines of his apothecary, M. Purgon, on which the enraged *Æsculapian* cries out

"Since you don't choose to be cured by me—

Argan. It is not my fault.

"*Purgon*. Since you have withdrawn yourself from the obedience you owe your doctor—

Toinette. O, to be sure; that cries out for vengeance.

"*Purgon*. Since you have rebelled against my appointments—

Argan. Not I.

"*Purgon*. I have to tell you that I abandon you; I abandon you to your bad constitution, to the disorder of your intestines, to the corruption of your blood, to the acidity of your bile, to the feculence of your humours.

Argan. Good heaven!

"*Purgon*. And before four days are over your head, you shall be in the ward of incurables.

Argan. O!

"*Purgon*. You shall fall into trady-pepsy—

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

"*Purgon*. From a trady-pepsy into a dys-pepsy—

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

"*Purgon*. From a dyspepsy into an apepsy—

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

"*Purgon*. From an apepsy into a lientery—

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

"*Purgon*. From a lientery into a dysentery—

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

"*Purgon*. From a dysentery into a dropsy—

Argan. Mr. Purgon!

"*Purgon*. From a dropsy into death."

Now, in these passages we cannot at all perceive that we laugh at "the view of any incongruous parts or circumstances." We laugh at the oddities and infirmities of human character; and, if we were asked why we laugh at them, we answer, because they are ridiculous, and, if we are asked why they appear ridiculous, truly we cannot tell, but they do appear so for all that, and, therefore, we laugh. Lest, however, it should be thought that some advantage is gained by thus running us with questions till we can give no answer, we may just observe, that every theory on every subject is liable to the same inconvenience. Why do you laugh, we might retort, at "the view of unsuitable or incongruous parts or circumstances?" We must come at last to some natural feeling, of which we can give no account, and truly it appears

more rational to laugh where vice may be put out of countenance, than to laugh at these said incongruities.

We may just observe that laughable qualities may be so mixed up with amiable ones as not to render a character ridiculous. There is something even venerable in the oddities of Sir Roger de Coverley, or "my uncle Toby." Just as many vices may be given to a character, which yet, by the intermixture of glittering qualities, shall be far from odious.

As to wit, we will not quarrel with the received definition of it, because we certainly have not a better to propose in its place, yet we think that we could point out some exceedingly witty sayings, which hardly fall within its limit.

We have now gone through all the subjects in this book. If we have said but little of the author, it has been because there is but little to be said of him. He brings forth nothing original, nor does he say old things in a remarkably striking manner. Moreover, he is sometimes tedious, and his quotations are not always culled in the very best taste. But after all, we can recommend the book to our readers as containing a great deal of very just criticism.



The New Art of Memory. Founded upon the principles taught by M. Gregor Von Feinaigle. To which is prefixed some account of the Principal Systems of Artificial Memory, from the earliest period to the present time. 12mo. Pp. 408.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THIS is one of the most absurd things, in the shape of a scientific production, that we ever remember to have seen. Had we been told in private of the learned professor's plan, heard his system explained, and seen the prospectus of his lectures, we should have said that either they would prove too dull to be listened to, or else would be attended, laughed at, and forgotten. Instead of all this, M. Gregor Von Feinaigle comes over from Paris with the testimonies of philosophers in his favour—gives his lectures at the Royal Institution—repeats them at the Surrey Institution—has them taken down by some warm admirer—digested, systematized, and published in the work before us—sees his disciples spreading all over the kingdom, and delivering and publishing their lectures in our provincial towns—students committing his hieroglyphics to memory—and parents imbuing little children

of four years old with his system. If the fashion continues, we shall have ladies recollecting their morning calls, and footmen their messages, by means of Professor Von F.'s symbols; the tradesman will call in "Sancho Panza," and the "golden calf," to assist in making out his bills; the gardener will throw aside his calendar, and only inquire, for the future, in what compartment, of what wall, of what room, anemonies and tulips, scarlet beans and asparagus are placed; and the rhetorician's memory will be stored with such choice and delicate images as,

"A *bat* is seen *flying* after a *mouse*, which shelters itself under a *cap*, stuck full of *needles*. There is some *mutton* for dinner, and a *roll* to eat with it. The *tub* and *soap* show that it is washing day; the servants, playing with the children and their *doll*, have forgotten to boil the *cabbage* and the *pudding*. As a compensation for this loss, a large bottle of *rum* is produced." P. 260.

"*Midas*, or the man with the long ears, has just received a present of *three hens*; he puts one in each ear, and one in his mouth, the hens are so near to each other, they are almost (*united*.) P. 267.

Every one knows how entirely dependent the memory is upon the association of ideas. The clock striking recalls to our mind business to be done—the corner of a street thoughts that we had revolved there. If we wish to find a half-forgotten passage in any book, we can generally remember whether it was on the right or left hand page, at the top or at the bottom, towards the beginning or towards the end. If we wish to recall a conversation to the recollection of a friend, we put him in mind of the spot it was held in, the persons who were present, the remarks that had preceded it. Accordingly, where there are no associations of this kind to help the memory, we find people supplying artificial ones. The Pelew islander ties a knot in a cord when he wishes to remember a particular object; the Frenchman puts a blank paper in his snuff box. These, however, are simple expedients. It might be expected that the necessity of the busy, or the ingenuity of the idle, would soon furnish a *system* of artificial memory. Accordingly, we find this done as early as the year 535 B. C. by the poet Simonides; and our author has enumerated no fewer than sixty books, manuscript and published, on the subject.

Of these Dr. Grey's is the most known, and, in our opinion, the most likely to be useful. The first thing he does is to represent each of the numerical figures by a vowel and a consonant, thus:

a	o	i	o	u	au	oi	ei	ou	y
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
b	d	t	f	l	s	p	k	n	z

These representative letters are not assigned at random. The five vowels are put in their natural order for the five first figures, and the letters which make the diphthongs au, oi, ou, respectively, make up 6, 7, 9; ei are the initial letters of eight. Of the consonants, t, f, s, and n, are the initials of three, four, six, and nine; b, as the first consonant, represents one; d is the initial of the latin *duo*, two; p and k are consonants in *septem* and *επτα*, seven and eight; and l, which is put for five, is the Roman numeral for fifty; why y and z are put for the cipher, we believe, no reason is given. Here, then, is nothing to burden the learner's memory; nothing which is not acquired in two minutes. Now, when any date or number is to be remembered, we have nothing to do but, by means of the vowels and consonants given above, to make it into one or more syllables, and annex them to the word to which they belong. Thus, if I wish to know that Louis 14th died in 1715, I express it thus, *Lou-die-pal*, (where 1,000 is omitted without any danger of mistake,) *com-aulei* gives the number of the house of commons; *com-esu* the date of its first formation, (1,000 again omitted,) *Su-ilpa* shows the height of Snowdon in feet; and *temper-al* the degree at which temperate is marked on Fahrenheit's thermometer. The system proceeds upon the supposition that even an unmeaning syllable, thus associated with any word, is more easily remembered than an unconnected date. We can confidently recommend the plan on our own experience, advising, however, those who may use it, to make their own *mnemonic* words, rather than adopt those of Dr. Grey.

Grey's system is different, we believe, from all the others, which follow, or profess to follow, that of no less a person than Simonides. Simonides, it appears, though a poet, was, like our laureates, not ashamed of writing for money. A rich old fellow bargains with him for a poem; and as, when any rich man among us orders a picture, it is generally a portrait of himself, so the subject of this Scopas's poem was to be no other than Scopas. Now, we apprehend, that, had Garrick stipulated with Reynolds for his portrait, he certainly would never have fallen in a passion and refused the painter half his price, because he had added thereto the figures of tragedy and comedy. But so it was. Simonides adds to his poem as much again upon Castor and Pollux, and loses half the money he had been promised. The consequence is, that Castor and Pollux, taking upon themselves to avenge the wrongs of their poet, and being rather indiscriminate in their anger, call out Simonides from a feast, to which, with many others, he had been invited by Scopas, and bring down the banqueting-room upon the heads of all the rest of the guests, "bruising them so to death, that not a lineament of them could be known."

"Simonides, by recollecting the manner in which they sat at table, was enabled to distinguish them, and to deliver them to their friends for burial. The aid which the recollection of the poet received, on this occasion, is said to have suggested the idea of an artificial memory." P. 6.

On this system of the poet's, multitudes have endeavoured to improve. Our author, as we have said, enumerates sixty. Being ourselves by no means fond of black-letter reading and moth-eaten MSS. we shall take the liberty of passing over this part of the work, just stopping, however, to warn the reader of weak memory against certain meats and drinks.

"Let them also forbear marrow, (which is in bones,) Crans fleshe, fishe, especially if it be clammy and nourished in diches or holes, colde pot herbes, milke, cheese, especially much, or naughtie; fruites moist and not ripe or often, but sometimes they maye eat sharper or tarter meates, chiefly in the winter, as garlike, peniroyall, or calamint, capers, being watered; mustard is praised of Pythagoras, they must eat little and specialle at supper; they must drink no water, except it be sod with hony, or cinnamon, or some other pleasant spices." P. 25.

Further on we find receipts for "powders" and "pills" for the use of the memory, and also "a perfumed apple for comforting" the same faculty.

"Take laudanum, lignum, aloes, storax, of each a dram; cloves, nutmegs, sweet basil seed, of each half a dram; with rosewater, in which a small quantity of mosch and ambergrise has been dissolved, make an apple." P. 136.

Mr. Willis gives us, in the following verses, "twenty-two" "affairs:"

*An? quisquid? cujus? cui? quo? quibus? auxilijs? cur?
Quomodo? circa quid? qualis? quantum? ex, in et a quo?
Quamdiu? ubi? quando? quoties? quotuplex? quot et unde?"*

which are thus translated by Mr. Sowersby, into what he calls *verses*, and which, if they are meant for English hexameters, contain a notable trial of skill for the fingers of all young scanners:

"If? who? what? whose? to what? whether? why? about
what?
How? what fashion? how much? by, of, in, and from what?
How long? how often? how manifold? whence came that?
Where, when, how many?"

These questions Mr. Sowersby proceeds to illustrate at great length; but we prefer Mr. Shandy's illustration as quite as useful, and far more pleasant.

"The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are, *am, was; have, had; do, did; make, made; suffer; shall, should; will, would; can, could; owe, ought; used, or it is wont*. And these, varied with tenses *present, past, and future*—conjugated with the verb *see*—or with these questions added to them—*Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be?*—And these again put negatively, *Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?*—or affirmatively, *It is; it was; it ought to be;*—or chronologically, *Has it been always? Lately? How long ago?*—or hypothetically, *If it was; If it was not*, what would follow? If the French should beat the English—if the sun go out of the zodiac."

"Didst thou ever see a white bear?" cried my father—turning round to Trim, who stood at the back of his chair. 'No, an' please your honour,' replied the corporal. 'But thou could'st discourse about one, Trim,' said my father, 'in case of need?' 'How is it possible,' quoth my uncle Toby, 'if the corporal never saw one?' "'Tis the fact I want,' replied my father—'and the possibility of it as follows:

"A white bear! Very well. Have I ever seen one? Might I ever have seen one? Am I ever to see one? Ought I ever to have seen one? Or can I ever see one?"

"Would I had seen a white bear—for how can I imagine it."

"If I should see a white bear, what should I say? If I should never see a white bear, what then?"

"If I never have, can, must, or shall see a white bear alive, have I ever seen the skin of one? Did I ever see one painted—described? Have I never dreamed of one?"

"Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers, or sisters, ever see a white bear? What would they give? How would they have behaved? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? tame? terrible? rough? smooth?"

"Is the white bear worth seeing? Is there no sin in it? Is it better than a black one?"

But it is more than time that we should introduce the learned professor's system to our readers. Suppose yourself, then, in any square room that you are acquainted with. Suppose the floor divided, by two lines parallel to the two ends, and two lines parallel to the two sides, into nine compartments. Suppose every one of the walls similarly divided. Ascend (in imagination) into the room above, and do just the same there. This being done, place 1 in the left hand compartment of the top line of the floor of the bottom room; proceed to the right with 2 and 3; to

the next line with 4, 5, 6, and so on. The floor will contain the nine first figures. Place 10 on the ceiling, just over the middle compartment of the left-hand wall, and proceed (just as on the floor) to fill that wall with the figures down to 19 inclusive. Place 20 on the ceiling, over the middle compartment of the next wall to the right, and so on till all the walls of the lower room are filled. Place 50 in the middle of the ceiling of the lower room. Proceed to the upper room, and, in a similar manner, fill all the compartments with the figures up to 100.

“The learner should now exercise himself in finding the situation of the different numbers in the two rooms. Where, for example, are 29, 47, 35, 21, 62, 82, 99, etc. The *room* must be first ascertained; as to this there can be no difficulty, for as 50 is the lesser number in the first room, all the numbers exceeding 50, and as far as 100, will be found in the second room.

“Having found the *room*, the left hand figure will denote the *wall*, and the right hand figure will show the *place*, thus, 29 is in the first room, second wall, and ninth place; 47, fourth wall, seventh place; by cutting off the left hand figure, the numerical order of the wall is given, and the remaining figure acquaints us with the place.” P. 252.

The next thing to be done is to place *symbols* in all these compartments. Thus, in the lower room, 1 is “the tower of Babel;” 2 “Swan;” 3 “Mountain,” and so on through all the hundred compartments. Of these symbols, in their proper order, the author has favoured us with two grand plates. And before the pupil can hope for any advantage from the system, he must have all these symbols fixed in his mind, so as to be able to say what place, of what wall, of what room, any symbol occupies, and, vice versa, what symbol occupies any place of any wall of either room.

Now, we confess that hardly any subsequent excellence in the system could reconcile us to this beginning. In order that the learner may be spared the labour of committing to memory a few unconnected dates, he is to get off by heart, at the very outset, a hundred unconnected symbols; he is to be able to tell what picture M. Feinaigle has put in 47 or 89, and again, in what compartment M. Feinaigle has placed Vesuvius or the cap of liberty. This is as monstrous, as if a man, to save himself the fatigue of walking from London to Leeds, should walk to York, and thence take coach to Leeds; or, to spare the time of going a mile for a loaf of bread, should sit down and grind the corn for making it.

Indeed, we remember a fable of an old man, who, on his death-bed, called his sons around him, and told them that, somewhere in his estate, there was hidden, a foot beneath the surface of the

ground, a treasure which would amply repay the trouble of seeking it. The old man is no sooner committed to the earth than the sons set about ploughing up the whole estate; no treasure, however, is to be found; and the sons at length find out that their trouble is to be repaid by the cultivation which they have thus unwittingly given to their ground. Now, in looking over this book, we have once or twice found the suspicion creeping into our minds, that the professor, with this fable in his eye, was cajoling us all the while, and that the benefit which he intended to the memory was not in the system, but in the practice which the learner has in getting off by rote a hundred hieroglyphics. For ourselves, however, we should certainly choose a more pleasant subject wherewith to exercise our memories.

But seriously; before the disciple of M. Feinaigle spends a fortnight or a month in learning the places of these pictures, in attaining a facility in putting the "guitar-player," and "the direction-post," and "the pack-horse" into their proper compartments; we would advise him to ponder a little with himself on the advantage he is to gain from this prodigious waste of time and trouble. Is it useful knowledge he is thus laying up in his memory? Undoubtedly not. Is it, then, the means of acquiring useful knowledge? No. What is it, then? Merely the means to certain means, whereby useful knowledge is to be attained; the tool, whereby certain instruments are to be made for the performance of some necessary work. We say it is not useful knowledge that the learner is thus acquiring; for certainly nobody would go to say that it can be itself of any real use to me to know that M. Feinaigle has stuck "a fleet" in the middle of the floor, and "justice" in the middle of the ceiling of his upper room. But we say, further, that it is not even the immediate means to useful knowledge. For what is to be got by it? Chiefly, a knowledge of dates, and latitudes, and longitudes. But these things are of themselves only the means of acquiring knowledge. History, or the *chronology of facts*, it is of the utmost importance to be acquainted with; and in order that we may be able to arrange facts in their proper sequence, it has been found necessary to refer each to some known period, by their absolute situation in which their relative situation to one another is known. Thus the *chronology of dates* becomes useful. For instance, Thucydides thus dates the first beginnings of the Peloponnesian war;—"in the fifteenth year of the thirty years' truce, in the fifty-second year of the priesthood of Chrysis at Argi, in the ephoralty of Ænesias at Sparta, in the arconship of Pythodorus at Athens, in the sixth month after the battle at Potidæa."* Now, it was necessary, or, at least, it might have

* Thucyd. lib. 2. ad in't.

been necessary, for the reader to be apprized of these cotemporary circumstances; but what a laborious thing would it be, especially for any modern historian, to date every important event thus! Accordingly, it is enough for us to be told that the Peloponnesian war broke out 431 years B. C. Not that in itself it is of any use for us to know this;—no, but that if we should want to know who was ephor at Sparta, or archon at Athens, when it broke out, we may put together the two dates of 431 B. C. and find out that *Ænesias* or *Pythodorus* was. If a person were perfectly acquainted with the chronology of facts, the chronology of dates would to him be of no use. And, from the very principle of association, the former is often more easily remembered than the latter. In tracing the secondary causes which led to the rapid diffusion of Luther's principles, it surely is more easy to remember that Constantinople had some time before been taken by the Turks, that the literati had in consequence fled thence, and taken refuge in Italy, where the family of the Medici were ready to patronize all learned men; that a spirit of inquiry, and thinking, and reading, was thus spread abroad upon the continent, which was prodigiously helped forward by the recent invention of printing; surely, we say, the memory much more easily takes hold of this concatenated series of events, than of the several dates of the invention of printing, of the taking of Constantinople, and the era of the reformation.

Again; another principal use to which the system of M. Feinaigle is to be applied, is the storing up of latitudes and longitudes in the memory. These, too, are mere arbitrary inventions of our own, expressly tending to something beyond themselves. If a man knew the relative position of all the places on the globe, he would have no use for meridians of longitude, and parallels of latitude. The latitude of Moscow, or the latitude of Edinburgh—of what use are the knowledge of these to me in themselves? But by comparing them, I find that Edinburgh has a greater north latitude than Moscow, and by comparing the accounts of a winter at Moscow, with the comparatively mild one that our neighbours enjoy on the other side of the Tweed, I conclude that coldness of climate does not depend solely on distance from the equator. Here is a piece of useful knowledge. What we contend for is, that M. Feinaigle's system is nothing but the means *to* the means of acquiring knowledge. Dates and longitudes will as often be recalled by, as they will recall, facts and situations. And for those few general ones which must be continually in the mind, as way-marks in history and geography, we think that they may be secured more safely, and with far less trouble, than by the method of the learned professor.

But we forget that all this while we are leaving our young dis-

ciple in a room full of hieroglyphics of which he knows not the meaning or the use. We will suppose that they, and their respective situations, are safely laid up in the memory. There is, however, still something else to be stored there; the *literal signs* which M. Feinaigle adopts for the numerical characters, thus:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
t	n	m	r	l	d	c	b	p	s
						k	h	f	x
						g	v		z
						q	w		

These signs the reader may think arbitrary; but the professor has his associations in them—such as they are. For instance:

“The figure 7, with a slight curvature, may be made to resemble a crooked stick, and as we shall remember this stick the better if something be hung upon it, a *cage* shall be suspended there. In the word *cage* we obtain the consonants *c* and *g*; *k* also is added to the number, for *c* is more frequently pronounced hard (*ka*) than it is soft (*se*); *q*, being a guttural and a *crooked* letter, shall go along with the cage and the stick. For the figure 7 there are, then, *c*, *k*, *g*, and *q*.”

At length, then, the reader is initiated; let us proceed to apply the system. The author begins with chronology—a chronological list of the kings of England. And this is his method, as he himself explains it:

“William the Conqueror: A word must be now made from William, the first half *will* is taken, and to this is added *low*, by which *willow* is obtained; this enables us to remember *William*. The willow is fixed upon the *Tower of Babel*, our first symbol; we have then *William I.*, but another circumstance remains; he was the *conqueror*; we hang some *laurel*, the reward of valour, and the crown of conquest, upon the willow tree. The *date* is yet wanting; we say the laurel is dead; in the word *dead*, *d*, *d* for 66; the 1,000 being understood, through the whole series.” P. 265, 266.

The reader may take one or two more of these pleasant pictures.

“Henry V. *Diogenes* has *five hens* in his lantern; they are very noisy and troublesome—(*roul ’em.*) P. 267.

“Henry VII. *Robinson Crusoe* is seen to shoot *seven hens* in a (*rebellion.*)

“Edward VI. We have here the *vaulter*, or rider; one man is a sufficient weight for a horse; but our horse must carry seven. There

are *six guards*, or wards, upon this horse, besides the vaulter, who are all scrambling for a piece of a (*lark*.)”

The kings of England, we may just observe, are all comprised in one room; but should some zealous Roman Catholic wish to have at his fingers’ ends the whole series of popes—how many rooms full of symbols must the poor man burden his memory with?

The next chapter is on geography; we shall not trouble our readers with the method of dividing the sphere into compartments, and transferring these compartments to the above-mentioned rooms; because it is only the general principles of the system that we are considering. Some curious observations, however, we cannot help transcribing.

“What we have learned in the common way on globes is soon forgotten, there being no connecting media to bring the different countries to our recollection. Suppose we are looking at a globe, and we fix our eyes upon England, we cannot see its antipodes; places can be seen only in one direction. The Chinese, when shown a map of the world, said, why put us up in a corner? we are in the centre. In fact, everywhere is the centre, and the centre is everywhere. The whole circumference is equally distant from us wherever we may be. The four quarters of the northern hemisphere being arranged on the four walls, when we are in the room, we can, in an instant, see every part of the hemisphere.” P. 278, 279.

As if “the whole circumference” were not “equally distant from us wheresoever we may be” on the artificial globe, and as if it were in M. Feimaigle’s geographical room. Truly, we think the *Chinese* might start some very shrewd objections to the professor’s ingenious plan.

“On the *seventh* step is *Iceland*. The symbol for 17 is *Archimedes*, or the carpenter; he is breaking up the ice, and that we may remember the name of the celebrated mountain, *Hecla*, we will say that he acquits himself with very great *eclat*.” P. 282.

We are quite tired of this now: if the reader wish for any more he must be content to buy the book, and he may then get a view of particular geography, statistics, history, language, poetry, and prose. We have one or two observations to make before we finish.

In the first place, the professor does not seem to have a very definite notion of the points where the memory stands in need of assistance. History is, of all other things, that which we are the least likely to forget. A train of events, connected together,

either as cause or effect, or as cotemporaneous, is surely more easily kept in mind than one of these absurd sentences. These things are *associated* already in the memory; it is for what is insulated and unconnected that we want some artificial association. Surely the fact, that "a convention was entered into in Egypt, between General Kleber, on the part of the French, and the Grand Vizier, on the part of the Sublime Porte, which was approved by the cabinet of London," is as easily remembered as M. Feinaigle's symbol and the interpretation thereof. In the same manner the connected train of sentiment or narrative in poetry requires only attention to fix it in the memory.

" " Turn gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray."

We must here reflect, and imagine that we see a *hermit* standing on the *Tower of Babel*, and turning round with inconceivable rapidity; a very large *taper* is placed upon his head. Angelina is walking by the tower and calling out loudly to the hermit 'to guide her lonely way;' the *taper* cannot fail to suggest the remainder of the stanza." P. 374.

Now we appeal to any one of common sense whether the leading thought of the stanza is not as easily remembered as this ridiculous symbol, if a person does but think as he reads. The picture, then, only gives the supernumerary trouble of *applying* its hieroglyphics to the sense of the poet.

But further, is there no injury likely to accrue to the taste by using symbols like these? Is it to be borne, that instead of the grandeur and elegance of our poets, our children's attention is to be employed upon hermits whirling round with lighted candles on their heads, and men putting hens in their ears? This injury is not confined to the use of this system of mnemonics in poetry; it extends itself everywhere. A disciple of the professor's must always be looking out for these childish pictures—and the more ridiculous they are, we are told, the better. We had ten thousand times rather live with a professed punster, and that is bad enough.

But facts are against us, it will be said. Let them have their weight. Here they are.

"Miss P. K. (11 years of age) repeated fifty stanzas of four lines each, from the second part of Mrs. More's 'Sir Eldred of the Bower.' These she repeated consecutively, and in any order desired. On any remarkable word being mentioned, she determined the stanza, the line,

and the place of the line, in which it was to be found; and also how many times the same word occurred in the poem. P. 231.

This young lady had received five lessons only, of one hour each.

“ Master S. H. explained the physical, mathematical, and chymical characters of minerals, after H.uy’s system, assigning the systematical order of any character whatever proposed to him, and knowing in what manner any mineral ought to be examined and tried, to ascertain its nature. This pupil received only two hours’ instruction from M. Feinaigle.

“ Master S. H. afterwards requested the audience to give twenty words or names, without any order or connexion whatever. These words were written on a board, and numbered from one to twenty, as follows:

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Tower. | 11. Syracuse. |
| 2. Gate. | 12. Wellington. |
| 3. Steeple. | 13. Graham. |
| 4. Church. | 14. Ten. |
| 5. Chapel. | 15. Hill. |
| 6. Institution. | 16. Nelson. |
| 7. Crotch. | 17. Archimedes. |
| 8. Grey. | 18. Palestine. |
| 9. Regent. | 19. Button. |
| 10. Feinaigle. | 20. Reform. |

“ After inspecting the numbers and words for a space of time, not exceeding *three* minutes, the pupil named every word in the series, both forwards and backwards; to any number that was proposed to him, he assigned the proper word, and *vice versa*.

“ A series of twenty-eight figures, named promiscuously by the audience, was then written down, as 8. 5. 1. 0. 5. 0. 2. 9. 6. &c. &c. These the pupil surveyed attentively, for about five minutes, and then repeated them forwards and backwards. He afterwards declared how many 8’s. 2’s. 9’s. &c. occurred in the series, and the relative situation of each figure.

“ Master S. H. after *one hour’s application*, repeated a *Greek word* from Aristophanes, consisting of *seventy-six syllables* and 165 letters, both forwards and backwards; he also named any syllable in any order desired, determining its numerical situation.”

Now, it is but fair to ask, what is meant by these pupils having received “only five lessons,” and “only two hours’ instruction?” whether that this was the only time bestowed upon the particular lesson? or upon the whole system? Is it meant that, after having studied the symbols for a fortnight, perhaps, or three weeks, Miss P. K. then gave five hours to getting off her “fifty stanzas

of four lines each," &c. ? or, that in five hours she mastered both the system and the verses ? If the first, the representation is very unfair ; in either case there is nothing very wonderful in the matter. The twenty unconnected words most persons could repeat in their given order, after having read them over once ; and we think that any lad of good memory (and we suppose Master S. H. was a picked boy) might, without any assistance from these mnemonics, be *crammed*, (as a Cambridge man would say,) in five hours, with fifty latitudes and longitudes, so as to be able to give them all the night after his lesson. But what would be the use of this ? The question is, how much would he know of them in a year, in a month ? And the answer is, nothing. And we very much question whether Master S. H. will know more. He will begin to forget the position of his symbols, and the words of his sentences ; one hieroglyphic will confuse another ; he will not remember which word in the sentence contained the magical letters ; he will begin to inquire whether "Æsculapius" be "annoyed by six" or seven "bens," and whether "four soldiers" or five, "take away poor Ceres ;" he will——
 ——But enough of this book ; we hope that our readers are as much tired of it as we are ourselves.

ORIGINAL.

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOEL BARLOW.

JOEL BARLOW was the youngest of ten children of a respectable farmer, in independent but moderate circumstances. He was born at Reading, a village of Fairfield county, Connecticut, in or about the year 1755. His father died while he was yet a lad at school, and his portion of the patrimonial property was little more than sufficient to defray the expenses of a liberal education, even if conducted upon the most economical plan. In 1774 he was placed by his guardian at Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire, an institution, at that time, in its infancy, and struggling with many difficulties and embarrassments. After a very short residence there, he removed to Yale College, New Haven.

The class into which he entered at Yale College was remarkable for the high promise of talent displayed by many of its members, several of whom have since been eminently distinguished in various pursuits of active life. Among these Barlow always ranked as one of the first.

About this period a taste for the cultivation of polite literature had sprung up in Connecticut, and, especially, at the college of New Haven, which had formerly been chiefly devoted to the severer sciences, and to those studies which are more immediately subsidiary to theological learning. The desire of imitation is the natural consequence of admiration of any species of excellence; and this revolution in taste soon manifested itself in many poetical attempts, attended, of course, by various degrees of success. The state of society in this country, which presents a much greater demand for every species of active talent, than for any of the mere elegances of literature, did not allow even the most successful of the Connecticut bards to devote themselves long to the ser-

vice of the muses. They have all turned aside into other walks of intellectual labour, and several of them have arrived at high distinction in politics and learning. The productions of this school of poets, if it may be termed so, were mostly called forth by occasional subjects, and were all written by young men engaged in the study or practice of some profession. From these circumstances, as well as from the unsettled and dubious aspect of public affairs, at that period, and from the want of a ready communication between distant parts of our country, an evil then universal, and still, though in a much less degree, felt as a serious impediment to successful literary exertions, most of their poets have attained to little more than a temporary and local popularity. Yet of the little good poetry which America has produced, their works constitute a large proportion. Their satirical verses are among the happiest imitations of Butler; and their graver poetry is formed upon the purest models of the silver age of English poetry—upon the style of Dryden, of Pope, and of Goldsmith. In the imitation of their favourite authors, like all young artists, they have copied some of the defects of their models, while many of the more delicate graces have escaped. What in the original is languid, in the copy becomes tame. Their imagination is too closely reined in by a taste formed upon the study of particular models, and not refined by the general contemplation of every form of beauty. With these faults they have much excellence, and in a state of society which would have allowed of a more careful and exclusive cultivation of their poetical talents, some who at first limited their ambition to correct versification and happy imitation, might, like Lord Byron, after having thus familiarized themselves to the mechanical arts of poetry, have suddenly burst forth in all the dazzling glories of original genius. Among their happiest efforts may be numbered the *M'Fingal* of Trumbull, the *Conquest of Canaan*, and *Greenfield Hill*, of Dr. Dwight, the elegant translations, and some of the original verses, of Alsop, and many of the satiric pieces of Dr. Hopkins, and the wits of Hartford.

Barlow participated in the general taste of his young literary friends, and was soon "smit with the love of sacred song."

He displayed a talent for versification which gained him great

reputation among his fellow students, and introduced him to the particular notice and friendship of Dr. Dwight, then a tutor in Yale College. These circumstances contributed to excite his poetical ambition still more strongly, and thus fixed the character of his future life. The first verses which he is known to have produced, were some mock heroic lines on a combat at snowballing between the Freshmen and Sophomore classes, an annual custom which formerly prevailed at New Haven upon the falling of the first snow in every winter.

At the commencement of our revolutionary war he was entering the third year of the academic course. Naturally ardent and enthusiastic, he could not remain a cool spectator of a contest in which the dearest interests of his country were at stake. The militia of Connecticut, at that period, formed a considerable part of Gen. Washington's army; and young Barlow, more than once during the vacations of the college, seized his musket as a volunteer, and joined the camp, where four of his brothers were on duty. He was present at several skirmishes in the beginning of the war, and is said to have borne a part in the battle of the White Plains. His love of letters, and a generous ambition to prepare himself for future usefulness, rather than any abatement of zeal for the glorious cause, induced him to return from these military excursions, to pursue his studies at New Haven. He passed through the usual course of study with much reputation, and in 1778 received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, on which occasion he appeared for the first time before the public in his poetical character, by reciting an original poem at the public commencement. This was soon after printed. Those of my readers who are curious to trace the progress of Barlow's muse, may find it, with some other of his minor pieces, in a collection entitled "American Poems," printed some years ago at Litchfield.

Upon his leaving college the state of his finances did not allow him to devote any time to general study. He found himself compelled to make as speedy a preparation as possible for some profession which might yield him an immediate support, and accordingly applied himself assiduously to the study of the law. But he continued this pursuit only for a few months. The Massachusetts

line of the American army was at this time deficient in chaplains, and Barlow was strongly urged by some influential friends to qualify himself for that station. It was at the same time intimated to him, that such was the confidence reposed in his character and talents, and so strong the desire to serve him, that a brief preparation was all that would be demanded, and that every indulgence should be shown him in his theological examination. Under these assurances, being well grounded in general literature, and having passed his whole life among a people with whom almost every man has some knowledge of speculative divinity and religious controversy, he without hesitation applied himself most strenuously to theological studies, and, at the end of six weeks, sustained a reputable examination, was licensed to preach as a congregational minister, and repaired immediately to the army.

Here he is said to have been regular in the discharge of his clerical duties, and to have been much respected as a preacher. In the camp he continued to preserve his devotion to the muses. The spirit of the American soldiery is supposed to have been not a little encouraged and supported through their many hardships by numerous patriotic songs and occasional addresses which were written and circulated through the army by Mr. Barlow, Dr. Dwight, and Col. Humphreys. In 1780 Barlow composed and published an elegy on the death of his early friend and patron, the Hon. Titus Hosmer. He remained in the army until the close of the war, and during the whole of this period was engaged in planning and in part composing the poem which he afterwards published under the title of the *Vision of Columbus*, and has since expanded into his great work the *Columbiad*.

In 1781 he took the degree of M. A. at New Haven, when he pronounced a poem which he soon after published with the title of "the Prospect of Peace." This was announced as a specimen of the larger poem upon which he was employed; the greater part of it was embodied in the *Vision of Columbus*, and still, with some alterations, keeps its place in the *Columbiad*.

About this time he married Miss Baldwin, of New Haven, a sister of the late Hon. Abraham Baldwin, for several years a distinguished senator in congress from the state of Georgia.

When our national independence was acknowledged, and our armies disbanded, in 1783, Barlow was again thrown upon the world to make, or to find, his own fortune. He had never manifested much fondness for the clerical profession, and the habits of a military life contributed to unfit him still more for the regular labours, and humble duties, of a parish minister. In New England, if the clerical character has been worn without disgrace, it may easily be thrown off without dishonour. Mr. Barlow, therefore, without hesitation, reverted to his original plan of pursuing the profession of the law. With this view he removed to Hartford, where he settled himself, as he imagined, for the rest of his life. But although the preparatory studies of the modern lawyer do not require the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* of my Lord Coke, he found it necessary to resort to some more lucrative occupation as the means of temporary support until he should be admitted to the bar, and established in practice. For this purpose, in connexion with a printer of Hartford, he undertook and succeeded in establishing a weekly newspaper. Our gazettes were then, literally, nothing more than newspapers, and were seldom regarded, as at present, as the guides or organs of political opinion. The original articles occasionally inserted by Barlow, had an air of novelty which gave reputation and circulation to his paper, and at the same time assisted in producing considerable effect upon the public mind, with respect to many important political subjects.

While engaged in this business he was also employed in preparing for the press his *Vision of Columbus*. The extensive acquaintance he had formed in the army, and the zeal of his personal friends, enabled him to obtain a very large subscription for this work, which was published in 1787. Its success was very flattering; within a few months after its publication in America, it was reprinted in London, and has since gone through a second edition in America, and one in Paris.

The first edition was inscribed, in an elegant and courtly dedication, to Louis XVI.

About this period it was determined, by the general association of the clergy of Connecticut, that Dr. Watts's version of the psalms, which had for some time been in general use in their congregations, should be revised and altered, for the purpose of sup-

plying some omissions, and adapting it to the peculiar state of the New England churches. The poetical talent which Barlow had displayed, the harmony and correctness of his versification, and the moral and religious character of many passages of his poem, which was then on the eve of publication, and had for some time circulated in manuscript among his friends, all joined to point him out as the person best fitted for this honourable duty. He was accordingly applied to by a committee appointed for the purpose, and undertook the revision. Many of the psalms had been so paraphrased by Watts as to have a local reference to the religious or the political state of Great Britain. These he so altered as to avoid all local application; and in others he made numerous slight corrections wherever the verses of Watts seemed deficient in elegance or grammatical purity. Beside these corrections, six psalms were almost rewritten, and twelve, which had been omitted, were supplied by Barlow. In general, he has happily imitated the artless and unaffected simplicity of Watts; but the 137th* is versified with all the elegance and polish of language of the most highly-finished modern poetry. To the psalms he added a new selection of hymns, from those of Watts, interspersed with some devotional pieces of his own, of which it is no small praise to say, that as they stand in the collection without the name of the author, they are not easily to be discerned by any internal evidence, from those which accompany them. This volume was published in 1786, and continued for several years to be the authorized version of the Connecticut churches; it has since been again revised and enlarged by the Rev. Dr. Dwight, and with his corrections and additions is the one now in ordinary use.

About, or a little before, the period of these publications, Barlow gave up his concern in the weekly paper, and opened a book-shop at Hartford. This was intended chiefly to aid the sale of his poem, and of the new edition of the psalms; and as soon as these objects were effected, he quitted the business, and engaged in the practice of the law.

During his residence at Hartford he was concerned in several

* Along the banks where Babel's current flows, &c.

occasional publications, which issued from a club of wits and young politicians* in that city and its vicinity.

In particular he is said to have borne a considerable share in the composition of the *Anarchiad*. This was a mock critical account of a pretended ancient epic poem, interspersed with a number of extracts from the supposed work, the whole conducted upon the plan of the *Rolliad*, but with higher political objects and less personal asperity. By a fable contrived with some ingenuity, this poem is represented as having been known to the ancients, and read and imitated by some of the most popular modern poets. By this supposition the utmost license of parody and imitation is obtained, and by the usual poetical machinery of episodes, visions, and prophecies, the scene is shifted at pleasure, backwards and forwards, from one country to another, from earth to heaven, and from ancient to modern times. This plan is filled up with great spirit; the humorous is, indeed, better than the serious part; but both have merit, and some of the parodies are extremely happy. The political design of the authors was to support those plans which were then forming for the adoption of an efficient federal constitution, and to chastise and expose certain demagogues who, in some of the states, and especially in Rhode Island, had been active in several measures equally hostile to good faith, and to sound public policy. The *Anarchiad*, like the *Rolliad*, was published by piecemeal from time to time, as matter of satire happened to occur. It had a wide circulation through the union, and as at that time the public taste was unaccustomed to those strong stimulants to which it has since been habituated, this novelty of sarcasm and satire had a very considerable influence upon the political opinions of a large portion of the community.

On July 4, 1787, Barlow delivered an oration before the Connecticut Cincinnati. This composition is a piece of sober prose, with little parade of language, or attempt at eloquence. After go-

* The most conspicuous among them were Mr. (now Judge) Trumbull, the author of *M'Fingal*, Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Strong, Oliver Wolcott, Esq., Col. Humphreys, and the late Dr. Hopkins, the original projector of the *Anarchiad*, a man of powerful mind, and eccentric habits, of bold imagination, and an undisciplined taste. The *Hypocrite's Hope*, and two other humorous pieces of an original and whimsical character, by Dr. Hopkins, may be found in the collection of American poems above referred to.

ing over the commonplace topics of the history of our independence, the orator insists strongly upon the necessity of an efficient general government, and evidently labours to prepare the popular sentiment for a favourable reception of the new constitution then under consideration of the convention, in session in Philadelphia.

These various publications continued to increase and extend his reputation as a man of general talents; but in the meanwhile his success at the bar was by no means flattering. His mind, long habituated to indulge itself in all the elegant luxuries of learning, or to exercise its reasoning powers only upon general truth and philosophical investigation, could not descend with facility to the minute details, and mechanical drudgery, of the subordinate branches of his profession. He was unfortunate in an embarrassed elocution, his habits of life were grave and retired, and his manners and address were not of that familiar and conciliating cast which so often supplies or conceals the want of professional merit. These, or similar impediments, have for a season depressed the talents of some of the brightest ornaments of the bar; but have finally given way to the power of resolute application, or the invincible energies of genius.

Barlow, however, was in no situation to wait for wealth and honour, which might come too late, if they came at all. The small fund which he had accumulated from his literary speculations was rapidly decreasing, and the emoluments of his business were inconsiderable. He had, indeed, no children to render poverty more bitter by participating with him of its evils; and the active virtues and cultivated understanding of his wife, enabled him to bear up with fortitude against the privations and difficulties which threatened him.

Under these circumstances he was easily induced to abandon the profession, and engage in an employment which promised to enable him to obtain, in Europe, that competence for which he seemed destined to toil in vain in his native land. Of the nature of this new occupation the writer of a sketch of the earlier part of Mr. Barlow's life, published several years ago,* gives the follow-

* In the *London Monthly Magazine*, for 1798. This and several other sketches of American characters, are understood to have been written by the late Dr. W. P. Smith, of New-York.

ing account. "Some members of a land company, called the Ohio Company, in connexion with a few other persons, then supposed to be men of property, by a manœuvre, not then understood, but which has since been detected, appropriated to their own use a very considerable part of the funds of that company; and, under the title of the Scioto Company, offered vast tracts of land for sale in Europe, to few of which they had any pretensions." As the agent of this company, but with perfect ignorance of their real plan, Barlow embarked for England, in 1783, and soon after crossed from thence to France, where he disposed of some of these lands, under the title of the Scioto Company. The French have never been remarkable for their success in colonization, and their first settlements on the Ohio failed completely. This was occasioned partly by the doubtful and disputed title under which they held, and partly also, it is to be presumed, by their want of enterprise and resource, and their inexpertness in those arts and habits of life which enable our own countrymen to subdue the forest, and to make the wilderness recede on every side from before the presence of civilized man; although their countryman Volney assigns a much more whimsical reason for the general failure of all their attempts of this nature. He ascribes it chiefly to their insatiable love of talking, which crowds them together in villages, puts a stop to all solitary labour, and engrosses the greater part of that time which the American settler devotes to active exertion.

After spending some years in misery and want, these colonists removed to more favourable situations, and the remains of their attempts at improvement, shortly after they left them, are described by intelligent travellers as exhibiting a strange scene of ludicrous wretchedness, more resembling the vestiges of a colony of beavers than those of a settlement of enterprising farmers.

The result of this agency was almost as unfortunate to Barlow, as to these speculators, and after affording him a temporary maintenance, left him with little other resource than his own talents and reputation, to force his way on this new stage of action.

During this period the progress of the revolution in France had kindled to a strong flame all that enthusiasm which he had long cherished for the cause of republicanism. In common with many

great and wise men, he thought that he saw in the first struggles of that eventful epoch, the rudiments of the most profound political wisdom, and of a higher perfection of social order than Europe had ever beheld. He became intimately acquainted with many of the leaders of the republican party, and particularly with those of that section afterwards denominated the *Girondists*, or moderates, entered warmly into all their plans, and was soon distinguished as one of their most zealous partisans.

He however returned to England, in 1791, with the intention of going from thence to America after having resided for a year or two longer in London. About the end of the year 1791 he published, in London, the first part of his "Advice to the Privileged Orders." This he afterwards completed by the addition of a second part, and the whole has been several times reprinted in the United States.

In this work he takes an extensive view of the abuses and evils of the feudal system, and the institutions which have been formed upon it; of those of all national church establishments; of the military system; of the administration of justice; and of the system of revenue and finance, as they severally exist in the royal and aristocratical governments of Europe. Guided, as we now are, by the lights of recent experience, it is easy to perceive that the political opinions expressed in this work contain no inconsiderable mixture of important truth with radical error. To trace them with any degree of minuteness throughout his arguments and inferences, would require a commentary as large as the volume itself. It may be sufficient to observe, that, like all violent reformers of that and of every other age, he attributes by far too much influence and efficacy to the external forms of civil policy. This is the general character of his speculative political opinions, and it may be traced throughout all their particular applications. He seems to think that the system of social order derives its claim to the obedience of the citizen, and takes its whole character from its particular form of civil government, with scarce any relation to the state of public morals, or the degree of national refinement. Some of the evils which he ascribes to the positive institutions of Europe, are such as uniformly spring from the most deeply-rooted propensities of human nature: others,

again, are the necessary attendants on wealth and the rights of private property, and must exist in some degree in every society where some are rich and others poor.

In conformity with those principles, he holds that law is always complicated, and often obscure ; not because the affairs of civilized men are complicated also, because many points on which natural justice is silent must be settled by positive institution, and because there are others in which the right or wrong of a particular case may clash with the public utility of a general rule ; but merely because it suits the schemes of statesmen and princes, that the people should be kept ignorant of the laws which are to govern them.

He asserts that the principles of military glory, of personal honour, and the admiration of courage, have no foundation in human nature, but owe their origin solely to the craft of kings and rulers ; and he stoutly maintains, that republican governments can never need a regular army, or find any advantage in possessing a good national credit. The effervescence of the times may serve to excuse a good deal of this extravagance. The whole book is evidently the production of a mind bold and acute, but deficient in that comprehension by which distant consequences and intricate relations are perceived, and difficulties and objections foreseen and examined. He is throughout animated by a manly love of liberty, a generous detestation of all trick and imposture, and a contempt of prejudice so strong as often to hurry him into an extreme almost equally dangerous.

This publication was, in February, 1792, followed by the "Conspiracy of Kings," a poem of about four hundred lines. The subject was the first coalition of the continental sovereigns against France. It has little of poetical ornament, and the poet too often descends into the commonplace topics of the party politics of the day, but he is strongly interested in his subject, many of his lines are vigorous and animated, and cannot scarcely fail to communicate to the reader some portion of their author's enthusiasm. In the autumn of the same year he published a letter to the national convention of France on the defects of their first constitution, and the amendments which ought to be applied, in which he urges them to complete what he considers as their imperfect reform by abo-

lishing the royal power, diminishing the salaries of public officers, rendering elections more frequent and popular, and dissolving the connexion between the government and the national church.

All these publications procured him some profit and much notoriety. Though France was the theme, they were doubtless intended to have their chief effect on England. Barlow, consequently, became connected with all the English politicians who were, like him, engaged in the great cause of reform or revolution, and with most of the republican men of letters and science, who about that period were so numerous in London, as almost to form a distinct class. Towards the end of 1792 the London Constitutional Society, of which he was a member, voted an address to the French national convention, and Mr. Barlow and another member were deputed to present it. They immediately undertook and executed their commission. Barlow was received in France with great respect, and the national convention soon after conferred upon him the rights of a French citizen, an honour which they had already bestowed upon Gen. Washington, Gen. Hamilton, Sir James Macintosh, Dr. Priestley, and Thomas Paine—a strange assemblage of names!

The revolutionary symptoms which had manifested themselves in Great Britain, had now attracted the attention of the government, and Barlow's mission to France was supposed to be connected with some farther political movement. An official inquiry was set on foot respecting it, which is said to have led to those prosecutions of Hardy, Thelwal, Paine, and others, which took place about two years afterwards. In the mean time, Barlow, who had left England with the design of being absent but a few weeks, found that the resentment of government was so strongly pointed against him, that it would be imprudent to hazard an immediate return. He therefore sent for Mrs. Barlow, whom he had left in England, and fixed his residence for a time in France. In the latter part of this year he accompanied his friend Gregoire, and a deputation of the national convention, who were sent to organize the newly-acquired territory of Savoy, as a department of the republic. He passed the winter at Chamberry, the capital of Savoy, where, at the request of his legislative friends, he wrote an address to the people of Piedmont, inciting them to throw off their allegiance

“to the man of Turin, who called himself their king.” This was immediately translated into French and Italian, and circulated widely through the whole of Piedmont, but, as it appears, without producing much popular effect. The rest of the winter was passed in the more peaceable employment of composing a mock didactic poem, in three cantos, entitled *Hasty Pudding*. The composition of *Hasty Pudding* is now no longer to be regarded as a humble and domestic art. It has passed from the kitchen to the closet; it has exercised the philosophy of Rumford, and inspired the muse of Barlow.

This is a very pleasing performance, and deservedly the most popular of his books. Barlow had not indeed that luxuriance and gayety of fancy, which enabled Pope, and Gay, and Cowper, to raise from the most barren themes some of the sweetest flowers of English poetry; but his versification is successfully modelled upon that of Goldsmith: he has interspersed the poem with several ludicrous parodies on the most popular passages of English poetry, and his subject naturally presented him with many images and views of life, which, if not in themselves highly poetical, have at least all the fresh bloom and fragrance of untried novelty.

From Savoy he returned to Paris, where he continued to reside for about three years. During this, as well as his subsequent residence in Paris, with the exception of a translation of Volney's *Ruins*, his literary labours appear to have been nearly suspended, and he engaged in several plans of commercial speculation. His connexion with public men, and knowledge of political affairs, together with the great advantages of credit, and of personal safety which he derived from his character of a friendly neutral, enabled him to profit by those great and sudden fluctuations in the value of every species of property which arise from the disjointed state of public affairs, the rapid depreciation of the assignats, and the frequent sales of confiscated estates.

Shocked and disgusted by the atrocities of the revolution, he took little active part in politics, though he still cherished his republican principles, and flattered himself with the belief that these throes of tumultuous anarchy would finally settle down into the tranquillity of enlightened freedom. It has been said that he sat in the national assembly, as a deputy from the department of *Mont*

Blanc; this is without foundation. He never sat in any legislative body in France, nor did he ever, by any public act, recognise himself as a French citizen. Several pieces of a savage and atrocious character, were also published under his name in the newspapers of Great Britain, and of this country; these he has since publicly denied in the most explicit manner. It was also confidently asserted, that during the period of frantic atheism, he went to the bar of the convention, and made a solemn renunciation of the Christian faith, at the same time professing his belief in some atheistical system. This charge, too, he some years after solemnly denied, and appealed, in confirmation of his innocence, to his friend the Bishop Gregoire, a regular and constant member of the convention; in whose grief and resentment, while "these horrors and blasphemies" (these are his own words) were going on, he declares that he always participated: and Gregoire himself, in his letter to Barlow expostulating with him on the anti-christian aspect of one of the plates of the Columbiad, drops no hint of any such transaction, but, on the contrary, appears surprised at what he considers an unexpected deviation from the general character of his friend. These circumstances are, I think, amply sufficient to clear the character of Barlow from this deep stain.

It is with the most heartfelt sorrow and mortification, that every friend of human kind must contemplate the atrocious crimes which, at that eventful era, blasted the cause of freedom, and the base arts of falsehood and oppression, by which those crimes were often opposed. To have no other principle of conduct, than indiscriminate opposition to some system of error, however dangerous, is of itself an error of the most dangerous magnitude. But it is a curious circumstance in the history of human frailty, that of all the classes of profligate politicians, there are none which so nearly resemble each other as the Jacobin and professed Anti-Jacobin. Differing widely in their avowed opinions, and in all these commonplace topics and phrases by which political partisans are distinguished, in every thing else they agree precisely; they are twin brothers, bearing different names, but of the self-same blood.

Some time about 1795 Barlow was sent as an agent on private legal and commercial business to the north of Europe, and soon af-

ter his return, received information of his appointment, by President Washington, as consul at Algiers, with powers to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Dey, and to redeem all American citizens held in slavery on the coast of Barbary. He immediately set out on this mission, and crossed through Spain over to Algiers. Here he soon concluded a treaty with the Dey, in spite of numerous obstacles thrown in his way, by the agents of the French republic, and of several of the other European powers. In the beginning of the next year, he negotiated a similar treaty with Tripoli, and redeemed and sent home all the American prisoners whom he could discover among the captives of the Barbary powers. These humane exertions were made with great hazard and danger, sometimes, it is said, even at the risk of his life.

His residence at Algiers, though attended with some emolument, had so few attractions to a man devoted to the cultivation of literature and science, that, in 1797, he resigned his consulship and returned to Paris. There, it is understood, that he again engaged in some commercial pursuits which were very successful. Thus he acquired a handsome fortune, which he continued to enjoy to the end of his life. As long as France retained the forms of a free constitution, he continued to regard it as his adopted country, and invested a large proportion of his property in landed estates. Among other purchases was that of the splendid hotel of the Count Clermont de Tonnerre, in Paris, in which he lived for some years in an elegant and even sumptuous manner.

In the rupture between his native country and France, occasioned by the maritime spoliations of the latter, Barlow exerted all his influence and abilities to bring about an adjustment of differences. To assist in attaining this end he published a letter to the people of the United States on the measures of Mr. Adams's administration. This was soon followed by a second part, in which he took a wide range of original speculation on various political topics, especially on the means of avoiding wars, on maritime law, and the rights of neutrals. His opinions are, as usual, novel and daring; and, if not always correct, seldom fail to exercise the mind with thought, and to suggest new and useful views of important truth. His boldest plan, and one which, wild as it may now seem, it is not incompatible with an enlightened philosopher to hope,

that the progress of human improvement and civilization will hereafter reduce into practice, is a proposition for a maritime league, which shall watch over and guaranty the rights of neutral commerce, and decide all commercial controversies between nations, by a chancery of delegates from the several states composing the confederacy. These decisions he proposes they should enforce by withdrawing all commercial intercourse from any power which should refuse submission.

At the same period he drew up and presented a memoir to the French government, in which he boldly denounces the whole system of privateering as mere "sea robbery," equally impolitic and immoral; insists at large on the right of neutrals to trade in those articles which the policy of the public law of Europe has prohibited as *contraband of war*; points out what he conceives to be the true definition of blockade, and proposes that all these points should be embodied into a formal declaration of rights, and prefixed to the constitution then (1797) forming for the French people. The memoir was received with professions of respect; but as it happened that the manufacturers of the constitution were hastening out their work to answer some immediate end, it was thought inexpedient to delay the adoption of the constitution by the consideration of the proposed addition.

After an absence of nearly seventeen years from his native land, Barlow at length became desirous of revisiting the scenes of his youth; of witnessing the improvements which his country had made during that time in all the arts of civilized life, and of enjoying his wealth and honours among his early friends and associates. He doubtless pleased his fancy with many schemes of usefulness or of glory; with the hope of forming the public taste, of directing the opinions, and of elevating the character of his countrymen. Among these plans was the publication of the *Columbiad*, a poem which had been the labour of half his life, and had been gradually expanded from the *Vision of Columbus* to the bulk of a stately quarto. He therefore sold off all his real estate in France, shipped his books and furniture to America, and after a short visit to England, returned to his native country in the spring of 1805.

After visiting different parts of the continent, he finally purchased a beautiful situation in the neighbourhood of Georgetown,

but within the limits of the city of Washington, where he built a handsome house which he dignified with the well-sounding Greek name of *Kalorama*. Here he lived in an elegant and hospitable manner, associating, on the most familiar terms, with the president and other distinguished public men.

Always full of zeal for the advancement of science, the cultivation of literature, and the improvement of the arts, all of which he justly deemed inseparably connected with the great interests of regulated liberty, he now ardently engaged in an attempt to establish a great national academy, under the immediate patronage of the federal government. This had been a favourite project of General Washington, and was now supported by the approbation of Mr. Jefferson. In the winter of 1806 Barlow drew up a prospectus of a national institution, which he printed at his own expense, and circulated wherever he thought it might produce any effect favourable to the project.

In this pamphlet, after urging with a liberal and enlightened zeal, the utility and importance of a great national academy, he proposes to erect at the seat of government an institution which should combine the two great objects of scientific investigation and of instruction, together with national views, by uniting a university to a learned society, formed on a plan resembling that of the national institute of France, and adding to both a military and naval academy, and a school of fine arts, and thus forming an establishment on so liberal a scale, that no rudiment of learning should be too humble for its notice, no height of improvement above its ambition, and no portion of our widely-extended territory too remote for the influence of its vigilant activity in the collection and diffusion of knowledge. Although strong opposition was made to this plan by the friends of different state institutions, many influential men of both political parties having expressed their opinions in its favour, it was thought proper to bring it forward without delay. On March 4th, 1806, Mr. Logan, of Pennsylvania, brought into the senate of the United States a bill to incorporate a national academy, founded substantially upon the plan proposed in Mr. Barlow's pamphlet. It was passed to a second reading, and referred to a committee, but on the third reading a motion was made to amend it by striking out the word "national." This was strenuously op-

posed by Dr. Mitchill, a gentleman who, in every part of his public life, has uniformly supported the interests of science and learning. But the vote was strong in favour of the amendment, and was carried without a division. The bill was again referred to a select committee, who never reported, and thus ended this favourite and laboured project of Mr. Barlow.

He now devoted himself to the revision and publication of his poem; and in 1808 the *Columbiad* made its appearance in the most magnificent volume which had ever issued from an American press, and one which might almost vie with the most splendid publications of Didot and Bulmer. It was adorned by a number of excellent engravings, executed in London by the first artists; every thing else was of American workmanship. This edition was inscribed, in an elegant and affectionate dedication, to Robert Fulton, a gentleman whose skill in practical mechanics and spirit of liberal enterprise have since rendered him one of our most valuable citizens. Barlow had long lived on terms of confidential intimacy with Mr. Fulton, and had been accustomed to regard him as his adopted son.

The high price at which this edition of the *Columbiad* was sold was by no means suited to the state of our literary market, and after the sale of a few copies, the rest remained undisturbed on the shelves of the bookseller. A cheaper edition was found necessary to extend the reputation and circulation of the work, and it was reprinted in 1809, in 2 volumes, 12mo. In the same year it was republished in London, by Philips, in an elegant royal 8vo. In spite of these aids, the *Columbiad* never acquired the popularity which it had enjoyed in its primitive form. It now aspired to the dignity of a philosophical poem; and the narrative part, to which it had owed much of its former reputation, was nearly overwhelmed by political declamation and philosophical discussions: it did not, however, escape the attacks of critics of every rank. The poet had unfortunately laid himself open to the most puny assailants by the frequent use of many strangely pedantic and uncouth words of his own coinage, for which he was deservedly censured, though with unnecessary asperity of language. There were, besides, other faults, both of plan and execution, of a more serious character; these were remarked upon, with their usual severity, by the *Edin*

burgh Reviewers, as well as by several other critical journals of this country and of Great Britain. Barlow bore these attacks without making any formal defence, yet with less dignity than became a philosopher, attributing them all to political enmity, and, like Sir Fretful Plagiary in the play, often expressing his utter contempt and disregard of all his assailants.

These literary accusations were soon followed by one of a more serious nature. Barlow, during his residence abroad, had been intimately connected, both in politics and in private friendship, with M. Gregoire, who had raised himself by his revolutionary zeal and political versatility, united with winning manners, and an active mind, from the rank of a curate to that of Bishop of Blois, president of the convention, and afterwards senator. He had also attained some reputation as a man of letters. His character, though disgraced by political inconsistency, is amply redeemed by the rare merit of having, through the most tempestuous periods of the revolution, nobly sustained the cause of morals and of learning, and of having boldly and steadily avowed his adherence to the religion of his youth, at a time when such a profession was attended not only with the certain loss of power, but with no small personal danger.

Barlow had presented Gregoire with a copy of his splendid edition of the Columbiad. The last plate in the volume is entitled "the destruction of prejudices," in which are represented envoys from all parts of the globe, casting down the symbols of delusion of their various systems, into one common heap, before the genius of the human race. Among these are discerned the mitre and the cross. The plate refers to these lines of the poem,

—here at last
 Fraud, folly, error, all their emblems cast.
 Each envoy here unloads his wearied hand
 Of some old idol from his native land;
 One flings a pagod on the mingled heap,
 One lays a crescent, one a cross to sleep;
 Swords, sceptres, mitres, crowns, and globes, and stars,
 Codes of false fame, and stimulants to wars, &c.

The union of the cross, that sacred symbol of Christianity so dear to the catholic church, with the emblems of prejudice and

fraud, called forth from the bishop a letter of mild and parental expostulation and reprimand. It was published in Paris, and soon after translated and inserted in several of the most respectable American magazines and newspapers. It instantly drew forth a reply, through the same channels, from Barlow. He begins his vindication by stating that the engraving complained of, and the picture from which it was taken, were both done in England while he was in America, and that he knew nothing of its composition, until it was sent him, not only engraved, but printed off. This was a feeble and unnecessary evasion of the charge; for the painter had merely represented what the poet had described. His second ground of defence is much more tenable. He says, that having been educated among Puritans, he had from his youth been accustomed to regard the cross, not as the symbol of christianity, but as the badge of its corruptions, and, as such, he had used it without the least suspicion of giving offence. After some speculation on the evil tendency of habitual associations of the substance with the symbol, he proceeds to the vindication of the moral character of his poem, in the course of which he says, "you suppose that I have renounced christianity myself, and that I attempt to overturn the system by ridicule and insult, *neither of which is true.*" And shortly after, "you will see that I have nothing to do with the unbelievers who have attacked the christian system, either before the French revolution, or during, or since, that monumental period. *I am not one of them.* You say that I resemble them not in any thing else; you will now add that I resemble them not in this."

Such an avowal from a man like Barlow, little accustomed to pay deference to received opinion, and habitually bold and resolute in the assertion of his own notions upon every subject, whatever might be the odium which he hazarded, especially, too, as the poem itself contains nothing which directly contradicts it, one would have thought, would have put this question to rest. But it has since been revived, and the charge of impiety and hostility to revelation has been lately renewed with great violence.

There are, it is true, several passages of the Columbiad of very doubtful tendency, and proper subjects for temperate and candid rebuke. From these, as well as from the omission of many

lines of the *Vision of Columbus*, worthy of the editor of Dr. Watts, both for their orthodoxy and their poetry, it is probable that Barlow's religious opinions had undergone a considerable change during his residence in Europe. Yet, in the present age of free inquiry, what a vast variety of forms of religious belief may he not have passed through, from the pious orthodoxy of his youth to the scanty creed of Dr. Priestley, or the hardy criticism and bold interpretations of Gilbert Wakefield, and Dr. Geddes,* without rejecting the direct evidence, or ceasing to respect the pure morality of the gospel? Whatever may have been his system of faith, surely a work which contains nothing to inflame the passions, or to allure to vice; no ridicule of truth, and no argument in favour of infidelity; and in which the creed of its author, if it is to be perceived at all, is to be learnt only from inference and conjecture, cannot be very dangerous to the religion or to the morals of society, and may safely be allowed to keep its station in our libraries as long as Homer and Virgil, and the other poets of pagan antiquity, are suffered to be read in our schools. This fiery spirit of denunciation, this inquisitor-like eagerness to invade the sacred asylum of private opinion, has nothing in common with the spirit of that religion whose divine author has expressly taught his followers, that, while in regulating their own conduct, they should take heed to his awful admonition, *Whoever is not with me is against me*, yet in judging of others they should reverse the rule, and act upon the principle that *whoever is not against us is for us*.

About this time Barlow received several literary honours, and among others the degree of LL. D. from the college of Georgia.

He now busied himself in making large collections of historical documents, and preparing the plan of a general history of the United States, a work he had long meditated, and for which he seems to have been admirably well qualified. In the midst of these pursuits he was, in 1811, nominated by the president as minister plenipotentiary to the French government. As he had

* Some observations thrown out in the *Columbiad* and its notes render it not improbable that Barlow had formed some system of his own, a little resembling that of this heretical catholic divine. See Good's *Life of Geddes*, and accounts of his doctrines and opinions in the reviews.

not, since his return from Europe, taken an active part in politics, this nomination at first excited some surprise, but it was confirmed by the senate without opposition, and he soon after sailed for France, being the first poetical ambassador that Europe had seen since the days of Prior.

He applied himself with great diligence to the duties of his new station, and to negotiating a treaty of commerce and indemnification for former spoliations. In every attempt at this object he was for a long time frustrated by those arts of evasion and procrastination which are familiar to experienced diplomatists. He in vain endeavoured to surmount these obstacles by resolute perseverance. At length, in October, 1812, he was invited by the Duke de Bassano to a conference with the emperor at Wilna. This, too, has been supposed to have been only another expedient to avoid negotiation; it was more properly a freak of vanity in the emperor, who was desirous of concluding a treaty with America in the heart of Poland, as he had formerly affected to dictate to the commerce of the world from Milan and Berlin, and to enact laws for France from the banks of the Vistula or the Danube. Our ambassador was not deterred by the distance or the severity of a northern winter. He immediately set off on this mission, travelling day and night. The weather was unusually severe, and the whole country through which he passed, after leaving France, was so wasted by the contending armies as scarcely to afford him a comfortable meal. In this state of exhaustion from want of food and sleep, the sudden changes from extreme cold to the excessive heat of the small and crowded cottages of the Jews, which are the only taverns in Poland, produced a violent inflammation of the lungs. He rapidly sunk into a state of extreme debility and torpor, from which he never recovered. He died, December 22d, 1812, at Zarnawica, an obscure village of Poland, in the neighbourhood of Cracow.

When the news of his death reached Paris, every honour was paid to his memory. A copy of verses, intended as an epitaph, was written by the celebrated Helen Maria Williams; a eulogy was read before the society for the encouragement of national industry by Dupont de Nemours, and soon after was published*

* Notice sur la vie et les écrits de M. J. Barlow. 4to, Paris, 1813.

an account of his life and writings, with a translation of part of the *Columbiad* into French heroic verse.

To these last publications I am indebted for many of the facts above related. Their views of his political character and his writings are, for the most part, either vague or extravagant.

Mr. Barlow was in private life of an amiable disposition and domestic habits. His manners were not courtly, but grave and dignified. In mixed company he was generally silent, and often evidently abstracted and absent in mind. He had no facility or sprightliness of general conversation, but on subjects which happened to excite him he talked with interest and animation, and among his intimate acquaintance is said to have sometimes displayed a talent for pleasantry and humour.

All of Barlow's prose writings bear the stamp of an active, acute, and powerful mind, confident in its own strength, and accustomed to great intrepidity of opinion. His political and moral speculations are often original, always ingenious, but deficient in those comprehensive views and that ripeness of judgment, which are required by the complex nature of the subjects he examines. He surveys accurately what is before him, but rarely casts his eye over the wide surface of society to trace the mutual bearing and relation of its several parts. He has no reverence for authority, and little fear of ridicule; hence he sometimes wanders into wild extravagance of theory.*

In those confident anticipations of the future improvement of society, and the progress of the human race towards virtue and happiness, which pervade all his writings, he undoubtedly attributes by far too much to political, and too little to moral causes. But the principle itself is a generous one, and I trust well founded. It has been disgraced and exposed to shallow ridicule, by being connected with the unholy dreams of Godwin. But better, far bet-

* A curious example of this may be found in one of his notes to the *Columbiad*, in which he maintains that in the art of shorthand writing "there remains to the ingenuity of future generations, a course of improvement totally inconceivable to the present; by which the whole train of impressions now made upon the mind by reading a long and well written treatise, may be conveyed by a few strokes of the pen, and received at a glance of the eye. This desideratum, he gravely remarks, would be an abridgment of labour in our mental acquisitions of which we cannot determine the consequences.

ter, are the wildest absurdities founded on this hope, than that cold-blooded scepticism, which would teach us to look with heartless indifference upon the future prospects of our kind. Let us rather hold, with Dugald Stewart, that, "as in ancient Rome, it was regarded as the mark of a good citizen never to despair of the fortunes of the republic; so the good citizen of the world, whatever may be the political aspect of his own times, will never despair of the fortunes of the human race; but will act upon the conviction, that prejudice, slavery, and corruption, must gradually give way to truth, liberty, and virtue."

Throughout all Barlow's speculations, as soon as the first fervour of French democracy had gone over, he rested his hopes chiefly upon the extension of the federal system, united with representative democracy, a frame of government which he justly terms "a magnificent stranger upon earth." It is the first and most vigorous offspring of the genius of our own country. It is now the hope of the world, and may hereafter become its example.

Barlow's prose style is perspicuous and forcible, without native grace, and with little elaborate elegance; much better fitted for didactic composition than for popular effect. But it was on his poetry that Barlow rested his chief claim to literary reputation. The *Columbiad* was the work of half his life, conceived and planned in the ardour of youth, and corrected, polished, and enlarged after his mind had been aroused and invigorated by an extended acquaintance with various forms of nature, with books, and with men. This poem has a radical defect of plan, which it would have been difficult for any degree of poetical genius to have completely overcome. It is the narrative of a vision and a dialogue, continued through ten cantos, and nearly 7,000 lines. Its time of action extends from a remote period of antiquity to distant futurity, and the scene shifts, with the rapidity of a pantomime, from one part of the globe to another. It has no regularly connected narrative, or series of action, by which characters might be developed, interest excited, and the attention kept alive.

Besides, the constant mixture of real and familiar history with allegory and fiction, is a combination utterly destructive of that temporary illusion by which we are led to interest ourselves in

the adventures of an epic hero. Thus the effect of this poem upon the mind is like that of a bird's-eye view of an extensive prospect upon the eye ; it is half map and half picture ; a thousand objects are seen, but nothing vividly ; every single part is too unimportant to fix the attention, yet there is no point of union to connect them together.

Even were these defects removed, Barlow could not be ranked in the first class of poets. His conceptions were vivid, and his mind was stored with knowledge ; but he had no luxuriance of fancy, no grace of expression, nor delicacy of taste, and, above all, he was deficient in that indescribable power of touching the feelings, and exciting the imagination of the reader, without which all poetry, however elegant or sonorous, is but *as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal*. His verses bear no signs of poetical inspiration ; it is evident that they have all been worked out by dint of resolute labour. All the offspring of his imagination have something gross and material about them ; and in straining after sublimity he works himself up into a cold-blooded extravagance, which fills his pages with noise and tumult, with frigid personifications and gigantic hyperboles, and all those false and inflated figures, which, according to Longinus, are *ουτραγικα, αλλα παρατραγαδα; ουχ υψηλα, αλλα μιστραα*. The threatening harangue of Atlas, the combat of the “flouncing godhead of the river Delaware,” aided by “almighty Frost,” against Washington’s army, and another between the Amazon and his sire, old Ocean, are all curious specimens of this corrupted taste.

He is most happy in philosophical discussion and moral declamation, in which his elevation of sentiment successfully supplies the place of spirit and animation ; and in some of his descriptions, where, by an elaborate assemblage of images, he produces an air of magnificence, which is yet rather gorgeous than grand.

Barlow’s taste, in style and versification, was originally formed upon the poetry of Pope and Goldsmith, and his *Vision of Columbus* is a pretty successful imitation of their manner ; but he was afterwards strongly smitten with the gaudy ornaments, the flaunting finery, and all the harlotry of the muse of Darwin.

His description of southern scenery may be selected as a pleasing specimen of his first and best manner.

Beneath tall trees in livelier verdure gay,
 Long level walks a humble garb display ;
 The infant corn, unconscious of its worth,
 Points the green spire, and bends the foliage forth ;
 Sweetened on flowery banks, the passing air
 Breathes all the untasted fragrance of the year ;
 Unbidden harvests o'er the regions rise,
 And blooming life repays the genial skies.
 Where circling shores around the gulf extend,
 The bounteous groves with richer burdens bend ;
 Spontaneous fruits the uplifted palms unfold,
 The beauteous orange waves a load of gold ;
 The untaught vine, the wildly wanton cane,
 Bloom on the waste, and clothe the enarbour'd plain ;
 The rich pimento scents the neighbouring skies,
 And woolly clusters o'er the cotton rise.
 Here, in one view, the same glad branches bring
 The fruits of autumn, and the flowers of spring ;
 No wintry blasts the unchanging year deform,
 Nor beasts unsheltered fear the pinching storm ;
 But vernal breezes o'er the blossoms rove,
 And breathe the ripen'd juices through the grove.
 Beneath the crystal wave's inconstant light,
 Pearls undistinguished sparkle on the sight," &c.

It is difficult to conceive how a poet, who had once written thus, should have afterwards so vitiated his taste as to delight in language and imagery like those of the following lines, which are chosen, at random, from among many passages in the same taste.

"So the contristed Lawrence lays him low,
 And hills of sleet, and continents of snow
 Rise on his crystal breast, his heaving sides
 Crash with the weight, and pour their gushing tides
 Asouth, whence all his hundred branches bend,
 Relenting airs with boreal blasts contend ;
 Far in his vast extremes, he swells and thaws,
 And seas foam wide between his ice-bound jaws.
 Indignant Frost, to hold his captive, plies
 His hosted fiends, that vex the polar skies,
 Unlocks his magazines of nitric stores,
 Azotic charms and muriatic powers ;

Hail with its glassy globes, and brume congeal'd,
 Rime's fleecy flakes, and storm that heaps the field,
 Strike through the sullen stream with numbing force,
 Obstruct his sluices, and impede his course.
 He calls his hoary sire; old Ocean roars
 Responsive echo, through the Shetland shores,
 He comes the father! from his bleak domains
 To break with liquid arms the sounding chains
 Clothed in white majesty," &c. &c.

This "hoar fiend" of Frost, who "robes in muriat flakes his nitrous form," is a favorite personage with our poet. I do not know whether he produces the same effect on others, but, in my mind, he is always associated with the idea of that goblin fiend of the nursery, little Jack Frost, with whose exploits we are all made familiar in our childhood. The poet who deals much in these bold allegories, should be extremely careful to avoid the danger of such ludicrous associations.

In some couplets the peculiarities of the Darwinian manner are carried to still greater extravagance: for instance—

"Prometheus came, and from the floods of day,
 Sunn'd his clear soul with heaven's internal ray;
 Th' expanding spark divine that round him springs,
 And leads, and lights him through the immense of things,
 Probes the dense earth, explores the soundless main,
 Remoulds their mass through all their threefold reign,
 O'er great, o'er small, extends his physic laws,
 Empalms the empyrean, or dissects a gaz,
 Weighs the vast orbs of heaven, bestrides the sky,
 Walks on the windows of an insect's eye——"

His language is debased by the two opposite faults of gross colloquial vulgarism and of pedantic innovation, both rendered more remarkable by their contrast with many passages of great purity and elegance. His new words are not necessary, and very uncouth, such as *cosmogyre*, *cosmogyrul*, *fluvial*, *ludibrious*, *croupe*, *brume*,

*gerb, colon, coloniarch, numen, emban, contristed, asouth, and many more.**

Faults numerous and offensive as those which I have noticed, would have at once sunk the work of any inferior mind into utter contempt; but Barlow has great power of thought and amplitude of knowledge, and on certain topics displays a grave and philosophical enthusiasm, which for a time makes us forget the want of poetical fire. He is certainly entitled to rank above the greater number of the writers who fill up the huge collections of the British Poets. Though his poem can never rise to extensive popularity it will not sink into oblivion; his verses will not live in the memory, but they may long keep a respectable station in our libraries.

“A mortal born, he meets the general doom,
But leaves, like Egypt’s kings, a lasting tomb.”

It is, I think, much to be regretted that, by some unaccountable blindness to the character of his own genius, he thus turned the powers of his vigorous mind into a direction so unfortunate for his literary reputation. There is scarcely any species of intellectual exertion in which he would not have been, beyond comparison, more successful than in that to which so great a part of his life was devoted. Had he applied the same labour to his contemplated history of America, there can be little doubt but that he would have produced one of the most valuable histories of modern times. Or, had he applied himself with the same ardour and indefatigable industry to some course of investigation in legislation or political economy, though he might have been led astray from sober truth by the love of system or of novelty, yet he would have opened so many new views, he would have struck out so many

* The Edinburgh reviewers have thought fit to represent these innovations of Mr. Barlow as specimens of what they are pleased to term the American dialect. It may be therefore proper to mention, that the first review of the *Columbiad* was written by an American, several months before any European criticism had appeared, in which he expressly distinguished between certain vulgarisms used by Barlow, which he recognises as of American origin, and these new words of Greek and French derivation introduced into the *Columbiad*, which he treats as perfectly strange and new fangled.” See *Port Folio* for January, 1809. See, too, an excellent essay on this subject in a later number of the same miscellany, from the pen of its late editor.

original thoughts that his name could not have failed to go down to posterity in honourable association with those of Bentham, of Malthus, and of Brougham.

Even considering his works as they are, and not as they might have been, he must be considered as a man of whom his country has reason to be proud. He was not, indeed, our Homer; nor am I at all inclined to risk our whole literary reputation on his Columbiad. His genius was not a luminary which could singly fill our hemisphere with its radiance; but happy the nation which can boast of many such minds. They are given to bless and to cheer—each one singly may shine with fitful and uncertain lustre, but where they are clustered in constellations, they pour a broad stream of light and glory over the land.

V.

For the Analectic Magazine.

THE LOST TRAVELLER.

IN passing through the western country a few years ago, I happened to stop at one of those little white villages that have sprung up as if by enchantment along the Genesee river. In those days it was the custom for people, whether strangers or not, to be put together in the same room without much ceremony, and I was shown into one already occupied by a single person. Had we been plain country people we should soon have entered into conversation, about the weather, the harvest, or, at all events, we could have talked politics; but we both had the misfortune to be pretty well dressed, and each, therefore, valued his breeding too much to make the first advances. However, we sometimes ventured to look at each other, though if our eyes happened to meet, a looker on would have been not a little amused at the trepidation with which they were dropped, as if we had been detected in taking a most unwarrantable liberty. Yet I gathered from these stolen glances that the stranger was a very tall, thin man, dressed in blue, and apparently about fifty. His face was as white as a

sheet, and full of little seams, and his eyes, of very light blue, were placed so high in his forehead, that they reminded me of a pair of dormant windows in the roof of a four story house. Still his height, the length of his physiognomy, and his excessive paleness, made him altogether a very striking personage.

After carrying on this polite intercourse of fugitive glances for a quarter of an hour, or more, and properly substantiating our claims to good breeding, I ventured at last to remark the rapid progress of improvement in that part of the world, and the singular aspect which every thing around me exhibited:—every object of art appeared to be the production of yesterday, and even the face of nature exhibited a freshness which seemed to indicate the healthful vigour of youth. The stranger slowly assented to this observation, and I expected the conversation would come to an untimely end. After a pause, however, he went on to say that to him, who remembered the country a perfect wilderness, about twenty years ago, and who had been once very near perishing in the snow in crossing it, the change which it exhibited seemed more like magic than the natural consequence of industry and enterprise. An opening being thus happily achieved, we conversed comfortably the rest of the evening till supper. After this most social meal I drew from the stranger the particulars of his adventure in the snow, which he gave as follows, in a careless, dry sort of way, without seeming to think himself the hero of a story.

“About seventeen years ago I was returning from New-York to Canada, where I then lived, by the way of Lake Ontario; but on reaching the lake I found that all the vessels were laid up for the season. My only alternative was either to return, or take the route through what was then called the Tonewanta swamp. This was a forest of one hundred miles, with only a single habitation—a hut about twenty miles from the Genesee river. There was then a sort of Indian road through the swamp, which, in summer, a man might explore on horseback, but which, when covered with snow, none but an Indian, or a backwoodsman, could find out. My companion (for I had a friend with me) and I, pursuing this route, arrived in the evening at a small village on the bank of the Genesee river, a little beyond which the Tonewanta commenced.

Here we made our arrangements. We hired a horse to carry our saddle bags, and which we were to take turns to ride. But the horse requiring to be shod, which would take some time, I was to go on early in the morning on foot, about fifteen miles, to the hut which I mentioned, and there wait for my friend, who was to bring the horse and our baggage.

“Accordingly, early in the morning I sat out in company with a little, stout Dutchman, son to the owner of the habitation in the forest. It was a bitter cold day, the 15th of December, and the snow lay on the ground about six inches deep; yet we went on briskly for some time, guided by the marks of the trees, till we had walked about fifteen miles, when, some how or other, we deviated into an Indian track, which we followed for a considerable distance. But every now and then a track diverged from the principal path in different directions, until at last only a single solitary foot-step remained. It was then we discovered that we had lost our way, and attempted to find it again, by striking across in what we supposed to be the direct line, instead of returning by the path we came. Here we made another blunder, and took a southerly, when, as it afterwards appeared, we ought to have taken a northerly, direction. In this perplexity we wandered about in the depths of the forest, without compass, food, land-mark, and almost without hope, until near sunset. Sometimes we fancied we heard the barking of a friendly dog—sometimes the long echoes of the fowler’s gun, and once we thought we had hit upon a path that would lead us either to the village, or the hut in the forest; but the barking was that of the wolf, and the path turned out to be a track of our own, to which, in our wanderings, we had returned again.

“It was now almost sunset, and high time to set about preparing to weather out the night that was before us. On looking about for this purpose we came to a spot where a large hemlock had been blown up by the roots, to which a quantity of earth adhered. This we found would prove no bad protection in that quarter. The snow had drifted against the windward side of the trunk of the hemlock, and, as is usual, left a vacant space to the leeward. Here we formed a bed of the branches of the tree piled one on the other. By the time we had finished our work it was growing

dark, and so intensely cold that I was certain if we went to sleep without first lighting a fire, we should never wake again. But how to procure a fire was the next question, for neither of us possessed the usual implements. I had, however, a large jack knife and a flint, but no tinder; our box being left in the saddle bags. We had almost made up our minds to lay down and die, when a thought struck me, and revived my hopes a little. The night before, I had accidentally wet my handkerchief, which I had hung up in the chimney corner. As it gradually became dry a part of it caught fire, and to extinguish it I had rolled it up very tight, and put it into my pocket, where it remained untouched. To this I looked as a last resource, and carefully opening it, found that the edges which had been burnt retained a small portion of tinder, but so small as to make it very doubtful whether it would answer my purpose. It was neck or nothing, however, and so I determined to try. In order to be prepared in the event of getting fire, we first cleared a place, and then gathered a large quantity of dry leaves, from under the snow. On these we laid dry sticks and brush till the pile was as high as my head. Then came on the trial for life or death. Carefully rolling up the handkerchief so that all the burnt edges were brought together I essayed to communicate fire to the mass. This was the most arduous, the most anxious moment I ever knew. Every spark that was struck out in vain seemed to be the last spark of life, and as they died away my heart died away with them. The little Dutchman watched my fruitless attempts with breathless anxiety, for more than half an hour. Three times the tinder took, and as often went out again, either from dampness, or from my eagerness to blow it into a flame. Every time it expired, the darkness of death seemed to come over us, and I was often tempted to resign myself to my fate without further struggle. But where there is only one chance for life, a man will not easily give up that. I tried again and again, till at last the handkerchief was in a blaze, and in the next moment our pile was lighted. Those who have felt the most horrible of all anticipations, that of freezing to death, can enter into my feelings when I saw the forest reddened all around us, and looked forward to the pleasing certainty of yet living to tell the story of our escape to my wife and children,

at my own fireside. With much labour we gathered a quantity of wood sufficient to last through the night. I was aware, however, that if we both fell asleep in our fatigued and perspiring state, our fire would go out, and we should be frozen before morning, and accordingly told my little Dutchman that we would take turns, and sleep an hour at a time alternately—that I would take the first nap, during which, as he valued his life, he was to watch the fire, and see that it did not get too low. He gave me his promise, and in three minutes I was fast asleep. How long I slept I know not, but when I revived to sensation, I was entirely without the use of my limbs. The little Dutchman was stiff, asleep at my side—the fire was just out, and I could not raise myself, or move hand or foot. A dreadful apprehension came across me, and the sudden impulse which it gave the pulsation of my heart, I believe, saved my life. By degrees I could move my hands, then my feet, and at last managed to crawl to the fire, which I raked together, and replenished. I then set about reviving my companion. The poor little fellow was more than half way to the other world, and had I slept half an hour longer neither of us would have ever opened our eyes again. With a great deal of difficulty I brought his blood to circulate briskly, and just then the sun rose. That benevolent friend to the lost traveller now offered himself as our guide, and enabled us to shape our course to the Genesee river, whose bank we struck within half a mile of the village we had left twenty-eight hours before. The people had given us up for lost. My friend had gone on to the hut in the forest, but finding we had not been there, he returned and alarmed the village. The villagers, as is the custom, went out in different directions, hallooing, blowing horns, and firing guns, but nobody believed we had survived the bitterness of the night, which was one of the coldest they had ever known, and our return was hailed as little less than a resurrection from the dead.”

P.

ICHTHYOLOGY.

To the Editor of the Analectic Magazine.

New-York, July 18, 1814.

SIR,

I am induced to write you a few lines in consequence of a paragraph of intelligence contained in your last number concerning the **ICHTHYOLOGY** of New-York. It is true, as therein stated, that I have undertaken to describe and arrange the fishes inhabiting the waters of this vicinity and of the adjoining parts of North America.

My favourite sport ever since I was a boy has been fishing: my residence, chiefly in maritime situations, enabled me to know a great many sorts. After I grew up, and more especially since I was made a professor, I cultivated as a science what I had before practised as an art. And I found the publications on this department of natural history so deficient in information, that I was obliged to remain ignorant, or make advances without their aid.

The labour of procuring the specimens was greater than most persons would suppose. The expense was by no means inconsiderable. The opportunities of getting them were, in some cases, rare and fleeting. The time requisite for examining and describing was more than could be spared from my other employments, without the most patient and systematic industry. Above all, the decision, whether a species was known or a non-descript, was sometimes a matter of arduous research.

All these difficulties have nevertheless been so far surmounted, that more than a hundred and twenty kinds have been reviewed, characterized, and named.

The magnitude of this undertaking will appear to you from the ensuing abstract, made from my manuscript according to the five orders into which the class of fishes is divided:

I. AFODAL.

	SPECIES.		SPECIES.
Eel	1	Ammodyte	1
Muræna	1	Trichiure	1
Ophidium	2	Stromat	2
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	4		4—2

II. JUGULAR.

	SPECIES.		SPECIES.
Cod	11	Stomodon	1
Blenny	1		<hr/>
			13

III. THORACIC.

Remora	2	Sciæna	2
Coryphæna	1	Perch	2
Bull head	3	Bodian	5
Dory	1	Mackrel	6
Flounder	7	Stickleback	2
Sparus	1	Gurnard	2
Labrus	5		<hr/>
			39

IV. ABDOMINAL.

Silure	2	Flying fish	3
Salmon	2	Polyneme	1
Pike	6	Herring	10
Elops	1	Carp	3
Silverside	2	Tautoga	2
Mullet	1		<hr/>
			33

V. CARTILAGINOUS.

Lamprey	1	Sun fish	1
Sturgeon	2	Tetradon	1
Lophius	2	Pipe fish	2
File fish	2	Ray	3
Diadon	2	Shark	7
			<hr/>

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This makes an aggregate of one hundred and sixteen species. To these may be added the following varieties, to wit:

	VARIETIES.
Tomcod	3
Black fish	3
Bergall	1
Weak fish	1
Basse or rock	1
	<hr/>
	9

which, added to the number of the species, makes one hundred and twenty-five.

To this enumeration I beg leave to add, that it by no means contains the whole. So far from it, that I know as a sportsman many kinds which have not yet been examined by me as a naturalist.

And, as I am on the subject, I will just mention that I have made great progress in describing and classifying the *cetaceous* animals of this region. The *crustaceous* are also posted up to a very valuable amount. And the *testaceous* are collected and displayed before me, to the amount of sixty species for scientific enumeration.

I ought not to close my letter without making my hearty acknowledgments to Samuel Akerly and Samuel G. Mott, Esqs. for the prompt and zealous aid they have afforded me. Nor can I omit to make equally respectful mention of Mr. John Scudder, the proprietor of the Museum in New-York, for the liberality with which he has permitted me to inspect his collection.

I beg you to accept the assurance, Mr. Editor, of my high esteem and regard.

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL.

POETRY.

For the Analytic Magazine.

STANZAS,

ON SEEING A PICTURE OF NEWSTHAD PARK, BELONGING TO A SEAT LATE THE
PROPERTY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BYRON.* 1813.

FROM scenes like these, that far and wide,
Rise and expand in sylvan pride,
Where fickle man might find in range
From hill to vale, congenial change;
From scenes whose very hues impart
Good and gay cheerfulness of heart,
Could e'er their reckless owner roam,
With guilt and gloom to find a home?
To wander, like the exil'd ghost,
From heavenly fields forever lost,
Doom'd, with Elysium yet in view,
His wayward roving to pursue,
Where tosses doubt's tumultuous sea
Thy shatter'd wreck, depravity!

Degenerate Gordon! not like thee
Hast thou prov'd thy nobler ancestry.
Nor raving taste, nor thirst of gain,
From them had wrung their lov'd domain,
Naught lur'd them from their native hall,
But fatal honour's sternest call.
Their only signal to depart,
The beating of a loyal heart;
That, when Culloden's crimson'd bed
Heav'd with the dying and the dead,
Follow'd its guiding beams afar,
Till set in blood the s R U A R T S T A R:
While heaven and earth combin'd to sign
The ruin of that royal line!

* Since sold by his lordship.

Son of the Muse—celestial guide!
 Wont to inspire far purer pride—
 Son of the Muse, had gold the power
 To win from thee thy classic bower,
 Of Byron should it e'er be told,
 His birthright barter'd was—for gold!

Alas! for thou hast sold yet more
 Than fragile dome, or earth-born store;
 And Virtue mourns, in early day,
 A brighter birthright cast away:
 What time delirious passion's bowl,
 Dissolv'd thy priceless pearl, the soul!*
 O crown'd by heav'n with youth and health,
 And mental hoards, and worldly wealth,
 Vain the best patrimony's aid;—
 Thy debt on high has ne'er been paid.
 Thy means, perverted from the aim
 That had discharg'd the loftiest claim,
 Guilt's lawless traffick lost for thee
 The treasures of futurity!
 Yet might it be—thyself—thy song
 Are causelessly accus'd of wrong;
 That tell-tale Fame, though still believ'd,
 Has still as constantly deceiv'd;
 And thy free soul, unleagu'd with ill,
 Retains its guardian angel still,
 Who, when temptation's fiends assail'd,
 Has wrestled for thee, and prevailed:—
 If so—the burning blush suffuse,
 The bitterest tear bedim the Muse;
 To find it false, were cause to rue,
 Unequall'd, save—to find it true!

Yet must the mind misgive thy lot,
 That lingers on this pictur'd spot;
 Gazes its many beauties o'er,
 And still returns to number more.
 Musing what bliss t'were here to find
 A solace for the wearied mind.
 When, long sustain'd the various parts
 Of public trust, in arms or arts,
 Blessing and blest, how fitly here
 Might pause from toil a British Peer!

* "The pearl of the soul may be melted away."...*Idem*.

Be welcom'd by the well-known shade,
Where many a truant prank he play'd;
And taste the fruit and pluck the flower,
Creations of his earlier hour.

From courts and camps, in groves like those,
Thy hero, Blenheim! found repose.
To breathe the calm that such inspire,
Would awful Chatham's self retire
And sacred ever be the shade,
Where matchless Burke! thy form was laid,
When poull'ring all thy country's woes,
The genius of Prescience rose,
And spread such visions to thy sight,
As check'd the spirit's hastening flight,
And stopp'd of age the coming night;
Bidding, as erst in Babylon,
The mental sun not yet go down!

Beside that bright and tranquil stream
How pleasant to recline and dream!
Listening the while its gentle sound
Not even fairy ear might wound,
Nor passing Zephyr dare molest
The sacred quiet of its breast,
In gay translucency complete,
Yet mild as bright—O emblem meet!
The very heaven assign'd the just,
That haunt of beatific trust,
Where no defilement enters e'er,
Seems scarce more fair, more calm, more clear.
Byron! from this and couldst thou pass?
Perchance because its faithful glass
To thy inquiring glance has shown
Features, the contrast of its own.
For other images might find
Access to that distemper'd mind.
The dark wave lashing 'gainst the shore,
The wild cascade's eternal roar,
What scorns, or what maintains control,
Suits the stern habit of thy soul.

Where opes yon vista to disclose
Deep blushing how th' horizon glows,
'Twere sweet to watch the sun descend,
Like patriarch or like patriot's end.
The radiance of whose parting light
Gleams far athwart the grave's long night,
And glances to that distant shore,
Where suns arise, to set no more.

Or where that hill's screener brow
 O'erlooks the bustling world below,
 Wait till that glorious orb arise,
 And ride along the nether skies.
 A warrior, awful to assail,
 With fiery lance and golden mail;
 Who, while his own impassive form
 Derides of earth and heaven the storm,
 Has ireful shafts so swift, so sure,
 That mortal strength can ne'er endure;
 When that, in vengeance like a God,
 O'er scorching realms he proudly trod,
 But oftener when he glads the view,
 Like as a God in bounty too.
 Pouring his flood of life and light,
 O'er teeming plains and mountains bright;
 Pairing each flower with colours gay;
 Darting the diamond's sparkling ray;
 And making earth her stores unfold
 Of ruddy fruit and waving gold.
 The holiest heart was e'er bestow'd,
 Might hail him on his heavenly road,
 And pardon that the pagan knee
 Had bent in fond idolatry.

Sweet scene, farewell! Although these eyes
 Behold thee but through mimic dies;
 Though ne'er my step may wander o'er
 To ancient Albion's distant shore;
 Yet for this semblance shall my heart
 Long bless the imitative art.

But thou whose meed it was to know
 The substance of this shadowy show,
 At will to visit such a shrine,
 With the high consciousness—*twas thine*;
 Could'st thou—whate'er the Syren call—
 From such an Eden fly—self driven?
 Its social bower, its festive hall,
 Its lawns, its waters, woods, its all!—
 "O how could'st thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven."

The following beautiful sonnet, by the late Dr. Leyden, is the germ of the most poetical part of Graham's Sabbath.

SABBATH MORNING.

HAIL to the placid, venerable morn
 That slowly wakes while all the fields are still,
 A pensive calm on every breeze is borne,
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,

And echo answers softer from the hill;
 While softer sings the linnet from the thorn,
 The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill.
 Hail, light serene! hail, holy sabbath morn!

The gales that lately sighed along the grave
 Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose,
 The rooks float silent by in airy drove,
 The sun a mild, but solemn, lustre throws;
 The clouds, that hovered slow, forget to move:
 Thus smiled the day when the first morn arose.

The following lines, by a gentleman of New-York, appeared some time since in a political paper of that city. We now transplant them to a more congenial soil.

ON REVISITING THE COTTAGE OF ROSA IN EARLY SPRING,
 AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

SEVEN summers have flown, and once more do I see
 The fields and the groves I deserted so long;
 Scarcely a bud yet appears on the winter-beat tree,
 Nor a bird yet enlivens the sky with his song.

For though spring has returned, yet the chilly wind blows,
 And the violets and daisies still hide in the ground;
 But one dear little flower, one beautiful ROSE,
 Here blooms and here blushes the seasons all round.

Thou pride of the plain, little queen of the grove,
 Still fresh is thy foliage and sweet thy perfume,
 And still the bright object of Paridel's love,
 As when thy first buds were beginning to bloom.

And though fate has decreed that he must not aspire
 This blossom divine on his bosom to wear,
 Yet still must he cherish the tender desire,
 And make thee forever the theme of his prayer.

Blow gently, ye zephyrs, be genial, ye showers,
 Bright and warm be the sky o'er thy dear native vale,
 And may no bitter blast ever ravage the bowers
 That guard thy fair frame from the merciless gale.

And when the short season of blooming shall end,
 Which fate to the children of nature hath given,
 May some cherub of beauty, to snatch thee, descend,
 And bear thee to bloom in the gardens of heaven.

PARIDEL.

THE MELO-DRAME.

[From a late London Paper.]

WHAT have we here—half solemn and half gay ?
 Not quite a pantomime, nor quite a play ?
 This something—nothing—full of noise and show ;
 Anomalous display of mirth and wo ;
 Full of confusion, bustle, and surprises,
 Escapes, encounters, blunders, and disguises !
 Is this a comedy ? Where lies the wit ?
 In vain I've watch'd to catch one lucky hit.
 What sportive satire flashes bright and keen ?
 What traits of various character are seen ?
 A tragedy ? Say, where is pathos shown ?
 Can the spectator make the grief his own ?
 Hang with mute earnestness on every line,
 And own the touch of sympathy divine ;
 Feel virtuous indignation fire his breast,
 And his cheek glow for innocence distress ?
 Does he one moment steal from self away,
 And lend his whole existence to the play ?

Such was the scene, when "o'er her barb'rous foes,"
 By "learning's triumph" first the stage arose ;
 Her empire o'er the polished world when gain'd,
 The tragic and the comic muse sustain'd.
 Enchanting sisters ! as by REYNOLDS' art
 Portray'd, so graven on each feeling heart ;
 Each, with attraction all her own, is fair,
 And GARRICK stands suspended 'twixt the pair ;
 With doubting face he seems to pause between,
 Yet wins them both, like SHAKSPEARE and like KEAN.

But who is she with airy step and gait,
 And dwarfish stature, clad in mimic state ?
 She sings, she dances, and she speaks—but hark !
 Ere you the meaning of her words can mark,
 Trumpets and neighing steeds her accents drown—
 And who is she, the fav'rite of the town ?
 Inquire not of her pedigree or race ;
 Some likeness to her sisters you may trace ;
 But such a kindred as she dares not claim—
 Degenerate branch, and MELO-DRAME her name.

DRAMATICS.

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Life of Lord Wellington, published in New-York, by *Van Winkle and Wiley*, is an interesting work, both on account of the very important events which it describes, and of the high military character of the noble marquis, who has acted so distinguished a part in the affairs of Spain. It does not appear that the author himself witnessed any of the events, or was an actor in any of the scenes which he describes; and we are, therefore, to presume, that he has derived his knowledge of what he relates from public documents, or oral communications. Mr. Clarke, however, omits in his preface to satisfy his readers on this point, nor does he make any reference, in the course of his narrative, to the sources of his information. Taking it for granted that his materials are authentic, he has digested and combined them in a manner the best calculated to produce an animated and instructive narrative, divesting it of minute and tedious details, and connecting the various military operations and events, with brief sketches of intermediate circumstances relative to the general and political affairs of the country in which the events took place. The narrative by Mr. Clarke terminates with the attack on Burgos, from which period the account is continued by *William Dunlap*, of New-York, to the time of the taking of Bordeaux, and, considering the difficulty of procuring ample and authentic documents of the transactions in question at this distance from the scene of events, we must do Mr. Dunlap the justice to say that he has executed the task in a very neat and judicious manner.

T. H. Palmer, of Washington, has edited two volumes 8vo. entitled "*The Historical Register*," and his plan is to publish two volumes of the same work annually, at a regular interval of six months for each volume. The first volume is appropriated principally to a sketch of legislative proceedings, notices of internal improvements, and of the progress of the arts, manufactures, &c. The second contains an historical summary, or retrospect, of the most remarkable events in the political and military transactions of the United States, together with a complete collection of state papers and official documents.

Considering the obvious utility of a work of this description, it is really a matter of regret that no publication of the kind has ever yet been able to establish itself in this country with such a degree of credit and permanence, as to acquire the character of standard authority, and at the same time to secure the reward due to the faithful annalist, and industrious compiler. In England the *Annual Register*, which commenced in the year 1756, has been continued down regularly to the present time, always sustaining the reputation of being the most authentic record of public events, and enjoying such a liberal patronage as to enable the editors to invite to their aid writers of the most respectable talents in preparing the historical summary which occupies so considerable a portion of the work.

The "*American Register*," edited by the late C. C. Brown, of Philadelphia, in 1806, and continued till the time of his decease, possessed

more of the features and character of the British "*Annual Register*" than any other publication of the kind ever undertaken in this country; and there is little doubt that if the author, who was a man of talents and great intelligence, had lived, the *American Register* would at this day have been in general circulation, and its reputation established on a lasting basis. One would very reasonably imagine that in this country, where political events and national transactions engage so large a share of the attention and conversation of all classes of people, and where there is so much curiosity and eagerness to read official documents, papers, &c. that an *Annual Register*, well conducted, would receive great encouragement. It seems, however, that our innumerable newspapers, which almost literally cover the land, and where every political transaction and state document is immediately published, are quite sufficient to gratify the cravings of the ordinary race of politicians. Something new is what they chiefly desire, and this appetite being gratified, they have no idea of paying again for the same thing at the end of the year, in the shape of a register. All, however, are not such, and there is, beyond all question, room enough for a work of this description, and enough of the spirit of encouragement in the country, if it could only be concentrated. But the misfortune is, there are too many adventurers in the business who are not qualified to command success; though, by means of the little local patronage which each has it in his power to procure for his own production, for a while, at least, no one is enabled to acquire ground sufficient for its radical and permanent support, and they all vanish before the end of the second year—

" Like bubbles, on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return."

Whether Mr. Palmer's register is to have the good fortune of running a longer career, it is not easy to foresee. The volumes have a respectable appearance, and the contents are of value to the politician, statesman, and historian, as all collections of the kind must necessarily be. The part denominated the *annals*, is the only place where the editor of such a work can display his talents as a writer, and it is by no means evident that any great effort has been made in the present instance to exhibit this part as a test of the merit of the work in question, or as a proof of its title to general notice and encouragement.

MR. LESLIE. We have repeatedly mentioned this young artist in our work, because we consider him likely to be a brilliant ornament to his country. Our expectations have been heightened by a copy of a correspondence with which we have been favoured by Mr. Joseph V. Tompkins of Baltimore, who recently returned from England. While in London he desired Mr. David M. Randolph to write a letter to Mr. West, requesting his opinion of the merits and productions of Mr. Leslie, for the purpose of satisfying his friends in America of his improvement. The reply of Mr. West expresses the most unqualified approbation. He pronounces Mr. Leslie's painting of Saul in the house of the Witch of Endor as almost without a parallel in the art, considering the artist to be but in his nineteenth year, and this the second historical picture he had ever painted. He speaks in high terms of the disposition, morals and habits of Mr. Leslie, and anticipates the highest achievements in the art from his more matured pencil. The painting of the Witch of Endor was purchased of Mr. Leslie by Sir John Leicester, Bart. for one hundred guineas.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS.—We recently noticed a biographical work proposed to be published by Mr. Delaplaine, of Philadelphia. We have since seen a specimen of the manner in which it is to be executed; which, for beauty of presswork and graphical embellishment, certainly surpasses any thing of the kind that has yet been produced in this country. We have likewise received the prospectus of a work of similar nature to be entitled *SELECT AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY*, by W. Barton, Esq. of Philadelphia. It is to be comprised in three handsome octavo volumes, and to contain accounts of the lives of remarkable persons connected by nativity or otherwise with the history of North America, since its first discovery. We are pleased with the modest, unostentatious tenor and appearance of this prospectus; and augur favourably of the work that it announces. As these publications will contain a great body of American history, and furnish specimens of American literature, they cannot fail to attract attention, both at home and abroad. We cannot, therefore, but feel a great deal of solicitude that they should be ably and candidly conducted. We have seen works of this kind too often made the vehicles of adulation to the living, and extravagant eulogy of the dead, for the sordid purpose of gaining patronage and swelling subscription lists. It was a wise regulation of the Pantheon at Paris, that no monument should be erected there to the memory of any one that had not been dead at least ten years. We think some provision of the kind would be judicious in these great biographical collections. The authors would then run less chance of being dazzled by the glare of fresh-blown reputations, or of mistaking transient notoriety for that solid fame which is slowly collected from the sober judgment of the nation. Should these works maintain the rigid impartiality, and the disinterested and independent spirit that are indispensable to history, they cannot fail to be valuable repositories of national worth and talents. But should they stoop to consult the prejudices of party, to gratify individual vanity or ambition, to pamper the pride of numerous and aspiring families, or in any way to coin profit out of the folly and weakness of human nature, their very typographical splendour and voluminous bulk, by giving them celebrity and importance, would render them more obnoxious to the severest castigations of criticism.

Clarke's Naval History of the United States, 2 vols. 12mo, Philadelphia. We are glad to see that this little work has reached a second edition. The author professes nothing more than to give a collection of historical facts relative to our navy. He has accomplished much more. His book contains a most complete and faithful account of every important circumstance in the history and present state of our navy, beginning with the revolutionary war, relating the naval events of that period with more minuteness than we recollect to have ever before seen, and bringing down the narrative chronologically to the present time. The first edition was principally compiled with much care and diligence from gazettes, annual registers, and other authentic documents of the times. The present is enlarged from many communications received from several distinguished naval gentlemen, and a large body of information, communicated by the Hon. John Adams, late President of the United States, one of the earliest and most active friends of our naval establishments.

All this is performed in a modest, simple, and unpretending manner. There is no preliminary pulling, no swaggering and vapouring about the importance and value of his work; in short, none of the tricks of book-making. In this the author shows as much good taste as modesty. It is printed in the same unassuming manner, and affords, at a small price, and in a narrow compass, all the information to be desired on this subject, and

which, if it is to be found at all, is dispersed over more than a hundred volumes and files of old newspapers. We recommend this laudable example to the imitation of all compilers and publishers. Mr. Clarke informs us in his preface that he has for some years been engaged in preparing a general history of the United States. We wish him every success in this undertaking. We do not expect to find in him a Livy or a Tacitus, but the work, if executed with the same care and accuracy with the present, cannot fail of being in the highest degree useful.

A new treatise on surveying, by John Gummere, of Burlington, New-Jersey, has recently been published by Kimber & Richardson, Philadelphia. It is recommended, by some of our best mathematicians, as the most judicious work on this branch of science which they have seen.

Thomas Dobson, of Philadelphia, proposes to publish the septuagint version of the Old Testament. It is to be printed in 2 volumes 8vo, from the edition of Mill.

FRENCH STATISTICS.—Proposals have lately been issued, for publishing by subscription, French Statistics, from the original work, in seven volumes octavo, by

Peuchet, member of the council of commerce to the minister of the interior, and of several learned societies:

Sonnini, of the Society of Agriculture of Paris, and of others; editor and continuator of Buffon's Natural History:

Delalauze, coöperator in agriculture:

Gorsse, of the School of Mines, author of several prize memoirs, and inspector:

Amavry Duval, chief of the Bureau of Arts and Sciences in the ministry of the interior, and of several societies:

*Dumuy*s, a man of letters:

Parmentier and *Deyeux*, members of the national institute:

P. E. Herbin, of the ministry of the grand judge, member of the Statistical and other societies:

Digested, abridged, and translated, by James N. Taylor, clerk in the treasury department of the United States. It will contain about four hundred pages octavo, deliverable to subscribers at two and a half dollars in boards; to non-subscribers at three dollars.

FOREIGN SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Mannoory Dectot has invented a new hydraulic machine, a report concerning which has been presented to the French Institute. The principle of this machine is to communicate the whole of the momentum of a body of water entering a vessel, after falling from a height, to a solid body within that vessel, except so much as may be necessary to carry it off through a hole in the bottom. This object is effected by making the water enter horizontally into a cylindrical trough containing a solid cylinder with a space of 1-2 inches between them, near its top, and in the direction of a tangent to the cavity. The water, in passing through the annular space between the cylinders, and thence through a hole in the bottom, communicates a motion to the machine which, by experiment, has been found from 7-10ths to 75-100ths of the whole calculated force of the falling water, a greater effect than any other machine has ever produced.

Sir J. C. Englefield, Bart. F. R. S. has invented a new transit instrument in which the telescope is placed with its axis perpendicular to the plane of the meridian, and the object seen by reflection in a mirror placed at an angle of 45 degrees immediately in front of the object glass. When the telescope is properly placed, any part of the whole semicircle of the meridian may be seen by merely turning it on its axis. The same gentleman has also given a new mode of placing the transit instrument correctly.

The following results have been given to the world by Joseph Read, M. D. of Cork, as deductions from several experiments made by him on the solar ray :

1st. That incident light has never yet been decomposed; and that Sir Isaac Newton, and other philosophers, only decomposed light reflected from opaque substances, or fringes of blue, red, and yellow.

2d. That there are only three primary colours, blue, red, and yellow, by the mixture of which, either by the prism or painter, all the others are formed.

3d. That Herschel, Desclie, Davy, Englefield, and other philosophers, drew their conclusions relative to the heating power of the prismatic colours from erroneous data, viz. from experiments on reflected light, whose heat must, in a great measure, depend on the reflecting media, and, also, on the thickness and thinness of those parts of the prism through which the fringes pass.

We give his deductions in his own words, and must confess that his experiments and reasoning furnish an apparently plausible objection to the Newtonian theory of the separation of white light into rays of different colours. His second deduction is by no means new. Dr. Woollaston had already proved clearly that there were only three, or, at most, four, colours in the spectrum; and Dr. Read appears to have forgotten, or not to have known, his experiments and those of Herschel's, which showed that the solar beam was divided by the prism (according to Newtonian language) into two other substances beside the coloured rays, one of which was found between the red ray and the direction of the incident rays, and was the matter of heat or caloric. The other, a hitherto unknown substance, which blackened the salts of silver, and appeared to be that part of the solar ray which causes the colours of vegetables, &c. which we know would, if not exposed to it, become white and colourless. These experiments establish the certainty of the Newtonian theory on a ground not to be shaken. Besides, had Dr. Read reasoned correctly on his experiments, he would have found that the circumstance of the light remaining white in the centre of the spectrum, when admitted in large quantities upon the prism, arose from the same cause that misled Newton, viz. as to the number of the prismatic colours, the aperture being larger than was necessary to obtain the coloured rays entirely separate, and in Dr. Woollaston's experiment the aperture was an oblong of the smallest breadth that could admit the light free from inflection. In Sir Isaac Newton's experiment the aperture, a quarter of an inch, was sufficient to blend the colours so as to produce the intermediate shades, and in Dr. Read's the aperture, of four inches, threw the separated rays in confusion on the middle part of the spectrum so as to reproduce white light.

This is not the first time that Sir Isaac Newton's doctrines have been attacked in this point. The celebrated Euler, and many others, have opposed the existence of light as a substance altogether, and have supposed its appearance to arise from the vibrations of an elastic medium. Newton's optics, however, stand on a basis of mathematical demonstration, and their merits will not fall should even his deductions from his prismatic experiments be proved to be founded on false reasoning.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1814.

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Tableau de la Litterature pendant le dix-huitième Siècle, 1813.

[A late number of the British Review contains a very elaborate review of this interesting little work, but, like most of the articles in that journal, it is of such an unconscionable length that though strongly tempted to reprint the whole of it, we feel ourselves compelled to be satisfied with extracting that part of it in which the characters and opinions of Voltaire and of Montesquieu are discussed.]

THE new century opens with Voltaire, who was the earliest as well as the most renowned of its literary chiefs. Our author has employed near twenty pages in discussing the character and works of this singular person; and we wish it were possible to present his observations unbroken to our readers, as they certainly supply by far the ablest and most candid estimate of that extraordinary writer with which we are acquainted. But we must be satisfied with giving a few extracts.

"In the midst of academical honours, and the early triumphs of
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youth, there was growing up a man destined to reap a large part of the glory of this century, to receive its complete impression, and to be, as it were, its representative; so that, but a little more, and he had given his name to it. Undoubtedly nature had endowed Voltaire with the most astonishing faculties; undoubtedly such vigour of understanding was not entirely the result of education and circumstances; yet might it not be shown that the direction of these talents was constantly determined by the opinions of the time; and that the object of succeeding and pleasing, the main spring of almost all writers, governed Voltaire in every moment of his life? Never was any person more formed to yield from susceptibility to such impressions. His genius offers, as it seems to me, the singular phenomenon of a man ordinarily destitute of that faculty of the mind which we call reflection, and, at the same time, endowed in the highest degree with the power of feeling and expressing with the most marvellous vivacity. This was unquestionably the cause both of his successes and of his faults. This manner of seeing every thing in a single point of view, and of yielding himself to the immediate impression which an object produces, without thinking of those which it might produce in different circumstances, has multiplied the contradictions into which Voltaire has fallen; has often hurried him far away from truth and reason; has injured the plan of his works and their perfection as a whole. But this* complete surrender of himself to the impression of the moment, this impetuosity of feeling, this irritability so delicate and so lively, produced that pathos, that irresistible attraction, that vivacity of eloquence and pleasantry, that constant grace which flows with an unbounded facility; and when reason and truth happen to be dressed in these brilliant decorations, they acquire the most seducing charms; they seem to have started into existence without an effort, all glittering with native light and beauty; and the writer who thus exhibits them leaves far behind him all those who have sought them out by reflection, examination, and experience." P. 37, 38.

Voltaire was disposed, in early life, to be respectful to existing authorities, and was not far removed from the character of a courtier. It was not till the applauses of the theatre had given him confidence, and the paltry persecutions of some dignitaries in church and state had irritated his most irritable nature, that he assumed that tone of entire levity and bitter sarcasm which became afterwards habitual to him. Indeed, it is impossible to be acquainted with his writings without discovering that his taste and dispositions adapted him much better to the sphere of a court, and the polite circles of a luxurious metropolis, than the simple and stern temper of a republic. His genius was monarchical; he was a poet and a wit; he became a philosopher, or tried to become one, only from vanity, and a sort of necessity imposed upon him

* Orig. Cet abandon entier à son impression.

by the circumstances of his life. After noticing some of the leading features of his history, our author proceeds thus :

“ The more Voltaire advanced in his career, the more he found himself surrounded with applause and homage. Sovereigns became his friends and even his flatterers. Envy and hatred in opposing his triumphs excited his indignation. Their continual resistance gave still more vivacity to his character, and made him frequently forget moderation, decency, and good taste. Such was his life; such was the course which conducted him to that long old age which he might have rendered so honourable: when encircled with a prodigious glory he reigned despotically in letters, which had themselves assumed the first rank among the objects which attract the curiosity and attention of men. It is melancholy that Voltaire did not perceive how much dignity and lustre he might have acquired by availing himself of the advantages of such a position, and pursuing the conduct which it seemed to prescribe to him. It is afflicting to behold him yielding to the torrent of a degraded age, and plunging in a base cynicism, which, whatever be its apologies in youth, forms a revolting contrast to white hairs, the symbols of wisdom and purity. What spectacle is more sad than that of an old man insulting the Deity in the moment when he is about to call him hence, and repelling the respect of the young by participating their excesses.” P. 41, 42.

“ Often in the midst of the scandalous inebriation in which he seemed to be plunged by vanity and the desire of influencing the age in which he lived, he had returns of reason: he wished to resist in some things the impulse in which he had shared, and to which he had given increased activity. In his latter works, in the midst of that perpetual variation of opinions and systems, of those assertions always positive and incessantly contradicting each other, one finds at times reflections full of profound sense—a just appreciation of the miserable spirit which reigned around him. It is then that one regrets to find in him that perpetual mobility, that absence of reflection, and, above all, that immense passion for success and the mode of his day. He alone, armed with all the powers of his mind, might have retarded a little the course of those menacing opinions which were accumulating on every side, and which, opposed with feebleness or insincerity, acquired fresh strength from that powerless resistance.” P. 42, 43.

It is impossible not to pause for a moment on a character such as that which has been delineated; equally singular and instructive. We all recollect the old and eloquent description of man, “ a being of large discourse, looking before and after.” Voltaire answered sufficiently well to the first half of the portrait, but he had no sort of resemblance to the other. He was *semivir*. His avidity for enjoyment, and his habitual disregard of the future, made him in truth a child through life. Such he is described by cotemporary writers, and such he proved himself to be in every feature of his character; by his inextinguishable gayety, and his ridiculous irritability; by the exquisite playfulness which gave

life to his productions on the verge of fourscore, and by that last sally of literary vanity which snapped the feeble thread that sustained his earthly existence. Voltaire seems to have been entirely the slave of present feelings; the consequences of his conduct to himself or others never disturbed him: and this is the moral definition of childishness. But, unhappily, that entire thoughtlessness which, allied to the weakness and ignorance of youth, is pardoned and even loved; when combined with mature knowledge, and with faculties and passions fully developed, assumes a very different character. The gambols of the kitten are amusing, but not so the bounds of the tiger. The childish vanity, the childish irritability, the childish love of pleasure, which were characteristic of Voltaire from his earliest years to his late decline, were all thought to be very entertaining by his friends, who, with less excuse perhaps from natural temper, were for the most part just as careless of consequences as himself. But mark the effects. Vanity tempted him to hazard a few sallies against churchmen. The clergy noticed them, and he was banished. Provoked by the persecution of those whom he despised, what was at first only mirth rankled into hatred. The spirit of his age and country encouraged him. His passion for literary applause allied itself to his resentments. The gratification he felt in indulging his talents for pleasantry was irresistible. He attacked every thing, he ridiculed every thing, he sported with every thing. Nothing so sacred, nothing so venerable, nothing so useful or necessary, as to be secure from his merriment. By degrees he grew almost serious in his folly. He aspired to the glory of *crushing* that infamous* religion which was proclaimed by angels from heaven, with the song of glory to God and good will towards men: and he enjoys the bad preëminence of having contributed indirectly, more perhaps than any other man, to the revolution in France, and all its wasteful results in Europe. But we turn gladly from the man to his writings.

“After having examined the conduct and general character of Voltaire, we may proceed to speak more particularly of his works. Their merit has been a hundred times discussed and disputed. Almost always received with enthusiasm by the public, they at the same time met with obstinate opponents and enemies, and the spirit of party has always prevailed in the judgment pronounced upon them. Half a century has elapsed, and the reputation of Voltaire is still like the body of Patroclus, disputed between two parties who are animated against each other. Such a contest would alone suffice to perpetuate the glory of that name. Some men have made themselves famous by defending him; others have gained celebrity solely by having pertinaciously attacked him. In this protracted conflict the glory of Voltaire has undoubtedly not preserved all its original splendour. It is no longer

* *Ecrasez l'infame*—was the common watchword of the philosopher.

that national enthusiasm, that admiration equal to what the heroes and benefactors of mankind have inspired; it is no longer that triumph which was decreed him on the last day of his life, whilst he was descending into the tomb. A colder and more measured judgment has enfeebled these passionate emotions. But there is something idle and ridiculous in the endeavours of those who labour to blast entirely the honours of Voltaire. A sufficient space of time has elapsed to entitle us to consider the judgment of posterity as pronounced." P. 43, 44.

This little summary is followed by a more detailed examination of Voltaire's productions, and the criticism is so good that we have unwillingly passed it over with a general eulogy.

Voltaire acquired his earliest celebrity as a dramatic writer, and perhaps he will owe his reputation, in future ages, chiefly to his *Théâtre*. In his first pieces (our author observes) he imitated his predecessors. *Cædipe* and *Marianne* were composed in the style of *Corneille* and *Racine*. At length the impatience of his genius broke through those shackles, and then appeared *Zayre*, with its faults, which have been so often assailed, and its beauties, which so entirely redeem them. It is here that Voltaire impressed the stamp of his talents as a tragedian. It is not the perfection and melody of *Racine*. It is not the lofty imagination and simplicity of *Corneille*; and yet there is something which one does not find in either of them, and the absence of which may be regretted. There is a certain warmth of passion, a complete self abandonment, a vivacity of feeling, which carries us away and awakens profound emotion, a grace which charms and which subdues.

We have already made a few remarks on the French drama, and the complaints made by Englishmen of its deficiency in interest. If we wished to justify the opinions of our countrymen by a single and decisive experiment, we should request an impartial person, thoroughly acquainted with both languages, to compare *Zayre* and *Othello*. The former is celebrated, perhaps, above all other specimens of the French theatre, for its passion and depth of feeling. "If any thing," says the writer of the *Tableau*, "can give the idea of an author perfectly transported with passion and poetry, it is a work such as *Zayre*." Unquestionably it is a very fine collection of verses; the speech of Lusignan when he discovers that his daughter has renounced her faith, is one of the noblest effusions of passionate declamation extant in any language, and the concluding scene is very affecting. This conclusion, however, Voltaire manifestly imitated from *Shakspeare*; and it is one of the instances in which he was content to enrich his soil by borrowing from that *grand fermier*, (as he was pleased to call him,) without acknowledging the obligation. In taste, correctness, and spirited declamation, *Zayre* is above *Othello*; it is not without

merits of a higher kind; and it exercises some influence over the feelings. But for that powerful magic which opens all the springs of emotion in the soul; for that master genius which pours down the whole torrent of passion, sweeping away every other thought, and hurrying us we know not and care not whither; for whatever belongs to the phrensy and inspiration of poetry—to contrast Zayre with Othello! truly we should as soon think of comparing a cascade at Versailles to the cataracts of Niagara.

Zayre was succeeded by many other pieces of great celebrity and merit, by which Voltaire is very well known even in this country. But our author remarks that his later dramatic works fell into the same train with his other productions. He would fain teach and philosophize even upon the stage; and this sort of sententious emphatic tone could not but infuse a certain chillness into the most animated scenes. “Nothing,” it is justly added, “so much injures imagination as to give it an aim, to subject it to a system.” Of all his theatrical performances Zayre was, we believe, the most popular; but the author of the *Tableau* gives the palm, on the whole, to *Merope*; and D’Alembert appears, by one of his letters, to have preferred *Alzire*.

The *Henriade* was a poem in a very different style, and aspired to the dignity of the *Epopée*. That Voltaire should have the vanity to think himself equal to any thing is not very extraordinary, considering what he had performed, and how he was flattered; but that he should have the weakness to fancy a series of correct couplets about a great monarch, with the help of a few of the heathen deities, could deserve the character of an epic poem, is marvellous. However, great men make great blunders. Addison, probably, thought his *Campaign* a very fine poem.

“Nobody,” says our author, “contests the attraction of Voltaire’s fugitive poetry.” The principal charm of these pieces is, that they express real feelings; that they catch and embody those transient impressions which were continually passing, like summer clouds, over the mind of the writer. They contain, in some measure, the history of his life, which was composed of a prodigious multitude of shifting sensations, varying with his years, and subject to no sort of control from fixed principles or designs. For the rest, to say that they are full of vivacity, facility, and grace, is only to say that they were written by Voltaire. There is a sentence here so just in its sentiment, and so incapable of translation, that we extract it as it stands. “*La gaieté comme le sublime demande une sorte de naïveté et de bonne foi. Elle ne ressemble pas au persiflage et à la raillerie.*”

Voltaire’s historical pieces, we think, have been overrated; with the exception, however, of the life of Charles XII., which is extremely agreeable, and could aspire to nothing greater. No

one, indeed, can dispute the power of this writer to render any subject in a very high degree picturesque and entertaining: and it happened, in the last-mentioned instance, that the prince was exactly suited to the historian; for he was, as the author of the *Tableau* happily says, *tout en dehors*. In attempting the life of Peter, Voltaire undertook a much higher style of composition. He was now to give an account of the rise and advancement of a great empire, under the counsels and auspices of a very savage, but very forcible and comprehensive, genius. This was manifestly a great undertaking, and it proved too much for the philosophizing poet;

viribus ille
Confusus periit admirandisque lacertis.

The failure is not scandalous, but it is manifestly a failure. There is a still more discreditable fault to be objected to the historian of Charles and Peter. His heroes, unfortunately, were rivals. It was difficult, therefore, to reconcile their respective pretensions. Voltaire, we fear, was apt to be more studious of effect than of accuracy, and it so happens, that the same facts are told in a different manner, and with opposite colouring, by the same historian in his narratives of the two princes. There is such a carelessness of reputation, as well as disregard to truth, in these contradictions, that we think them alone sufficient to throw considerable doubt on the general veracity of Voltaire.

The *Siècle de Louis XIV.* has acquired so much celebrity, and, in our judgment, has, notwithstanding its real merits, been appreciated so much above its deserts, that we are happy in being able to give to our sentiments the authority of a writer such as that before us. The following extract contains also an admirable picture, in a few words, of ancient history, so much superior in interest, so much inferior in philosophy, to what has passed, in modern days, under the same appellation.

“ To delineate the reign of Louis XIV. was a very difficult undertaking. One may say that the more civilized a nation becomes, the more its manners and its history lose those highly relieved and picturesque forms of early times which constitute the charm of narration. The office of an historian becomes also more arduous. We exact impartiality, and we reproach him with wanting warmth and interest. We require details upon the commerce, the arts, the spirit of the government, and we complain that an attention to matters of philosophy interrupts the narrative of facts. We demand erudition, and we blame the writer when he descants. Formerly historians were not subject to these fetters. They wrote with all their prejudices, they preserved their individual character, without assuming a cold impartiality, which has more of form than substance. They recounted the victories of

their own country without any anxiety to publish the history of the vanquished. They surrendered neither their opinions nor their feelings. Xenophon in the centre of Athens did not conceal his admiration for the Lacedæmonians. Tacitus did not conceal or compromise his detestation of tyrants. Every one professed to be what he really was, and it was for the reader to judge of the credibility of the historian, and the confidence he should repose in him. In history, as in every thing else, we have talent only in depicting our own impressions.

"We will not reproach Voltaire in particular with the faults which belong to the whole school of modern historians. But if we allow the style of composition which they have adopted, still considering history as a series of impartial researches destined to furnish the memory and exercise the reason, Voltaire is exposed to much criticism. The little of depth there is in his thoughts, his imperfect knowledge of characters, the tendency of his style to please, rather than to invite reflection, have been the subjects of frequent strictures, and we may add to them some still more serious. Voltaire in the reign of Louis XIV. saw nothing but the brilliancy of his victories, of literature and the arts.

He never thought of examining the character of the government and of the administration of the king; the influence which it has had on the character of the nation; and the consequences which thence resulted. He has not remarked that perhaps no epoch of the history of France was more important by the change effected in the manners, the social relations, and the ancient spirit of the constitution. It is to the brilliant colouring of Voltaire that we are to ascribe the unbounded admiration of the reign of Louis XIV. He has made us forget that a king has other duties than to acquire glory for his empire." P. 31—33.

To these remarks, in the justice of which we perfectly concur, we must take the liberty of adding one or two further observations. The *Age of Louis XIV.* has the misfortune to belong neither to the ancient nor the modern style of history. It is not, like the first, impassioned and picturesque; or, at least, it is so only in a very inferior degree. It is not, like the second, grave, candid, and reflective. The *besoin de succès*, (in English, the horror of being tiresome,) which haunted Voltaire through life, furnishes, we think, the real key to the deficiencies of this work. It was this which made him adopt a light and rapid style, brilliant undoubtedly, and attractive, but ill suited to the dignity of his undertaking. It was this which made him so fearful of prolixity, that he has not allowed space to develop with sufficient fulness the events of so long and so busy a reign. It was this which tempted him to fill a third part of his second volume with trifling anecdotes, which might suit the *Memoires de St. Simon*, but which ought not to have found a place in a serious and comprehensive history. It was this which led him in his account of Jansenism and Quietism to treat with entire levity disputes which are allied to the highest and the deepest feelings of the human heart, and which agitated

some of the most forcible, most devoted, and most virtuous spirits that have ornamented our nature. To be sure, dulness is a very heavy crime, more especially among Frenchmen: but as Mr. Burke observes of obstinacy, that though one of the most unpopular of vices, it is connected with almost all the masculine virtues; so may it be said of tediousness; for though never forgotten or forgiven, it is unquestionably allied to some of the first qualities which a writer can possess; to accuracy, order, gravity, reflection. It is a sort of high treason in literature; and as none are so little in danger of falling into that great political offence as men absolutely destitute of all noble and patriotic sentiments, so in letters none are so clear of the kindred crime as those whose writings are uniformly slight and superficial. However, notwithstanding all this, such is the power of manner, and so happy is the style both in narrative and expression, of the *Age of Louis XIV.* that it will probably at all times be read more eagerly and more universally than any other piece of history in the French language. We are afraid, indeed, after all this criticism, of being understood to say that its merits are small. This we by no means think; but in our estimation they are considerably below both its celebrity and its pretensions.

The essay on the manners of nations has been, perhaps, the most highly admired of all Voltaire's historical pieces by the graver and more judicious of his readers. Our author pays it some high compliments; but he observes that it is open to much of the criticism offered upon the work last noticed, and, he adds, "It merits, besides, a still graver censure; we there meet with little traces of that sectarian spirit adopted by Voltaire in the latter part of his life. His hatred to religion frequently betrays him into* bad faith and bad taste."

Beside the works and classes of works already noticed, Voltaire was the author of a vast mass^{of} miscellaneous productions, which it is impossible to reduce under any regular heads. "I have not been in Paris (said he) these twenty years, but I have kept four presses constantly at work during the whole of that time." He wrote various articles for the *Encyclopædia*; he published a variety of little *Romans*, such as *Candide*, *Zadig*, *La Princesse de Babylon*, &c. &c.; and he scribbled an innumerable number of pamphlets, some acknowledged, some anonymous, which were chiefly directed against his personal or literary enemies; a class of men which his extreme violence and ridiculous irritability daily multiplied. His contributions to the *Encyclopædia* are chiefly composed of smart sallies or grave attacks on revealed religion; and his *Romans* contain much exquisite raillery against foolish political institutions and opinions, together with some *very merry*

* Mauvaise foi—in blunt English, *falsehood*.

impeachments of the general economy of Providence in the natural and moral government of mankind. Of religion in all its branches, Voltaire was profoundly and contemptibly ignorant. We are fully persuaded that he never reflected seriously for one half hour on a single phenomenon in the dispensations of God. He had dipped into the bible, but he had never read it; and his misrepresentations are so gross and silly as to seem hardly worthy of refutation. Had a work such as the *Réponse de quelques Juifs à M. Voltaire* appeared against any other system in philosophy, the poor philosopher would have been discredited forever. In politics Voltaire was not wrong headed, but he was somewhat superficial, and so rash, irregular, and petulant, that his writings could scarcely have been tolerated under any government, or useful to any people. Many of them also contain passages which are highly offensive to good morals. With a considerable proportion of his smaller pieces we have no acquaintance. Those which we have formerly read are generally remarkable for the exquisite pleasantry with which they expose many prevailing absurdities, and they are usually sullied with some passages of abominable impurity or profaneness.

These strictures are slight and imperfect, but they may serve to introduce the more comprehensive and penetrating observations which we are about to extract: the truth and impartiality of which are not less remarkable than the sagacity which they indicate.

“It remains for us to speak of the spirit which he carried into philosophy: that is to say, of his opinions in relation to religion, morals, and politics. He has been accused of a formal design to overturn these three bases of the honour and the happiness of mankind. But whoever should attempt to find in Voltaire a system of philosophy, connected principles, a centre of opinions, would be greatly embarrassed. Nothing is less conformable to the serious idea which one forms of a philosopher than the kind of understanding and talents which belonged to Voltaire; perhaps it could only be in the eighteenth century that one could have thought of calling such a man by the name of philosopher. That he had the design of pleasing his own age, of exercising an influence over it, of revenging himself against his enemies, of forming a party to praise and defend him—all this is perfectly credible. He lived at a time when manners were lost, at least in the superior classes of society; and he did not respect morals. Envy and hatred employed against him the arms of religion when it was no longer respected by its own defenders; he considered it only as the means of persecution. His country had a government without force, without consideration, and which did nothing to obtain them; he had the spirit of independence and opposition. Such were the real sources of his opinions. We can conceive how he acquired them without, on that

account, excusing them. He proclaimed them continually without thinking of the effects which they might produce. However, he was far from showing in his errors the invariable confidence and extreme presumption of some writers of the same age.

"He himself, in one of his romances, has given us a just idea of his philosophy. Babouc charged to examine the manners and institutions of Persepolis, discovers all its faults with great quickness, laughs at all its absurdities, attacks every thing with the most licentious liberty. But when in the end he thinks that the ruin of Persepolis may be the consequence of his definitive judgment, he finds advantages in every thing, and refuses to overturn the city. This was Voltaire. He wished to have the liberty of criticising carelessly, and would laugh at any thing; but a revolution was quite out of his thoughts: he had too just an understanding, too great a contempt of vulgarity and the populace, to form such a wish. Unhappily, when a nation has got to philosophising, like Babouc, it knows not how, like him, to stop and weigh its decision; it is only by a deplorable experience that it discovers, when too late, that it ought not to have destroyed Persepolis." P. 55—57.

We believe these observations to be true; and are persuaded that Voltaire, had he lived, would have resisted with all his power the revolutionary torrent which his writings, during half a century, had contributed to swell, and would practically have renounced those very opinions for which altars were erected to his memory in the *Champ de Mars*. Even before his death he lamented, with as much bitterness as perhaps he was capable of feeling, the mad and horrible excesses to which Diderot and others among the *philosophers* had advanced in their outrages upon religion and morals. He did not deliberately intend to overturn the foundations of either; but he had wantonly insulted both; and the same righteous law which has permitted us in some measure to command futurity by the wise employment of present opportunities, has established also a limit, beyond which recollection is vain, and the consequences of guilt irrevocable:

Sua cuique exorsa laborem
Fortunamque ferent.

Having necessarily said a good deal in dispraise of Voltaire, it is but just to notice some particulars in which he merits approbation. Like other human beings, his character was mixed: with great vices he was not wholly destitute of good qualities; and there are several actions of his life which well deserve to be applauded. He appears to have been naturally humane, though his passions too frequently clouded his benevolence: he was often liberal; and he pleaded the causes of some unfortunate and in-

jured families with much perseverance, generosity, and feeling. He was the first who powerfully recommended inoculation in France. He was among the first who endeavoured to dispel the national prejudices, and directed the eyes of his countrymen to the political institutions, the science, and the literature of England. He justly appreciated the soundness of the Newtonian philosophy, at a time when it had made but little progress on the continent; and though his encomiums of Mr. Locke are exaggerated, and indicate very little depth in metaphysics, his clear sense enabled him to perceive that the process of investigation adopted by that great master was far more just and natural than that of his predecessors. In his sentiments respecting the political establishments and opinions of his own country he was often substantially right, though the language in which he presented them was generally dangerous and unbecoming: and he had the courage to laugh at the project of a territorial tax, though all the wise heads of the economists pronounced the expedient infallible.

For the miserable and devoted fury with which Voltaire assailed christianity we are neither willing nor able to attempt the slightest apology. It disgraced his life, it debased his writings, and it will cast the deepest shade over his memory forever.

Next to Voltaire in celebrity, and at least his equal in genius and learning, stands the President Montesquieu; a name less idolized perhaps in France, but much more generally respected in other countries. The author of the *Tableau* has furnished many striking reflections on his character and writings. After noticing his first work *Les Lettres Persannes*, so remarkable for their vivacity and acuteness, so abominable for their profaneness and libertinism, he proceeds thus:

“Subsequent to the publication of this work, every thing contributed to modify the character of Montesquieu; to give him more of reserve in his opinions, and especially in his manner of announcing them. He was not a mere writer. His whole life was not consecrated to literary successes; he held a situation full of gravity; it was necessary that he should respect the examples which his fathers had left him, and that he should merit the esteem of the class in which he was placed, and among whom knowledge only contributed to the growth of virtue. The President Montesquieu had not that sort of independence which men of letters so much covet, and which is injurious, perhaps, both to their talents and their characters. He was restrained by the ties of family, and by the duties of the corporation to which he belonged. He did not live out of the range of business; he did not inhabit that theoretic world in which writers find nothing fixed and positive to bring them back to reason and truth when they begin to wander. Montesquieu, therefore, attached himself to the laws of his country, to the character of his fellow citizens, and to the forms of their govern-

ment, not indeed to the extent of entirely approving them, but at least so far as to wish to modify and not to overturn them; he brought into politics a spirit determinate and practical; he founded it on the consideration of events and the recollections of history.

"However, Montesquieu always preserved a part of the character which he had originally evinced in the *Persian Letters*. Although his fame rests upon titles serious and solid, he was perhaps more remarkable for the richness of his imagination than for the depth of his reflections. His works exhibit a mind full of life and animation, which study and meditation can with difficulty subdue. Whenever an idea can take the shape of an image, whenever a picture can be made out of the exposition of facts, Montesquieu yields to the temptation, and presents them to us under that aspect. His mind had an invincible inclination to brilliant and poetic thoughts, while his occupations and circumstances compelled him to be chiefly conversant with matters of morals, politics, and government." P. 59, 60.

"This colouring is not always happily placed in the *Esprit des Loix*. One there sees Montesquieu frequently seduced by brilliant ideas; attaching remote relations to a common centre; ambitious of astonishing by new and striking assertions; in a word, studying to produce effect, not with a view to dazzle by a foolish *charlatanisme*, but because he felt himself seduced into giving his ideas this lively and rapid form. However, reason is rarely sacrificed. Truth is what Montesquieu is always in search of. He sincerely endeavours to arrive at it by the examination of facts, and by a long train of studies and researches. His imagination has had power enough to deceive him, but it was against his will. Often when an idea has been presented in a decisive manner which strikes at first sight, the author, satisfied with not having diminished its first effect, adds some restriction, and makes you see, that if he has not been willing to check the course of his thoughts, by infusing a doubt and noticing exceptions, he is not, nevertheless, ignorant of the degree of certainty which belongs to his opinions, and that he does not place that absolute confidence in them which you might at first suppose. The march of genius is prompt and direct; general ideas almost entirely seize possession of its attention, and it easily persuades itself that others will know how to understand and qualify what is said, so as to render it true and applicable in each particular case." P. 58—61.

This last passage, we are persuaded, contains the true explanation of some of the most remarkable peculiarities in Montesquieu's style of writing. Indeed, it is very curious to compare his great work on the *Spirit of Laws*, with some of the principal philosophical compositions of a neighbouring country; such, for instance, as the political disquisitions of Hume, Smith, Ferguson, and others. These are generally full, orderly, and well reasoned dissertations. The subject in hand is examined with great gravity; a series of facts and observations are drawn forth and marshalled with much skill and caution; the assumptions, the intermediate

truths, the transitions, the digressions—all are managed with admirable prudence and propriety; the whole texture of the composition is woven with care; and the great results are at last announced with a decent pomp and a tolerable share of self-complacency. We read, assent, approve, admire; agree that the writer is very able; and take care not to let any body know that we thought him very tiresome. Now, in Montesquieu every thing is different. Art there is none; and of order very little. The subjects chosen as heads of thought are connected only by being allied to a common ancestor—mere collaterals, not succeeding by any regular devolutions. The paragraphs which compose the dissertations are, for the most part, independent of one another; each taking its chance alone, and leaving its neighbours to fight their own battles. The positions are short, brilliant, imperative: and the whole, instead of bearing any resemblance to an elaborate and finished dissertation, gives rather the idea of a man confident of great powers, and possessed of ample materials, who pronounces his dicta with authority, and expects his audience to qualify and apply them; who supplies thoughts, and leaves it to others, if they like the labour, to fill up the interstices.

Montesquieu has been accused of idleness by those who admire a more orderly system of composition. But to charge a writer with idleness, who gave twenty years to the prosecution of a single design, seems a little imprudent. If the *Spirit of Laws* had been expanded into essays, with the usual allowance for fine observations and flowing periods, it would have filled a library.

Another charge which has been made against the president is, that he has raked up all sorts of fables from the narratives of obscure travellers, and made them the foundations of important theories. It must be acknowledged that Montesquieu was a little fond of odd out-of-the-way reading; and he is apt to talk rather too much of Japan and the kingdom of Bantam, and the people of Meaco. But this fault, if it be one, is, in our estimation, far more venial than that of supposing, with most writers, that human nature is only to be studied in the history of the Roman and Greek republics. A comprehensive mind will naturally desire an extensive range; and if general inductions respecting the human race are to be attempted, men ought to be seen and considered under all the forms which they have presented, and every fact and institution be contemplated, whether preserved in the monuments of ancient nations, or caught by the hasty glances of a wandering missionary.

It is impossible to recollect the performances of Montesquieu without being impressed with a powerful admiration of his genius and attainments. The Herculean vigour which was a match for so vast an undertaking as the *Spirit of Laws*; the unshaken per-

severance which could prosecute its work for twenty years, united as they were to an imagination highly picturesque, present an image of such greatness, that little minds bow down before it; and even those of a firmer texture, and more sanguine complexion, are compelled to do it homage. The mind, too, which could throw a rapid and comprehensive glance over twelve centuries, and sketch, as it were upon a single canvass, the growth, the plenitude, and the declension of Roman greatness, must unquestionably have been possessed of uncommon elevation and energy. If authority could add any thing to a reputation which reposes on so substantial a basis, it would be sufficient to mention a writer capable of justly appreciating the merits of the French philosopher, both from the similarity of his pursuits and the extent of his own genius. Montesquieu has been twice mentioned by Mr. Burke in terms of the highest admiration; in the *Thoughts on the Cause of the present Discontents*, as the first writer of the age; and in the *Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old*, as an authority so high, that even the glory of the British constitution is increased by his suffrage.

And yet we little beings must be indulged in our little criticism. Somebody at Paris said, that the work called *L'Esprit des Loix* should have been entitled *L'Esprit sur les Loix*; and the remark is true as well as clever. After making every reasonable allowance for varieties in composition, and surrendering much of established usage to the despotism of genius, still it must be confessed that Montesquieu has in his great work indulged too freely the natural bias of his mind, and furnished rather a collection of desultory reflections, than the complete digest or discussion of a comprehensive subject. In part this may justly be imputed to the extent of his undertaking which rendered a sententious and somewhat authoritative manner almost unavoidable. But it must doubtless, in part, also be attributed to the poetical cast of his imagination, which could not tolerate the appearance of dulness, and delighted in brilliancy and effect. The disadvantages incident to this fault are considerable. One of them is, that the very object of the writer, who intended to render his work attractive, is in some degree counteracted; for, among the generality of readers, more, perhaps, are fatigued by making a series of desperate leaps across the chasms which separate the different theorems, than by the labour of travelling through the diffuse expositions, and connecting details which abound in a different class of reasoners.

Nearly allied to, and, indeed, growing out of, the last defect, is another and more serious fault. Montesquieu's reflections, though remarkably original, and frequently profound, are at times hasty and inaccurate. He acquiesced too readily in his first thoughts. His mind was so constituted, that he rather caught the truth by 2

rapid and penetrating glance than discovered it through the medium of a close investigation. He was not accustomed to verify his impressions by a close and vigilant induction; and though his intellect was of that vigorous and comprehensive character which made even his guesses valuable, it certainly is not always safe to acquiesce in his positions without examination. His work frequently furnishes rather excellent materials for thinking than the results of patient thought. Indeed, his carelessness, both in accepting facts and propounding conclusions, is sometimes perfectly surprising. "We are informed (says he, speaking of the proportion of the sexes born in different countries) that at Bantam there are ten girls to one boy;" and then he proceeds to reason upon this ridiculous assumption, only because a Mr. Kempfer had so affirmed of that which no conceivable affirmation could render credible. "It would be an excellent law (he observes in another place) for all countries to ordain, that none but real money should be current." This reflection was suggested by considering the inconveniences incident to a debased coin, or, as he terms it, ideal money. He seems wholly to have overlooked the prodigious saving of value, time, and labour, which is effected by a conventional currency, which has its foundation in no sort of fraud but in the wants and resources of mankind, and the advantages of which a great mind ought to have perceived even at so early a period in the history of the economy of nations. In the same spirit, speaking of exchanges, he says, "The relative abundance and scarcity of specie in different countries forms what is called the course of exchange." "Exchange is a framing of the actual and momentary value of money," and "when a state has occasion to remit a sum of money into another country, it is indifferent in the nature of the thing whether specie be conveyed thither, or they take bills of exchange." Yet, certainly, Montesquieu had sagacity enough to discover, had he reflected, that the exchanges will depend, not merely, as he supposes, on the state of the currency in different countries, but on the state, also, of their mutual debts and credits; and, that even if their currency were fixed, there may be a manifest saving by remitting in bills instead of remitting in commodities or bullion. We mention these inaccuracies, not that we attach much importance to them, but for the sake of exhibiting the character of Montesquieu's genius. Powerful and intuitive glances into human nature will enable a great mind to appreciate with wonderful sagacity many branches of legislation, and many forms of political administration; but if a subject is in its nature scientific, a very different process is requisite. No man can determine a trajectory, or find a fluent, by a single *coup d'œil*. Now, political economy is in all its branches strictly scientific.

It is rather fatiguing to follow the errors of a great man, yet one other fault in Montesquieu's writings deserves to be noticed, because it is considerable, and has attracted a vast deal of attention and discussion. He is too systematic, and is, therefore, sometimes, like all system makers, paradoxical; more especially in his observations respecting the influence of climate upon character he has exposed himself to much severe and just animadversion. We incline to think, however, that his opinions on this subject have been a little misunderstood, and that the remark which we have extracted from the work before us, "that a powerful genius is apt to seize on general ideas, and to take it for granted that others will understand how to modify them," is peculiarly applicable to this part of the *Spirit of Laws*. It is scarcely conceivable that a writer such as Montesquieu should have deliberately held, in its full extent, the theory which some passages in the fourteenth book of the *Spirit of Laws* appear to imply. Such a theory is contradicted not only by the history of nations, its natural enemy, but even by geography, its natural ally. Travel from Tuscany into the Campagna, cross the Faro of Messina from Calabria into Sicily, pass from Bordeaux to Burgos:—the heart of the stoutest believer in the despotism of physical causes would fail before he had completed three little tours of discovery. Large allowances, we are persuaded, must be made for what Montesquieu has left unsaid; yet, all allowances made, he still remains chargeable with great inaccuracy and much exaggeration in this part of his work. To determine on the nature and propriety of laws by a metaphysical materialism; to introduce grave speculations on the action of the nerves, and experiments on the papillæ of a sheep's tongue; to resolve the liberties of England into the constitutional misery of its inhabitants; to swallow greedily the falsehoods of Bernier respecting India, and then exclaim, "Happy climate! which gives birth to purity of manners, and produces lenity of laws;"—these are follies so considerable, that it required nothing less than the genius of Montesquieu to redeem them; nothing lower than his renown to shelter them from ridicule. How much superior, in this instance, is the poet* to the philosopher!

"Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame?
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day.
Need we the influence of the northern star,
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And where the force of nature laughs around,
Must sickening virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought!——"

* Gray.

It is a little curious, that the author of the work before us propounds a theory directly opposite to that of the writer whose defects we have been touching; and that both have been led to the very verge of fatalism by not watching with sufficient vigilance the progress of their speculations. How much in the characters of nations and of individuals is to be attributed to the influence of natural propensities; how much to the operation of moral motives, and how much (if any thing) to the self-determining agency of the soul, we do not believe any measure of human sagacity is sufficient to determine. This, however, is clear, that physical causes are limited in their operation, while moral influences are capable of a regular and indefinite progression. Of the two systems of necessity which have infested philosophy, we have no hesitation in saying that the latter is the less vulgar and the less dangerous; that it has more of probability and more of truth. And though we steadily renounce every necessitarian theory, we are persuaded that the hypothesis which has its foundation in the subjection of the will to moral motives, may be, and has been, held by many in union with the highest truths and deepest piety: while the opposite theory, we have little doubt, will generally be found connected at its root with materialism in philosophy, and scepticism in religion.

It would be easy to multiply little criticisms on the *Spirit of Laws*, but there is something equally contrary to generosity and good taste in thus counting "the moats that people the sunbeam." This great performance will remain, in defiance of criticism, an imperishable monument of the genius and learning, the enterprise and perseverance, of its author. Some parts, indeed, have fallen away, and the proportions are incomplete; but, like the structures of antiquity, enough will remain to testify to the grandeur of the edifice, and attract the admiration of all succeeding ages.

There are some observations in the work before us on the celebrated sketch *de la Grandeur et Decadence des Romains*, which are composed in a tone of such a melancholy sublimity that we cannot resist the pleasure of extracting them.

"The period in which Montesquieu lived, more even than the vivacity of his genius, seduced him into a train of errors which experience has rendered very perceptible. At a distance from the revolutions and the movements in which the spirit of nations and of men assumes a new character, and reveals itself suddenly in an unforeseen manner, Montesquieu indulged in many illusions; many objects presented themselves to his eyes under an imaginary point of view, and excited his esteem and admiration, which now appear to us under a different aspect. The present has taught us better to understand the things which we could not disentangle in the past. History becomes more sad and more terrible for those who are enabled in reading it to compare

it with the great events which they have themselves witnessed. How many governments, how many constitutions have we admired and considered as models, which we are now compelled to regard with another eye! How many men have appeared to us clothed with glory and brilliancy, whose virtues and merits have now been destroyed or diminished since we have seen what circumstances could conduct to renown! How many events withdrawn into the vista of ages seemed to us solemn and imposing, which now appear but idle representations of which posterity had lost the art.

“It is thus that in admiring the progress and the whole of the work on the greatness and decline of the Romans, we are unable to enter into the system of virtue and prudence which the imagination of Montesquieu fancied itself to see presiding, from age to age, over the destinies and the glories of the masters of the world; whether it be that in adopting it we are fearful to discover ourselves to be but too inferior to that picture of heroism, or whether it be that the spectacle of our own age has rendered us sincerely incredulous. Such is the effect of circumstances upon opinions; Montesquieu, in a period of order and tranquillity, regards success as the necessary and natural reward of virtue and honour; Machiavel, in the midst of the cruel conflicts of the Italian politics, sees nothing great but in ability and force of character, whatever be their direction or their end.

“In the same manner our minds, saddened with revolutions, delivered from the enchantments of political romances, find no writers in perfect sympathy with our feelings but those who have lived in the midst of the distractions and calamities of nations. They only appear to us true and profound. Contempt of man, scepticism of virtue, despair of the future, reflections which can supply no consoling thought—such are the sentiments which we now feel a melancholy pleasure to contemplate in historians and philosophers. We feel soothed with imagining that past ages have neither been more happy nor more worthy to be so.” P. 61—63.

There is something peculiarly affecting in these solemn passages. The spirit, indeed, in which they are written is not altogether commendable; but they betray the sufferings of a mind deeply sensible to the wounds which have been inflicted on its own age and nation. There are few things which, to a comprehensive and feeling spirit, are so afflicting as the sense of its inability to resist the torrent with which violence allied to guilt can desolate mankind. There is something so mean in the evil passions, something so base and contemptible in the gross and brutal force which alone renders them formidable, that beings of a nobler nature feel a mixture of agony and humiliation in submitting to an authority at once illegitimate, violent, and degrading. They feel astonished that wisdom and virtue are unable to rescue mankind from so miserable a servitude; and after struggling perhaps a while in vain against audacious and triumphant guilt, relinquish the contest in despair, and begin to doubt whether virtue be not a name, and all

the moral excellence and beauty which they have been accustomed to contemplate with admiration, the visions of a bright but delusive fancy. It is here that religion steps in to rescue us from despair; and raising our thoughts to that Almighty Being with whom "a thousand years are as one day," and carrying forward our hopes to a fairer and immortal region, teaches us to repose in humble confidence on the wisdom and the faithfulness of Him who has declared that a day of retribution is approaching which shall fully vindicate his righteousness, and ascertain the final and everlasting triumphs of virtue and piety. Happy they who find in faith that abiding consolation which can compose the disquietudes of anxiety and silence the murmurings of discontent; which can infuse a secret and vital energy that no resistance can subdue, no disappointments deaden; the spring of benevolent activity, even under the pressure of the darkest afflictions, "performing in despair the offices of hope."

It is just to the author before us to observe, that though his language be desponding, it is but the depression of a moment. The emotion quickly passes by, and he recovers his natural tone of dignity and courage.

"However, there is something more noble in not despairing of men or of nations, in tracing for them a route of virtue and happiness, and giving them an impulse free and complete, in doing away this culpable indifference which can produce nothing but evil. If Montesquieu had lived in our days, perhaps his works would have had less depth, but they would not have offered that beautiful symmetry, that consistency of principles, which gives to them a character so brilliant and persuasive." P. 64.

But the attractions of these highly interesting topics have seduced us into an extravagant length. We must be contented, therefore, to pass rapidly through a host of writers who are marshalled in due order by the writer before us, but who are for the most part of little celebrity, and with some of whom we are in truth acquainted only by their names. Some, however, there are, whose works would well deserve a much fuller consideration than it is now possible for us to bestow. In the same rank with Voltaire and Montesquieu the author of the *Tableau* places two other writers, undoubtedly of great, though in this country of unequal, renown—Rousseau and Buffon. Of the first of these we are unwilling to say a little, and we have not space to say much. Those who wish to see an examination of the works of this singular writer, that will undoubtedly well repay the trouble of perusing it, may consult from the 120th to the 140th pages of the work before us. It is not, perhaps, written exactly in the tone which we should have adopted, (if indeed it be not presumptuous to name

ourselves in the same breath with such a writer,) but it is full of acuteness, depth, candour, and sensibility. We shall make only two short extracts, the first on account of its intrinsic value; the second for the sake of its severity: for though we do not ordinarily favour such passages, yet the writings of Rousseau have presented to the world such fascinating counterfeits of whatever is truly excellent, and under the colour of an ardent devotion to religion, virtue, and feeling, in their native simplicity, have advanced such fearful lengths towards the destruction of them all, that we hold any honest method of dissipating so dangerous an illusion to be just and valuable.

Speaking of the celebrated profession of faith by the *Vicaire Savoyard*, the author of the *Tableau* says,

“One is surprised to see him ascend at first by a noble flight up to the knowledge of a God, and then to take his departure from that point to the rejection of all positive religion and forms of worship. But such a march is conformable to the philosophy of Rousseau. The idea of a Divinity, a vague sentiment of gratitude and respect towards him, in a word, whatever is called natural religion, all this is within the province of imagination. One may be continually impressed with these noble thoughts without feeling their influence in our actions; but worship is the positive application of these sentiments; it is through this medium that they become useful; it is by this alone that they acquire a body, that they assume a reality, and become possessed of some influence over our conduct. In examining Rousseau one sees that there is an analogy between religion without worship, and virtue without practice. P. 131, 132.

To this just and noble passage it is only necessary to add, that the homage which God requires of his creatures is not that of postures and rituals, but of their hearts and lives; a service such as it becomes him to receive, and which it constitutes our true happiness to render. Doctrines which float only in the imagination are contemplated rather than believed. The reception of divine truths, of which the scriptures speak, is their reception by the whole man understanding them, feeling them, and loving them. It is difficult to comprehend how any persons should have been led to suppose that Rousseau at heart believed in christianity. The *Vicaire Savoyard* pays some *fine* compliments to the New Testament; but he argues at great length against the credibility of revelation;—and the sum of his reasoning is this, that it requires a great deal of time and labour to ascertain that Christianity is true, and therefore it must be false!

The other passage which we promised to extract is immediately connected with the author's observations on the Confession of Rousseau, and it closes his criticisms upon that writer.

"No one knew better than Rousseau how to lay open the interior of his soul. Who has not felt himself moved and charmed in reading the lively description of those bewildering thoughts, of those hopes forever deceived and forever reviving, of those delights of imagination, of those romances of virtue and happiness, always false and still renewed, of those storms which rage in the very depths and recesses of the soul, in short, of the whole history of a mind pensive and solitary? After having thus placed us, by the magic of truth, in his own situation, Rousseau makes us share in all his thoughts, and, as it were, in his actions. We fall with him by an irresistible declension into all his errors; we assume his insane pride; we see nothing but outrage and injustice; we become the enemies of all mankind, and we prefer ourselves to them. But a sounder reflection enables us to perceive that the man who has known how thus to lead us along with him uniformly led a life full of egotism; that he drew every thing towards himself: that the enjoyments which he sought were always from something solitary, in which others had no share; that he never sacrificed his interest but to his pride; that he was envious of every thing he did not obtain, though he often refused to possess it; that even his affections had a character of egotism, that he loved for his own satisfaction, and not for the satisfaction of others. In the end we repent of having suffered ourselves to be abused into the belief of the superiority of such a man; we comprehend sufficiently all his faults, but we pardon them no longer, and we confound no more explanation with excuse." P. 140.

In order that we may justly estimate the merit of this passage it is proper to add, that the writer is so far from being insensible to the talents of Rousseau, that he appears by some passages in his work to think him the most eloquent and fascinating of all those who gave celebrity to the eighteenth century. His imagination and feeling rendered him deeply sensible of the powers of that singular genius; and the rectitude of his understanding enabled him to perceive that such powers so vitiated only make the possessor wretched and contemptible, an enemy to himself, and to all his kindred.

If the author of the *Tableau* has ever been seduced into exaggeration, perhaps it is in his praises of Buffon, the last of the illustrious *four* to whom he assigns the first rank in literature. He is, perhaps, a little too much captivated by the brilliant fancy and highly picturesque style of the naturalist; and he is rather too merciful to his extravagant love of hypothesis. Eloquence is not the highest praise of a philosophical writer; and after allowing all that can be said in admiration of particular descriptive passages, still we venture to ask whether it be characteristic of a profound or an exalted mind to resolve every phenomenon into physical causes, and wander through all the vastness of creation without evincing the smallest sensibility to the power, the majesty, or the goodness of Him who made and sustains it.

In a view of the writers of the eighteenth century it is impossible that D'Alembert should be omitted. He occupies some space in this work, but he is not a favourite of the writer. His scientific acquirements are not disputed, and that part of his preliminary discourse to the *Encyclopædia* which relates to the exact sciences is highly applauded; but he is described as rather a shallow metaphysician; and his pretensions in literature are dismissed somewhat contemptuously with the terms—"un écrivain assez froid."

We have not much disposition to become the champions of D'Alembert in any thing. He probably was not very profound in metaphysics. Indeed, we suspect that the French writers of this age were in general but superficial in the science of mind. Their extravagant admiration of Locke, whom they but half understood; the bustle and parade they kept up about sensations, connected with a certain prevailing and almost instinctive tendency towards materialism, concur to make it probable that they were neither deep nor original in this part of knowledge. Indeed, we do not recollect that a new hypothesis in metaphysics was started by any of the modern French writers, or any old one considerably illustrated or improved. The schools in that science have been English, Scotch, or German. However, it is no inconsiderable compliment to D'Alembert, that he is placed next to De Gerando among the French metaphysicians, by the most competent judge* upon such subjects of this, or perhaps any, age. As a writer, it is perhaps true, that D'Alembert is cold; but so were Middleton, Hume, and others, whom it would be idle to depreciate. He is certainly acute, discriminating, and elegant. His éloges are generally interesting; and the conclusion of that upon M. de Sacy is exceedingly eloquent. Yet it is by an effort of candour that we make these concessions. We have lately had the misfortune to read for the first time some of this writer's correspondence with Frederick the Second, and the temerity of some passages, in which he insolently impeaches and ridicules—not Christianity, for that all the philosophers thought they were privileged to insult—but the ordinary providence and economy of God, is so offensive, that we could almost wish that the very name of the writer and all his productions were buried in oblivion. Better were it that science and literature should perish forever; better that men should crawl upon the earth in brutish stupidity and ignorance; than that the best gifts of God should be employed by his ungrateful creatures to desecrate his name and insult his goodness. Is there in the universe a spectacle so wretched, so disgusting, so contemptible, as that of a being dependent for his

* Mr. D. Stewart.

hourly existence on the will of his Creator, and spending a portion of the little breath he has in blaspheming him ?

Among the lesser writers noticed in this work before us, there are several with whom we are wholly unacquainted. Wherever we happen to possess the means of judging, we have almost always been struck with the great justness as well as originality of the criticisms here presented to us. Of Marivana the author says, "that he does not give the result of his observation, but the act of observation itself. A scene of Molière is a representation of nature ; a scene of Marivana is a commentary upon it." Nothing can be more accurate or more happy.

Thomas, we believe, all are agreed to consider as a vapid, elaborate, and tedious declaimer.

"Marmontel," says our author, "tried to be a poet, and will only leave the reputation of a prose writer ; but that he has merited ; he has always facility and elegance." It is perfectly provoking, and a marvellous instance of the mischiefs of bad company, that Marmontel, who was formed by nature to write pretty little stories, and really succeeded admirably, could not be satisfied without interrupting his narratives to read lectures to priests and princes. One quite longs to have him slightly whipped for his vagrancy, and passed to his parish.

There is much good criticism on La Harpe's writings in the 157th page, but the subject is not considerable enough to deserve an extract. La Harpe was undoubtedly a man of talents, and his voluminous correspondence, though stuffed with trifles, is amusing, because it makes us acquainted with all the follies of Paris during his day. It contains, too, the most authentic account of the last days of Voltaire with which we happen to be acquainted. The *Eloge du Catinal*, which carried the prize in the academy against Monsieur Guibert, to the great indignation of Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, has been, we think, quite as much admired as it deserves. It is a correct, and, in parts, though rarely, an eloquent composition ; but it has no decisive traits of genius. By far the finest piece of La Harpe's, which we recollect to have seen, is a most impassioned and energetic declamation against the philosophers, written in the last years of the author's life ; and after he had lived to see what desolation their profligate speculations in religion, morals, and politics, had contributed to bring down upon France. It is the more valuable because the writer had, during many years of his life, lived in much familiarity with the sect, and probably favoured their principles. It is in the Catilinarian style, and is extremely powerful.

After the extracts which we have given, it is needless to say much of the writer. Our praise cannot add to his reputation, nor our criticism detract from it. But, in truth, we

are little disposed to criticise. The rare combination of talents which were requisite for the composition of this little volume is what we contemplate with delight; and they have been employed by their possessor so honourably, with such unvarying candour and respect for truth, that we feel a sentiment of reverence, mingling with and exalting the admiration which his genius and attainments enable him to command.

But before we close this long article we must be allowed a few hasty remarks on some peculiarities which distinguished French philosophy during the eighteenth century. One naturally conceives of philosophers as of a serious, reflective class of men: the subjects about which they are conversant are both grave and important; the investigation of truth necessarily demands the exercise of the severer powers of the understanding; and the results of their inquiries so nearly affect the happiness of the human race, that the alliance of frivolity with such pursuits exhibits an incongruity of ideas that would be ridiculous if it were not shocking; a confusion of images too monstrous to be comical. In perusing the works of the French writers who called themselves philosophers during the last age, the first feeling is a sort of distressing amazement, a kind of horrible surprise; such as overtakes us on beholding an extravagance of nature, or which travellers are said to experience on entering the mansion of the Prince Palagonia in Sicily, who has crowded into his rooms every fantastic image which a depraved and unnatural fancy could assort. These men write of God; of creation, providence, redemption; of man and virtue; of life, death, and eternity;—ideas of which the very names are awful;—to which the mind approaches purified and chastised by reverence;—and they are as merry as monkeys. They chatter and grin, and talk of the government of the universe, and jest a little, and come back with a light turn to the origin of morals, and then a clever story against priestcraft, and a merry pass at providence, and—*adieu mon cher philosophe!* What shall we say to reasoners such as these? Were they sane? Is it rational for beings who can think and feel, who hope, and fear, and suffer—for mortal beings, who in a few years must mingle with the dust they tread, to sport with the things in which they are the most vitally concerned, and which may determine their happiness or misery forever? Is it decent for a feeble creature, crawling upon the earth for a moment, and ready to sink under the pressure of the very atmosphere he breathes, to canvass with levity the ways of his Creator, and clap or hiss as if it were a scene at the opera? If this be the fruit of knowledge, indeed “ignorance is bliss.” If this be philosophy, it is that of the *petites-maisons*.

We always suppose philosophers to be possessed of some fixed principles, whether right or wrong; a system, a centre of opinions.

Else why do they think; what is the value of reflection, if they are exactly as ignorant as their neighbours? If philosophers, therefore, attack existing institutions or sentiments, though we may doubt their wisdom, we at least give them credit for wishing to substitute notions which they think sounder and more valuable. But the *philosophers* of France had no opinions at all; they were mere haters; they attacked every thing and recommended nothing. We have difficulties enough to perplex us upon any hypothesis; but these men, instead of applying their skill to unravel the entanglement, only wove new labyrinths in every direction. They contradicted one another, and they contradicted themselves;

“Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray.”

Neither in the works of the philosophical writers of France considered as a body, nor in the productions of the individuals, is there any thing to be found worthy of the name of a religious and moral system; unless Helvetius's Paradoxes, which they all laughed at, are to claim such a character. They dismissed, indeed, Revelation by general consent, as quite unworthy of the just ideas of a Deity; and having mastered so easily the great despot which had subdued mankind, it was to be imagined that they would open some peculiarly noble and comprehensive views of God and his government, and furnish a solution to some of the great moral questions that had so long distressed the contemplative part of mankind. How did they answer to these expectations? The more daring spirits, such as Diderot and Condorcet, shot up boldly into atheism; defied religion, and insulted morality. D'Alembert, more cool and cautious, seems to have oscillated long, but at last (as La Harpe tells us) judged that probability was in favour of the existence of a God. However, he had so little respect for his probable divinity, that he could sneer bitterly at the moral administration of the world; and declare, in one of his letters, that he was much of the same mind with Alphonsus, who said, that if he had been in the divine councils at the commencement of things, he could have shown how to make a better creation. Voltaire and Rousseau clung stoutly to their theism; but the former, who furiously assailed the Pentateuch, because it dishonoured God by the representations it gives of his character, has more passages in his writings of scandalous impiety and profaneness than could, we verily believe, be collected from all the works of Jews and christians during three thousand years: and the latter, though less impious, has done more to recommend licentiousness and confound all moral sentiments than perhaps any

other author that ever lived. So it was in substance with the rest. They patronised negatives. And though our very instincts direct us to the attainment of knowledge, and truth has been the object most ardently pursued by the highest minds in every age, these great masters of wisdom were content to live and die, in a willing and senseless scepticism respecting every thing which best deserves to be investigated—which speaks in accents the most thrilling to our hopes and our fears.

Philosophers should be humble. Those, more especially, who question rather than decide, should recommend their doubts by a tone of caution and modesty. The new academy never dogmatized: but the philosophers of France were superior to precedent and authority. If a prize were offered to the most imperious, irritable, scornful, dogmatic, and polemical body that has ever existed among lettered men, the authors of the *Encyclopædia* would bear away the palm. Not their brethren the old Epicureans; not the followers of Abelard and Ockham among the schoolmen; not the pedants of the sixteenth century; not the colleges of the Jesuits, or the doctors of the Sorbonne, could in such a contest maintain a rivalry with that illustrious fraternity. Touch but one of the brotherhood and all the corporation was in arms; neither virtue, nor talents, nor character, nor station, could protect the miserable offender from the stings of the exasperated hive. Almost all who were not their friends were treated as their enemies; and their enemies were fools or hypocrites. They despised every thing and every body, (themselves excepted,) and at last they despised one another. It is quite amusing to see how by continually living in their own little circle of antipathies they acquired the true sectarian spirit; and, though they began with exclaiming against want of charity in the churchmen, learnt to discard even the appearance of charity towards all but men of their own party. It was thus towards Frenchmen, it was thus towards foreigners. Hume and Gibbon were tolerated, but Johnson was “a superstitious dog;” and Mr. Burke complains that there was an air of contemptuousness about them which greatly detracted from the pleasure of their society. Among all the European communities they seem to have respected none but this country; and one of the principal reasons for this partiality appears to have been given by the learned Marquis de Condorcet, who tells us that “the philosophy of Bolingbroke commented on by Pope had established in England a system of rational theism, with morals suited to firm and reflective spirits. However, as Frenchmen are apt to ridicule without reason, so for once they applauded without knowledge: for Bolingbroke’s pompous inanities never deceived any body but his scholar, who was frightened out of his wits when he heard they meant infidelity; and in spite of

Bolingbroke, and of men much abler than he, christianity has at all times been heartily believed and loved by the mass of the population in this country.

Christianity, considered apart from its divine credentials, was a great experiment upon mankind; and no one, we think, will deny that it materially exalted the general tone of morals, and produced the best specimens of individual excellence which the world has witnessed. The rejection of christianity and return to a more natural condition was also an experiment; and it was fairly made, though upon a smaller scale. Let its value be estimated by its results. Revelation was first rejected in France by men of education and reflection; by the literary and scientific members of the community. Can a single individual of the body be mentioned who accredited his principles by a strict and consistent morality? We have never heard of one; and all the most considerable characters among them were notoriously sullied with great and flagitious vices. Voltaire told the most deliberate falsehoods, which even his biographer, M. de Condorcet, does not attempt to excuse; though (to show the severity of his own morals) he maintains that lying is justifiable if oppression makes it expedient. Rousseau abandoned his own offspring. D'Alembert insulted his creator. Diderot cheated his patroness; and his writings are an outrage on all decency. Marmontel deserted the object of his early affections, who had been faithful to him through years of absence and silence; and he had the heartlessness to put his infamy upon record for the amusement of his grandchildren, without breathing a single sigh of contrition or regret. In the midst of all these things they continued to applaud each other abundantly, and talked loudly of reason and virtue. By degrees the principles of the philosophers were diffused among the people, and at length the whole nation, by a general effort, threw off the yoke, and publicly renounced christianity. What ensued? What bright gleams of opening glory and happiness illuminated the auspicious enterprise? What new constellations arose to shed their influence on a happier era? All was darkness and horror. The heavens seemed to be "hung with black." France was for a moment blotted out of Europe; and then reviving, like a bedlamite from his trance, poured out her frantic rage on every surrounding nation. The fall of christianity, instead of being hailed like its birth by angelic voices, speaking peace and love, was proclaimed by the groans of widows and orphans, and the savage howlings of demons. The gospel descended upon earth attended with a heavenly train of graces and virtues, with the charities which soften and embellish this life, and prepare us for a better. The religion of nature ascended from beneath with a company suited to her character;

murder, profligacy, proscription; and civil anarchy and military despotism.

And yet some feelings of compassion are due to the men and to the nation whom we have condemned. They saw not the religion of Christ such as it proceeded from the hands of its divine author, lowly and self-denied, benevolent and spiritual, separated from sin, and superior to the vanities and the sufferings of this transient scene. They saw it debased by its alliance to a superstitious establishment, and sustained by a civil authority at once arbitrary and contemptible. They saw the profession of christianity often united to the practice of vice, or the policy of a worldly ambition; its dogmas peremptorily enforced, and its precepts habitually relaxed. The rapid progress of infidelity in France sufficiently proves the decay in that country of essential religion. The gospel in all its power, appealing to the consciences of men, and carrying its credentials in the practice of those who acknowledge it, is alone capable of contending long against the pride and passions of a people who have once thrown off the bondage of an ignorant and implicit faith; and those who have the weakness to place their reliance on the authority of ancient institutions, or the seemly pomp of rituals and services, will assuredly discover, when it is too late, that these are but the perishable forms in which religion is enshrined, not the living and immortal spirit which can alone protect itself and us in the hour of danger. This is a truth which the guilt and the sufferings of France are peculiarly calculated to enforce. While we reprobate the men who conspired against christianity, and deplore their success, let us never forget that there were other conspirators still more formidable, and to whom that success is chiefly to be attributed; —the unfaithful ministers and professors of religion, who rendered it weak by their dissensions, odious by their bigotry, and contemptible by their crimes.

Essay on the Theory of the Earth, translated from the French of M. Cuvier, perpetual Secretary of the French Institute, Professor and Administrator of the Museum of Natural History, &c. &c. By Robert Kerr, F. R. S. and F. S. S. Edinburgh. With Mineralogical Notes, and an Account of Cuvier's Geological Discoveries. By Professor Jameson.

[From the British Review.]

THE internal formation of the earth, and the deep though marvellous traces of design in its disordered mass, have been almost the last in the succession of scientific objects which have engaged the speculations of mankind. The dazzling brightness of the canopy which overspreads this globe, and the endless varieties of animal and vegetable life which cover its surface, presented attractions with which it was long before the interior examination of its substance could stand in any competition. The treasures of the mine, indeed, were too much connected with selfish and ambitious desires to remain long in obscurity, but the laborious operations of their extraction afforded little leisure or encouragement to philosophic research. The speculative observation of phenomena indicating the agency of stupendously powerful causes was reserved for an advanced age of scientific inquiry. Even the distinction of simple minerals into genera and species was unknown to the ancients. Pliny and Theophrastus have left the only records of research in the third great kingdom of nature, but these records present nothing but some imperfect attempts to describe a few varieties of stones. We live in an age, however, in which the attention of the curious has been directed to this pursuit, and the value of the study of geology has been duly appreciated. But the rapid advance of natural knowledge in general, during the eighteenth century, in which period geology assumed its rank among the sciences, involved some consequences which may be considered as rather injurious to its advancement upon sound philosophical principles. The sublime speculations of Newton, the extensive classifications of Linnæus, and the comprehensive theory of Lavoisier, had induced a too prevailing habit of generalization. The soil was too forcing for the first buddings of the tender plant, and the value of a few facts was nearly smothered by a premature ardour for hypothesis. Gratuitous and fanciful theories, disclaiming all dependence upon experiments, began, very soon after the study was introduced, to bend it in subservience to a sort of philosophical faction. Truths of the highest concern became involved in geological disputes; and the sacred history of revelation, the inspired account of the design and progress of creation,

was called in question in the arbitrary explanations of natural appearances.

"Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia."

Thus the title of geologist became, in many instances, synonymous with deist, and a kind of unholy stain polluted the birth of this infant science. The zeal of some who undertook to defend, upon their adversaries' ground, the tenets of their faith, was not less injurious to science, and was more detrimental to the cause which they espoused. They, in their turn, invented hypothetical explanations of appearances, and distorted both facts and reasoning to answer their particular purpose. The refutation of these zealous absurdities was easy, but there are always those who are ready to confound the credit of a righteous cause with the imbecility of its advocates.

The first observations of geological phenomena were rude and accidental, as must be the case with all new studies before the process of spontaneous development begins. Gradual discoveries of arrangement lead to profounder observations and juster conclusions. System and order arise in the place of confusion; not such as belong to the products of fancy and the visions of possibility, but to the forms of reality and the objects of the senses.

One of the first observations which was made after the distinction of rocky masses in reference to their component parts, was the invariable order of relative position which the different species maintain with respect to each other. Different rocks are seen piled upon one another in mountain ranges; and in digging into the depths of the earth a perpetual and varying succession of strata is discovered. But no change of place is ever found between the upper and lower orders of the series. The lines of junction of the different species, and the strata into which they are individually divided, are parallel to one another. From hence the conclusion is striking; first, that their component parts must formerly have been in a state of fluidity; and, secondly, that the lower rocks in position must have been the first in formation. Their division, therefore, into two grand classes, distinguished no less by their relative position than by the obvious characters of their composition, is highly scientific. A crystalline texture, and the absence of extraneous fossils, mark the series which is lowest in position, and justify the name of primordial; while the earthy composition of the higher series, and the different bodies which they envelop, from fragments of the preceding class to remains of organized bodies, authorize no less for these the appellation of secondary. Both these divisions of rocks are traversed by fissures which are filled with matters wholly foreign to their constitution. These veins are allowed by all to be of posterior formation to the masses

between which they are interposed. Sometimes veins of different substances cut through each other, and in this case it is obvious that the one which is cut must have been of older formation than the one which traverses it. The disorder and various degrees of inclination of the planes of the strata point to some great revolution which must have broken their surfaces by the elevation of the upper, or the depression of the lower ridge. Geologists all agree in this unavoidable inference, though they differ from each other as to the nature of the cause.

The existence of marine exuviae upon the summits of many of the highest mountains is a fact of the utmost interest; as thence arises the uncontroverted conclusion, that at some former period the ocean had covered their lofty pinnacles, which have subsequently been exposed by the reflux of its waters, or by their gradual elevation above its level.

Thus far do all systems of geology agree, and such are the observations which have formed the basis of their several theories. Two rival systems have of late divided the attention of geologists, both of which profess to appeal to facts as the foundation of their deductions.

One of these, finding the causes which are at present in action upon the surface of the globe sufficient for the operation of all the changes which are visibly stamped upon its form, compensates the imbecility of these ordinary means by an arbitrary extension of time, and carries back the commencement of their operation to millions of ages; or, rather, it supposes an indefinite power of renovation, which scorns the idea of a beginning as it precludes the expectation of an end. According to this hypothesis, the continents of the present world have been formed from the detritus of pre-existing lands; the causes which destroyed the preceding mass are now in full action upon the present, and the slow disintegration of rocks by weather and storms, and the gradual abrasion of their surfaces by water, are preparing the birth of new lands, as they ensure the destruction of the old. The hollows of the valleys have been worn to their present depths by the action of the rivers, which originally ran at the level of the highest mountains, and the incessant attacks of the ocean perpetually encroach upon the barriers of the earth, the materials of which it washes away and buries in the depths of its waters. But these depths are the grand laboratory where new combinations are forming from the fragments of a former world, which, being deposited in quiet succession, are modified by the action of an internal fire, which, having melted the lower deposits by the help of the compression of the incumbent weight of waters, will finally raise its new creation into light by its expansive powers. The same causes are again to act upon this new earth, the waters of the atmosphere are again to commence

their course from the summits of the mountains, and the sea attacking its new barrier with undiminished force will again precipitate its spoils into the furnaces of the deep.

Such is the geological theory of Dr. Hutton. Its chief support has been derived from the ingenious illustrations of Professor Playfair. Under his auspices the igneous origin of the present order of things, and the doctrine of their incalculable and unimaginable antiquity, have derived an importance which has saved them from the merited oblivion which involves many other speculations at least as worthy of being preserved.

The writings of the disciples of the rival school most triumphantly point out the absurdities of the Plutonian theory. Although it is impossible to deny the traces of the agency of fire upon the surface of our planet, proofs of which are even now visible in the dreadful effects of volcanoes and earthquakes, yet the facts relied upon to show the universality of this agent are completely disproved. The experimental form which the idea seemed to assume from the well-conducted experiments of Sir James Hall, vanishes before the very data necessary to their success. The pressure of a resisting solid may prevent the escape of carbonic acid gas when limestone is acted upon by heat, but it would necessarily permeate every part of an incumbent fluid, and escape unchanged. Moreover, the now established stratification of granite, and the proofs of the newer construction of granite veins, which run into upper formations, are destructive of another of its essential arguments. But had not this been the case, we must confess that we are such old fashioned folks, and so bigoted to certain superstitions which we have imbibed in our youth, that the incompatibility of Dr. Hutton's hypothesis with our faith in the sacred volume would have been alone conclusive against his arguments, and we should have still been content to have remained in unphilosophical ignorance of the solution of an intricate problem, rather than adopt conclusions so glaringly inconsistent with the concurrent testimony of recorded facts and traditional history.

The theory of Werner not only boasts the best connected series of facts for its illustration, but the greatest number of able supporters. The talents and sagacity of the founder himself are of the first class; and it will ever be matter of regret that no account of his labours from his own pen enrich the records of science. Professor Jameson has ably filled the place of expositor and annotator; but it is to the labours of the indefatigable De Luc that we are chiefly indebted not only for illustrations but judicious modifications. This acute philosopher has spent the greater part of a long life in geological pursuits; and the volumes of his travels, with the theoretical application of his observations to the support of the Wernerian, and the refutation of the Huttonian

hypotheses, are monuments of logical exactness, and of unwearied assiduity of research.

This theory sets out with a distinction between the effects of causes obviously now in operation, and of others which have ceased to act. Carried back to the formation of granite as the first discernible effect which can be traced, it supposes that all the elements of the globe were held together in one chaotic mass. This mass became fluid by the extrication of the matter of heat, whereby the reciprocal power of the affinities of the different substances was brought into action. The granite strata were the first deposits from this disordered fluid, and the rest of the primitive rocks in the order of their succession. While this operation was in progress, the new-formed strata were fractured by the power of the expansive fluids which were produced by the different actions of affinity, and sinking into the caverns which were thus formed beneath them, rested in an inclined position. Other formations were again deposited upon these from the remaining fluid, influenced possibly by new affinities brought into action by the extrication of the gaseous matters. Such catastrophes occurred at different intervals, fracturing the rocks by the violence of the commotion. Their fragments were rounded by the tumultuous action of the waters, and gave birth to those immense deposits of water-worn stones which are so often met with in the newer formations. The organic remains which occur in these latter testify the different periods at which the earth was clothed with vegetation, and furnished with its various kinds of animated beings.

There is something more than beautiful in the correspondence of this explanation of the appearances of nature with the inspired account of the creation of the world by the great historian of the Jews. In the emphatic command of "Let there be light," we indistinctly trace a part of that comprehensive design which embraced at once all the beneficial consequences of its fulfilment—"There was light:" heat, the concomitant, and possibly only a modification of light, loosed at once the bands of nature. The spirit of God, indeed, moved upon the face of the waters; the powers of affinity, which we are never tired of admiring in our closets in a small scale, were let loose in the great deep, and dry land appeared, the product of new combinations. But further still, in the relics of a former world, preserved to us in the bosoms of the rocks, we may trace the order and succession of the creation of organic forms, as recorded in the same history. The older classes of secondary rocks contain remnants of vegetable forms alone; a second and a newer division are rich in the remains of all that *the waters brought forth abundantly*, while the skeletons and impressions of *cattle, creeping things, and beasts of the earth*, are discovered only in the newest alluvial formations.

The succession of catastrophes which dislocated the strata in the striking manner which we now trace, wherever their sections are exposed to view, was closed by that last subsidence which brought the waters of the ocean upon the habitations of men. The fountains of the deep were opened, the bed of the sea was changed, and our present continents rose above the retiring flood.

It is not the least ingenious and interesting part of the theory which we are contemplating, that it helps us to infer from the effects of causes which are now in action, and which commenced their course from the period of the last catastrophe of the surface of the earth, the time which has elapsed from that period. The bold outline of the boundaries of the sea is in most places broken down by the perpetual agitation of the waves. After every storm fragments of the broken strata fall down upon the gradually accumulating beach, and being rounded by the action of the water, are deposited in heaps at the feet of the rocky cliffs. These heaps increase gradually, and modifying the action of the waves, repel their attacks, and in the lapse of time become covered with the earthy deposits of the land waters, and overspread with vegetation. Thus a kind of chronometer is formed, which with little observation and calculation will give us the probable length of time since first the waves began to act upon the rugged outline of the rock.

The accumulation of sand upon different coasts, the gradually increasing deposits of mud at the mouths of rivers, the progress of new lands, the filling up of lakes, and the raising of marshes by the slow depositions of the sediments of water, together with the formation of stalactitical incrustations, are similar measures of the like period. All these concurrent testimonies prove that the time from the formation of our present continents cannot have exceeded a very few thousand years, affording another proof of the authenticity of that history which relates the stupendous story of the universal deluge.

Such is the outline of the Wernerian theory. It must be allowed to be consistent with the known laws of chymical and mechanical philosophy; and although in many instances it may be thought to have ventured too far into the regions of fancy, yet its speculations have imported from thence no arts to disguise inconsistency, or arms to assist presumption.

Geology within this year or two has assumed a different mien. Observation has superseded useless speculation, and the classification of the different formations of the earth's surface, the distinction and description of different individuals of a series, the analysis of minerals, and the investigation of their properties, have taken the place of useless cavils about remoter causes. It is by such gradual means that we may hope to penetrate the secrets of

time ;—step by step to unravel the long series of past events ;—to harmonize philosophy with divinity.

In adverting to this revolution in the science we have been considering, we are happy in an opportunity of directing attention to the exertions of a body of scientific men, who have lately formed themselves into a society in this country for the advancement of geology. Attached to no particular system, they meet together for the purpose of encouraging and facilitating inquiry, and by the discussion of opinions to elicit truth. Their early labours have been crowned with merited success, and the first volume of their transactions is replete with original, well-described, and highly interesting observations. Their later proceedings we shall hope shortly to see recorded ; and it will be, we trust, not the least instructive part of our labours, either to ourselves or our readers, to watch from time to time the progress of researches which we are convinced will contribute most essentially to erect upon a rational basis a true system of geology.

But we must abridge our observations upon the present state of the science in general, for the sake of the book which we have named at the head of this article, and which is of too interesting a character, both from the names of its author and annotator, and the contents of its pages, not to claim some space for its analysis.

An *Essay upon the Theory of the Earth* by Cuvier, one of the first geologists of France, with mineralogical notes by Jameson, who holds a parallel situation among British naturalists, is well calculated to excite attention ; and we do not scruple to say that it will be read with satisfaction by the numerous students of this interesting science. It may be considered as a condensed view of the various discoveries with which its eminent author has enriched geology ; and more particularly that department of it which relates to the history of the fossil remains of organized bodies. These remains of animal and vegetable substances vary as to the state in which they are found as much as they do in their respective species. Sometimes the most delicate bodies are little changed by the processes which they have undergone ; sometimes they are completely impregnated with stony matter ; and often they exhibit mere casts of the original substance. It has been the arduous undertaking of M. Cuvier not only to class the different species, and compare them with their existing analogues, but carefully to ascertain the superpositions of the strata in which their remains occur, and their connexion with the different animals and plants which they enclose. A condensed and highly interesting view of these observations in general is given in the notes ; but the peculiar subject of the essay before us consists in the investigation of the fossil remains of quadrupeds.

The highest degree of importance attaches to this class of extraneous fossils. They indicate more clearly than others the nature of the revolutions they have undergone. The important fact of the repeated irruptions of the sea upon the land is by them placed beyond a doubt. The remains of shells and of other bodies of marine origin might merely indicate that the sea had once existed where these collections are found. Thousands of aquatic animals may have been left dry by a recess of the waves, while their races may have been preserved in more peaceful parts of the ocean. But a change in the bed of the sea, and a general irruption of its waters, must have destroyed all the quadrupeds within the reach of its influence. Thus entire classes of animals, or at least many species, must have been utterly destroyed. Whether this actually has been the case we are more easily able to determine from the greater precision of our knowledge with respect to the quadrupeds, and the smaller limits of their number. It may be decided at once whether fossil bones belong to any species which still exists, or to one that is lost; but it is impossible to say whether fossil testaceous animals, although unknown to the zoölogist, may not belong to genera yet undiscovered in the fathomless depths of the sea.

This indefatigable observer of nature, from a mature consideration of the subject, after a display of the most complete knowledge of the osteology of comparative anatomy, and after a learned comparison of the description of the rare animals of the ancients, and the fabulous products of their imaginations, draws the following instructive conclusion.

“None of the larger species of quadrupeds, whose remains are now found imbedded in regular rocky strata, are at all similar to any of the known living species. This circumstance is by no means the mere effect of chance, or because the species to which these fossil bones have belonged are still concealed in the desert and uninhabited parts of the world, and have hitherto escaped the observation of travellers, but this astonishing phenomenon has proceeded from general causes, and the careful investigation of it affords one of the best means for discovering and investigating the nature of those causes.”

The method of observation adopted is susceptible of the utmost accuracy, and affords a specimen of induction from facts highly honourable to human reason.

“Every organized individual forms an entire system of its own, all the parts of which mutually correspond and concur to produce a certain definite purpose by reciprocal reaction, or by combining towards the same end. Hence none of these separate parts can change their forms without a corresponding change on the other parts of the same animal, and, consequently, each of these parts taken separately indicates

all the other parts to which it has belonged. Thus, if the viscera of an animal are so organized as only to be fitted for the digestion of recent flesh, it is also requisite that the jaws should be so constructed as to fit them for devouring their prey; the claws must be constructed for seizing and tearing it to pieces; the teeth for cutting and dividing its flesh; the entire system of the limbs, or organs of motion, for pursuing and overtaking it; and the organs of sense for discovering it at a distance. Hence any one who observes merely the print of a cloven foot, may conclude that it has been left by a ruminant animal; and regard the conclusion as equally certain with any other in physics or in morals. Consequently, this single foot-mark clearly indicates to the observer the forms of the teeth, of the jaws, of the vertebræ, of all the leg bones, thighs, shoulders, and of the trunk of the body of the animal that left the mark."

It is from this connexion of all the different parts of an animal that the smallest piece of bone may become the sure index of the class and species of animal to which it has belonged; and it is from an indefatigable and ingenious application of this rule that our author has been enabled to class the fossil remains of seventy-eight different quadrupeds, of which forty-nine are distinct species, hitherto unknown to naturalists. The bones are generally dispersed, seldom occurring in complete skeletons, and still more rarely is the fleshy part of the animal preserved. We extract the following interesting instance of the preservation of the carcass of the mammoth, which is given by Professor Cuvier as taken from a report in the supplement to the *Journal du Nord*, by M. Adams, a member of the academy of St. Petersburg.

"In the year 1799 a Tungusian fisherman observed a strange, shapeless mass projecting from an ice-bank, near the mouth of a river in the north of Siberia, the nature of which he did not understand, and which was so high in the bank as to be beyond his reach. He next year observed the same object, which was then rather more disengaged from among the ice, but was still unable to conceive what it was. Towards the end of the following summer, 1801, he could distinctly see that it was the frozen carcass of an enormous animal, the entire flank of which, and one of its tusks, had become disengaged from the ice. In consequence of the ice beginning to melt earlier and to a greater degree than usual in 1803, the fifth year of this discovery, the enormous carcass became entirely disengaged, and fell down from the ice-crag on a sand bank, forming part of the coast of the Arctic ocean. In the month of March in that year the Tungusian carried away the two tusks, which he sold for the value of fifty rubles; and at this time a drawing was made of the animal, of which I possess a copy.

"Two years afterwards, or in 1806, Mr. Adams went to examine this animal, which still remained on the sand bank where it had fallen from the ice but its body was then greatly mutilated. The

Jukuts of the neighbourhood had taken away considerable quantities of its flesh to feed their dogs; and the wild animals, particularly the white bears, had also feasted on the carcass; yet the skeleton remained entire, except that one of the fore legs was gone. The entire spine, the pelvis, one shoulder blade, and three legs were still held together by their ligaments and by some remains of the skin; and the other shoulder blade was found at a short distance. The head remained covered by the dry skin; and the pupil of the eyes was still distinguishable. The brain also remained within the skull, but a good deal shrunk and dried up; and one of the ears was in excellent preservation, still retaining a tuft of strong, bristly hair. The upper lip was a good deal eaten away, and the under lip was entirely gone, so that the teeth were distinctly seen. The skin was extremely thick and heavy, and as much of it remained as required the exertions of ten men to carry away, which they did with considerable difficulty. More than thirty pounds weight of the hair and bristles of this animal were gathered from the wet sand bank, having been trampled into the mud by the white bears while devouring the carcass. Some of the hair was presented to our Museum of Natural History by M. Targe, censor in the Lyceum of Charlemagne. It consisted of three distinct kinds: one of these is stiff, black bristles, a foot or more in length; another is thinner bristles, of coarse flexible hair of a reddish brown colour; and the third is a coarse reddish brown wool, which grew among the roots of the long hair. These afford an undeniable proof that this animal has belonged to a race of elephants *inhabiting a cold region*, with which we are now unacquainted, and by no means fitted to dwell in the torrid zone. It is also evident that the enormous animal must have been frozen up by the ice at the moment of its death."

But one of the most important and interesting of the observations for which we are indebted to the precision of the French naturalist is the distinction of two different formations amongst secondary strata. These consist of alternate deposits from salt and fresh water; and are characterized by the nature of the shells which are found imbedded in them. The country about Paris is founded upon chalk. This is covered with clay and a coarse limestone, containing marine petrifications. Over this lies an alternating series of gypsum and clay, in which occur the remains of quadrupeds, birds, fish, and shells, all of land or fresh water species. Above this interesting stratum lie marl and sandstone, containing marine shells, which are covered with beds of limestone and flint, which again contain petrifications of fresh water remains. The upper bed of all is of an alluvial nature, in which trunks of trees, bones of elephants, oxen and rein-deer, intermingled with salt water productions, seem to suggest that both salt and fresh water have contributed to its accumulation. This alternate flux and reflux of the two fluids, is a most extraordinary

phenomenon, and promises to lead to an important conclusion respecting the general theory of the earth.

We are inclined to think that something analogous to the process which produced these changes may be perceived in operations which are going on in our own time, and in gradual alterations which have been effected within the memory of one generation. The following extract from the accurate descriptions of the indefatigable De Luc will better explain our ideas upon this subject. We have selected one from among many instances which are afforded by an attentive examination of our own coasts.

“Slapton Lee occupies the lower part of a combe, which at first formed a recess in the bay, but the sea before it being shallow, the waves brought up the gravel from the bottom along the coast, and the beach thus produced passed at length quite across this recess, which it closed: since then, the fresh water proceeding from the combe has almost entirely displaced the salt water within this space; because the former arriving there freely, and passing through the gravel of the beach, repels the small quantity of the sea water which filtrates into it. Slapton Lee, which is about two miles in length and a quarter of a mile in its greatest breadth, is a little brackish, on account of its communications with the sea water, as well through the gravel in common seasons, as when there is any opening in the beach; however, it contains fresh water fish, carp, tench, and pike. The sediments of the land waters are tending to fill up this basis, and wherever the bottom is sufficiently raised the reeds are beginning to grow.”

Such, we conceive, may have been the process which formed a fresh water deposit upon a marine basis. By extending the analogy further, we can have little difficulty in conceiving that the barrier thus raised by the action of the waves may have been easily destroyed again, even by an extraordinary exertion of the same power which raised it, or by some other of those violent revolutions whose effects are marked upon the face of the whole earth. Thus a way was opened for a return of the waters of the ocean, which again deposited their sediments and the remains of their living tribes, and thus gave rise to the upper salt water strata. The same causes again acting excluded once more the waves of the sea, and gave time for the deposit of the upper fresh water formation. Such an explanation appears to us simple and satisfactory. It accounts for the phenomena of nature by nature's laws. But however this may be, the sagacity which first pointed out the distinction cannot be too much praised. The discovery has already stimulated the exertions of others, and there is reason to suppose that the phenomenon is not only not confined to the environs of Paris, but is of pretty general occurrence in secondary

countries. A similar formation has been lately observed in the Isle of Wight; and has been most scientifically described and compared with the French strata by a member of the Geological Society, in a most interesting paper lately laid before that body.

It is remarkable that those coarse limestone strata which are chiefly employed at Paris for building, are the last formed series which indicate a long and quiet continuance of the water of the sea above the surface of the continent. Above them, indeed, there are found formations containing abundance of shells and other productions of the sea, but these consist of alluvial materials, sand, marl, sandstone, or clay, which rather indicate transportations that have taken place with some degree of violence than strata formed by quiet depositions; and where some regular rocky strata of inconsiderable extent and thickness appear above or below these alluvial formations they generally bear the marks of having been deposited from fresh water. All the known specimens of the bones of viviparous land quadrupeds have either been found in these formations from fresh water, or in the alluvial formations; whence there is every reason to conclude that these animals have only begun to exist, or at least to leave their remains in the strata of our earth since that retreat of the sea which was next before its last irruption. It has also been clearly ascertained, from an attentive consideration of the relation of the different remains with the strata in which they have been discovered, that oviparous quadrupeds are found in much older strata than those of the viviparous class. Some of the former have been observed in and even beneath the chalk. Dry land and fresh waters must therefore have existed before the formation of the chalk strata. No bones of mammiferous quadrupeds are to be found till we come to the newer formations, which lie over the coarse limestone strata incumbent on the chalk. Determinate order may also be observed in the succession of these. The genera which are now unknown are the lowest in position: unknown species of known genera are next in succession: and, lastly, the bones of species, apparently the same with those which are now in existence, are never found but in the latest alluvial depositions.

The more we learn respecting the secondary strata of the globe, the more interesting becomes the investigation. The bold outline of the primitive ranges, their cloud-capt summits and majestic forms, are calculated to rivet the attention; but they rather force the fancy to speculate upon their formation, than lead the judgment by internal evidences to their origin. It is in the curious observations above recited that we seem to approach the history of our own state. The study of secondary formations is as yet scarcely commenced. The labours of Cuvier have thrown a new light upon their high importance; already by his exertions has the

history of the most recent changes been ascertained, in one particular spot, as far as the chalk formation. This, which has hitherto been conceived to be of very modern origin, is shown to have owed its deposition to causes connected with the revolution and catastrophe before the last general irruption of the waters over our present habitable world. Our author well observes that these posterior geological facts which have hitherto been neglected by geologists, furnish the only clew by which we may hope, in some measure, to dispel the darkness of the preceding times.

“It would certainly be exceedingly satisfactory to have the fossil organic productions arranged in chronological order, in the same manner as we now have the principal mineral substances. By this the science of organization itself would be improved; the developments of animal life; the succession of its forms; the precise determinations of those which have been first called into existence, the simultaneous production of certain species and their gradual extinction;—all these would perhaps instruct us fully as much in the essence of organization as all the experiments that we shall ever be able to make upon living animals: and man, to whom only a short space of time is allotted upon the earth, would have the glory of restoring the history of thousands of ages which preceded the existence of the race, and of thousands of animals which never were cotemporaneous with his species.”

The Heroine; or Adventures of a Fair Romance Reader.
By Eaton Stannard Barrett, Esq. 3 Vols.

[From the Critical Review.]

THIS is a very spirited and laughable satire upon the various productions under the name of novels and romances which have appeared for the last eighteen or nineteen years. Mr. Barrett deserves the thanks of all sensible mothers and guardians who wish well to the rising generation for the pains which he has taken to expose the destructive nonsense with which we have been inundated by this species of composition.

In the volumes before us, the author gives us the history of a young lady of the age of fifteen, the only daughter of a respectable farmer, who having been committed to the care of a *governess*, is instructed in nothing but the study of novel and romance reading. The governess, however, is discharged in disgrace by the father of our heroine at the beginning of the work, and turned out of the house, owing to an amour with the butler. Our heroine, whose real name is Cherry Wilkinson, solaces herself for the loss of her companion and governess by writing to her, in the language of

romance, in which she pours out her sorrows in a copious stream of eloquent absurdity. Poor Miss Cherry's brains are so bewildered with the trash which she has been reading, that she is mad to be a heroine; and, though naturally a very amiable, sensible girl, she becomes a perfect maniac in search of adventures. She deplores her hard lot in being doomed to waste her bloom, beauty, and youth, in a series of uninterrupted prosperity. She declares to her beloved governess, that her

"ambition is to be a heroine, and how can I hope to succeed in my vocation unless I suffer privations and inconveniences? Besides, have I not far greater merit in getting a husband by sentiment, adventure, and melaucholy, than by dressing, gadding, dancing, and singing? For heroines are just as much on the alert to get husbands as other young ladies; and to say the truth, I would never voluntarily subject myself to misfortunes, were I not certain that matrimony would be the last of them. But even misery itself has its consolations and advantages. It makes one, at least, look interesting, and affords an opportunity for ornamental murmurs. Besides, it is the mark of a refined mind. Only fools, children, and savages, are happy."

From this specimen the reader may pretty well judge what kind of amusement Miss Cherry promises in her history. She discovers that from the beauty of her person, she is well qualified for a heroine; as her form is tall and ærial, her face Grecian, her tresses flaxen, her eyes blue and sleepy, with a remarkable mole just over her temple. So far so well; but then, she is thrown into despair on account of her birth, for she exclaims, if "even my legitimacy was suspected, it would be some comfort; since, in that case, I should assuredly start forth, at one time or other, the daughter of some plaintive nobleman, who lives retired and slaps his forehead." She is also perplexed about her name, which is by no means of the heroic kind. She therefore changes it to *Cherubina*; and ruminating upon her hard fate of being wealthy and pretty, she determines to think that she is not the real daughter of her father—but that she is some orphan of illustrious descent, reserved to encounter all manner of extraordinary adventures, equally delightful with those with which her beloved romances so fruitfully teem. She accordingly assails her father in the true romance style; her hands folded across her bosom, and her blue eyes raised to his face, she conjures him to tell her who are her parents; for she has discovered a mystery in her birth, and urges him to confess his crimes, and tell her where her dear distracted father is lingering out the remnant of his miserable days? The poor farmer is thunderstruck, and believes that her senses are lost past recovery. All these scenes, which are made truly laughable, are related to her dear governess by letter, in the genuine dramatic style and in so doing, she follows the example of all true heroines.

"Indeed," she says "I cannot enough admire the fortitude of these charming creatures, who, while they are in momentary expectation of losing their lives, or their honours, or both, sit down with the utmost unconcern, and indite the wittiest letters in the world. They have even sufficient presence of mind to copy the vulgar dialect, uncouth phraseology, and bad grammar, of the villains whom they dread; and all this in the neatest and liveliest style imaginable."

Miss Cherry, or Cherubina, is, however, determined to quit her father's house; and this determination is hastened by learning that a young man, a friend of her father's, is coming upon a visit, and from a hint, which he throws out, that it is not unlikely but that this gentleman may fall in love with her, she is thrown into despair. Threatened with a husband of decent birth, parentage, and education! horrid! most horrid! so very unlike a heroine!

"Yes, I will roam," she exclaims, "through the wide world in search of my parents; I will ransack all the sliding pannels and tapestries in Italy; I will explore Il Castello di Udolpho, and will then enter the convent of Ursulines, or Carmelites, or Santa della Pietà, or the Abbey of La Trappe. Here I meet with nothing better than smiling faces and honest hearts; or, at best, with but sneaking villains. No precious scoundrels are here; no horrors or atrocities worth mentioning. But abroad I shall encounter banditti, monks, daggers, racks. O ye celebrated terrors, when shall I taste you?"

Before she departs she determines on a rummage, in order to find some record or relic that may lead to what she calls her mysterious birth. Accordingly she steals into her father's room, and finds in his scrutoire an antique piece of tattered parchment, on which are written, amongst other names, De Willoughby, and Lady Gwyn, of Gwyn castle. This is enough for our heroine; though the parchment is nothing more nor less than part of a lease of lives, it is however an irrefragable proof to her that she is no less a person than the Lady Cherubina de Willoughby. With this notable parchment, and an old picture, which she finds, of Nell Gwyn, she elopes from her father's mansion, for London, that grand emporium of adventure for heroes and heroines.

In the character of Lady Cherubina de Willoughby, a heroine in search of her parents, she finds, to her utter astonishment, that she cannot do as the heroines do of whom she had read, and whom she contemplated so much. For after walking in the wet for some miles, she finds herself fatigued, cold, and stiff: whereas, all the lovely heroines whom she wished to imitate, were able to perform journeys on foot that would founder fifty horses. If she enters a cottage, to her astonishment, instead of beauties, she finds a family of frights, with flat noses, and thick lips. No Annettes and Lubins,

but plain Molls and Bets, Jacks and Toms. To follow our heroine through all the mazes of her adventures would be impossible; but we must remark, that they are extremely well planned, and portrayed with much vivacity and drollery. Some of the scenes are truly ludicrous. The following is the account which Cherubina gives of her rencounter with a Mr. Abraham Grundy, who is one of the understrappers at the theatre.

“At length I reached an immense edifice, which appeared to me the castle of some brow-knitting baron; ponderous columns supported it, and statues stood in the niches, the portal lay open. I glided into the hall. As I looked anxiously around, I beheld a cavalier descending a flight of steps. He paused, muttered some words, laid his hand upon his heart, dropped it, shook his head, and proceeded. I felt instantly interested in his fate; and as he came nearer, perceived, that surely, never lighted on this orb, which he hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. His form was tall, his face oval, and his nose aquiline: seducing sweetness dwelled in his smile, and as he pleased, his expressive eyes could sparkle with rapture, or beam with sensibility. Once more he paused, frowned, and waving his arm, exclaimed, with an elegant energy of enunciation! ‘To watch the minutes of this night, that if again this apparition come, he may approve our eyes, and speak to it.’ That moment a pang, poignant, but delicious, transfixed my bosom. Too well I felt, and confessed it the dart of love. *** I rushed forward, and sank at the feet of the stranger. Pity and protect a destitute orphan! cried I, ‘Here, in this hospitable castle I may hope for repose and protection. O Signior, conduct me to your respected mother, the baroness, and let me pour into her ear my simple and pathetic tale.’ ‘O ho! simple and pathetic!’ cried he, ‘Come my dear, let me hear it.’ I seated myself on the steps, and told him my story. During the recital, the noble youth betrayed extreme sensibility; sometimes he turned his head aside to conceal his emotion; and sometimes stifled an hysterical laugh of agony. When I had ended, he begged to know whether I was quite certain that I had ten thousand pounds in my power. I replied, that as Wilkinson’s daughter, I certainly had; but that the property must devolve to some one else, as soon as I should be proved a nobleman’s daughter.’ He then made still more accurate inquiries about it; and after having satisfied himself, ‘Beshrew my heart!’ exclaimed he, ‘but I will avenge your injuries; and ere long you shall be proclaimed and acknowledged the Lady Cherubina de Willoughby. Meantime, as it will be prudent for you to lie concealed from the search of your enemies, hear the project which I have formed. I lodge at present in Drury lane, an obscure street; and as one apartment in the house is unoccupied, you can hire it, and remain there a beautiful recluse, till fortune, and my poor efforts, shall rescue from oppression the most enchanting of her sex.’ He spoke, and seizing my hand, carried it to his lips ‘What!’ cried I, ‘do you not live in this castle, and are you not its noble heir?’ ‘This is no castle,’ said he, ‘but Covent Garden-

Theatre.' 'And you?' asked I with anxiety, 'am an actor,' answered he. 'And your name?' 'Is Abraham Grundy,' 'Then Mr. Abraham Grundy,' said I, 'allow me to have the satisfaction of wishing you a very good evening.' 'Stay!' cried he, detaining me, 'and you shall know the whole truth. My birth is illustrious, and my real name Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci. But like you, I am enveloped in a cloud of mysteries, and compelled to the temporary resource of acting. Hereafter, I will acquaint you with the most secret particulars of my life; but at present, you must trust to my good faith, and accept of my protection.' 'Generous Montmorenci,' exclaimed I, giving him my hand, which he pressed upon his heart. 'Now,' said he, 'you must pass at these lodgings as my near relation, or they will not admit you.' At first I hesitated at deviating from veracity; but soon consented, on recollecting, that though heroines begin with praising truth, necessity makes them end with being the greatest story-tellers in the world. Nay, *Clarissa Harlow*, when she had a choice, often preferred falsehood to fact. * * *

"* * * Thus, my friend, the plot of my history begins to take a more interesting shape, and a fairer order of misfortune smiles upon me. Trust me, there is a taste in distress, as well as in millinery. Far be from me the loss of eyes or limbs, such publicity as the pillory affords, or the grossness of a gaol fever. I would be sacrificed to the lawless, not to the laws; dungeoned in the holy inquisition, not clapped into *Bridewell*; recorded in a novel, not in the *Newgate calendar*. Were I inelegantly unhappy, I should be wretched indeed. Yes, my *Biddy*, sensations hitherto unknown now heave my white bosom, vary the carnation of my cheeks, and irradiate my azure eyes. I sigh, gaze on vacancy, start from a reverie; now bite, now moisten my coral lips, and pace my chamber with unequal steps. For sure I am deeply distractedly in love, and *Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci* is the first of men."

Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci, alias *Abraham Grundy*, is a most entertaining and brilliant personage: and makes no slight impression on the heart, or rather the imagination, of the *Lady Cherubina de Willoughby*.

"This young nobleman," she exclaims in one of her letters to her friend and ex-governess, "increases my estimation every moment; never can you catch him out of a picturesque position. He would exhaust in one hour all the attitudes of all the statues; when he talks tenderness his eyes glow with a moist fire, and he always brings in his heart with peculiar happiness. Then, too, his oaths are at once well conceived, and elegantly expressed. Thunderbolts and the fixed stars are ever at his elbow, and no man can sink himself to perdition with so fine a grace."

This fine picturesque fellow, finding that plain *Cherry Wilkin-*son, the only child of a very rich farmer, will, independently of her father, have ten thousand pounds, humours the extravagant

whims of the romantic dame, and makes fierce love to her in the character of Lord Altamont. This occasions a rich tissue of very absurd and laughable scenes.

Mr. Wilkinson follows his daughter to London; and an interview takes place, in which he implores her to return home to a safe shelter under his paternal roof; but our heroine astomishes and alarms her poor father by the following positive refusal:

“Wilkinson,” said I, “this interview must be short, pointed, and decisive. As to calling yourself my father, that is a stale trick, and will not pass; and as to personating (what I perceive you aspire to) the grand villain of my plot, your corpulency, pardon me, puts that out of the question forever. I should be just as happy to employ you as any other man I know; but excuse me, if I say that you overrate your talents and qualifications. Have you the gaunt ferocity of famine in your countenance? Can you darken the midnight of a scowl? Have you the quivering lip and the Schedoniac contour? And while the lower part of your face is hidden in black drapery, can your eyes glare from under the edge of a cowl? In a word, are you a picturesque villain, full of plot, and horror, and magnificent wickedness? Ah, no, sir, you are only a sleek, good-humoured, chuckle-headed gentleman. Continue, then, what nature made you; return to your plough, mow, reap, fatten your pigs, and the parson; but never again attempt to get yourself thrust into the pages of a romance.”

Notwithstanding this romantic mania of the Lady Cherubina, she is a girl of much good sense and great propriety of conduct and decorum of manners; for, when any thing occurs, which strikes her as improper, she is Cherry Wilkinson directly. In one of her love interviews with Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci, his lordship forgets his proper distance; and assuming more of the character of Abraham Grundy than became him, he catches the lady under the chin, and gives her a kiss on the lips. As Cherry Wilkinson, she feels her modesty wounded, and herself insulted; and, as the Lady Cherubina, she sets the gentleman right, and convinces him that she is not to be so vulgarly treated. She says,

“I have no notion of submitting to any freedom that is not sanctioned by the precedent of those exalted models whom I have the honour to imitate. I fancy, my lord, you will find, that as far as a kiss on the hand, or an arm round the waist, they have no particular objection. But a salute on the lip is considered inaccurate.”

His lordship is open to reproof, and has little else to say for himself, but that it was a practice in his country. Cherry, however, congratulates herself on having repulsed his lordship in the following manner:

“I think I was right about the kiss. I confess I am not one of those girls who try to attract men through the medium of the touch; and

who thus excite passion at the expense of respect. Lips are better employed in sentiment than in kissing. Indeed, had I not been fortified by the precedent of other heroines, I should have felt, and I fear, did actually feel, even the classical embrace of Montmorenci too great a freedom. But remember, I am still in my noviciate. After a little practice, I shall probably think it rather a pleasure to be strained, and pressed, and folded to the heart. Yet, of this I am certain, that I shall never attain sufficient hardihood to ravish a kiss from a man's mouth, as the divine Heloise did, who once ran at St. Preux, and astonished him with the most balmy and remarkable kiss upon record. Poor fellow! he was never the same after it."

We cannot trace our heroine through all the numerous adventures and laughable incidents to which her delusion gives rise. She is, however, brought to her senses, by discovering the various tricks which are played upon her; and, through the care and interference of a friend, she escapes the snare which is laid to entrap her into a marriage with the Lord Altamont, alias Grundy. She descends from her stilts, and recovers her sanity towards the close of the third volume. On the whole, we have been very much entertained with this ingenious performance, and think that Mr. Barrett deserves well of the public, for thus endeavouring, through the medium of good humoured ridicule, to expose the bombastic nonsense, in the noxious farrago of modern novels, by which the judgment of our young women is perverted, and their taste for solid and instructive reading is depraved. Many judicious remarks are dispersed through these volumes; and the simple story of William and Mary is moreover very creditable to Mr. Barrett's talents for the pathetic.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR
OF
CAPTAIN DAVID PORTER.

DAVID PORTER, the eldest son of Captain David Porter, was born in Boston on the 1st February, 1780. His father was an officer in our navy during the revolutionary war, and distinguished himself on various occasions by his activity, enterprise, and daring spirit. Being necessarily absent from home for the greater part of his time, the charge of his infant family devolved almost entirely on his wife. She was a pious and intelligent woman; the friend and instructor of her children, teaching them not merely by her precepts, but by her amiable and virtuous example.

Soon after the conclusion of the war, Captain Porter removed with his household to Baltimore, where he took command of the revenue cutter the *Active*. Here in the bosom of his family he would indulge in the veteran's foible of recounting past scenes of peril and adventure, and talking over the wonders and vicissitudes that chequer a sea-faring life. Little David would sit for hours and listen and kindle at these marvellous tales, while his father, perceiving his own love of enterprise springing up in the bosom of the lad, took every means to cherish it, and to inspire him with a passion for the sea. He at the same time gave him all the education and instruction that his limited means afforded, and being afterwards in command of a vessel in the West-India trade, proposed to take him a voyage by way of initiating him into the life of a sailor. The constitution of the latter being feeble and delicate excited all the apprehensions of a tender mother, who remonstrated with maternal solicitude, against exposing the puny stripling to the dangers and hardships of so rude a life. Her objections, however, were either obviated or overruled, and at the age of sixteen he sailed with his father for the West Indies, in the schooner *Eliza*. While at the port of Jeremie, in the island of

St. Domingo, a pressgang endeavoured to board the vessel in search for men: they were bravely repelled with the loss of several killed and wounded on both sides; one man was shot down close by the side of young Porter. This affair excited considerable attention at the time. A narrative of it appeared in the public papers, and much praise was given to Captain Porter for the gallant vindication of his flag.

In the course of his second voyage, which he performed as mate of a ship, from Baltimore to St. Domingo, young Porter had a further taste of the vicissitudes of a sailor's life. He was twice impressed by the British, and each time effected his escape, but was so reduced in purse as to be obliged to work his passage home in the winter season, destitute of necessary clothing. In this forlorn condition he had to perform duty on a cold and stormy coast, where every spray was converted instantaneously into a sheet of ice. It would appear almost incredible that his feeble frame, little inured to hardship, could have sustained so much, were it not known how greatly the exertions of the body are supported by mental excitement.

Scarcely had he recovered from his late fatigues when he applied for admission into the navy; and on receiving a midshipman's warrant, immediately joined the frigate *Constellation*, Commodore Truxton. In the action with the French frigate the *Insurgent*, Porter was stationed in the foretop, and distinguished himself by his good conduct. Want of friends alone prevented his promotion at the time. When Commodore Barron was appointed to the command of the *Constellation*, Porter was advanced to the rank of lieutenant solely on account of his merit, having no friends or connexions capable of urging his fortunes. He was ordered to join the United States schooner *Experiment* under Captain Maley, to be employed on the West-India station. During the cruise they had a long and obstinate engagement with a number of brigand barges in the Bite of Leogan, which afforded him another opportunity of bringing himself into notice. He was also frequently employed in boat expeditions to cut out vessels, in which he displayed much coolness and address. Commodore Talbot, who commanded on that station, gave him charge of the *Amphitrite*, a small pilot boat prize schooner mounting five small swivels taken from the tops of the *Constellation*, and manned with

fifteen hands. Not long after taking this command he fell in with a French privateer mounting a long twelve pounder and several swivels, having a crew of forty men, and accompanied by a prize ship and a large barge with thirty men armed with swivels. Notwithstanding the great disparity of force, Porter ordered his vessel to be laid alongside the privateer. The contest was arduous, and for some time doubtful, for in the commencement of the action he lost his rudder, which rendered the schooner unmanageable. The event, however, excused the desperateness of the attack, for after an obstinate and bloody resistance the privateer surrendered with the loss of seven killed and fifteen wounded. Not a man of Porter's crew was killed; several, however, were wounded, and his vessel was much injured. The prize was also taken, but the barge escaped. The conduct of Lieutenant Porter in this gallant little affair was highly applauded by his commander.

Shortly after his return to the United States he sailed, as first lieutenant, in the *Experiment*, commanded by Captain Charles Stewart. They were again stationed in the West Indies, and afforded great protection to the American commerce in that quarter. They had several engagements with French privateers, and were always successful, insomuch that they became the terror of those marauders of the ocean, and effectually controlled their rapacity and kept them quiet in port. The gallant and lamented Trippe was second lieutenant of the *Experiment* at the time.

When the first squadron was ordered for the Mediterranean, Porter sailed as first lieutenant of the schooner *Enterprise*, Captain Stewart. In this cruise they encountered a Tripolitan corsair of very superior force; a severe battle ensued in which the enemy suffered great slaughter, and was compelled to surrender, while our ship received but little injury. In this brilliant action Porter acquired much reputation from the conspicuous part he acted. He afterwards served on board of different ships in the Mediterranean station, and distinguished himself by his intrepidity and zeal whenever an opportunity presented. On one occasion he commanded an expedition of boats sent to destroy some vessels laden with wheat, at anchor in the harbour of old Tripoli; the service was promptly and effectually performed; in the engagement he received a musket ball through his left thigh.

Shortly after recovering from his wound he was transposed from the New-York to the Philadelphia, Captain Bainbridge, as first lieutenant. The frigate was then lying at Gibraltar, when he joined her in September, 1803. She soon after sailed for the blockade of Tripoli. No event took place worthy of mention until the 31st of October. Nearly a week previous to this ill-fated day, the weather had been tempestuous, which rendered it prudent to keep the ship off the land. The 31st opened with all the splendour of a Sicilian morning: the promise of a more delightful day never appeared. The land was just observed, when a sail was descried making for the harbour, with a pleasant easterly breeze. It was soon ascertained to be an armed ship of the enemy, and all sail was set in chase. After an ineffectual pursuit of several leagues, Captain Bainbridge had just given orders to hale off, when the frigate grounded. Every expedient that skill or courage could devise to float or defend her, was successively resorted to, but in vain. The particulars of this unfortunate affair are too generally known to need a minute recital; it is sufficient to add that this noble ship and her gallant crew were surrendered to a barbarous and dastardly enemy, whose only motive in warfare is the hope of plunder. Throughout the long and dreary confinement, which ensued, in the dungeons of Tripoli, Porter never suffered himself for a moment to sink into despondency; but supported the galling indignities and hardships of his situation with equanimity and even cheerfulness. A seasonable supply of books served to beguile the hours of imprisonment, and enabled him even to turn them to advantage. He closely applied himself to the study of ancient and modern history, biography, the French language, and drawing; in which art, so useful to a seaman, he has made himself a considerable proficient. He also sedulously cultivated the theory of his profession, and improved the junior officers by his frequent instructions; representing the manœuvres of fleets in battle by means of small boards ingeniously arranged. He was active in promoting any plan of labour or amusement that could ameliorate the situation or dispel the gloomy reflections of his companions. By these means captivity was robbed of its heaviest evils, that dull monotony that wearies the spirits, and that mental inactivity that engenders melancholy and hypochondria.

An incident which occurred during his confinement deserves to be mentioned, as being highly creditable to Lieutenant Porter. Under the rooms occupied by the officers was a long dark passage, through which the American sailors, who were employed in public labour, frequently passed to different parts of the castle. Their conversation being repeatedly heard as they passed to and fro, some one made a small hole in the wall to communicate with them. For some days a constant intercourse was kept up, by sending down notes tied to a string. Some persons, however, indiscreetly entering into conversation with the seamen, were overheard, and information immediately carried to the Bashaw. In a few minutes the bolts of the prison door were heard to fly back with unwonted violence, and Sassi (chief officer of the castle) rushed furiously in. His features were distorted, and his voice almost inarticulate with passion. He demanded in a vehement tone of voice by whom or whose authority the wall had been opened; when Porter advanced with a firm step and composed countenance, and replied, "I alone am responsible." He was abruptly and rudely hurried from the prison, and the gate was again closed. This generous self-devotion, while it commanded the admiration of his companions, heightened their anxiety for his fate; apprehending some act of violence from the impetuous temper and absolute power of the Bashaw. Their fears, however, were appeased by the return of Porter, after considerable detention; having been dismissed without any further severity through the intercession of the minister Mahomet Dghies, who had on previous occasions shown a friendly disposition towards the prisoners.

It is unnecessary here to dwell on the various incidents that occurred in this tedious captivity, and of the many ingenious and adventurous plans of escape, devised and attempted by our officers, in all which Porter took an active and prominent part. When peace was at length made, and they were restored to light and liberty, he embarked with his companions for Syracuse, where a court of inquiry was held on the loss of the *Philadelphia*. After an honourable acquittal he was appointed to the command of the United States Brig *Enterprise*, and soon after was ordered by Commodore Rodgers to proceed to Tripoli, with permission to cruise along the shore of Bengazi, and to visit the ruins of Leptis Magna, an-

ciently a Roman colony: He was accompanied in this expedition by some of his friends, and after a short and pleasant passage, anchored near the latter place. They passed three days in wandering among the mouldering remains of Roman taste and grandeur; and excavated in such places as seemed to promise a reward for their researches. A number of ancient coins and cameos were found, and, among other curiosities, were two statues in tolerable preservation; the one a warrior, the other a female figure, of beautiful white marble and excellent workmanship. Verde antique pillars, of large size, formed of a single piece, and unbroken, were scattered along the shores. Near the harbour stood a lofty and elegant building, of which Lieutenant Porter took a drawing: from its situation and form it was supposed to have been a Pharos. The awning under which the party dined was spread on the site, and among the fallen columns of a temple of Jupiter, and a zest was given to the repast, by the classical ideas awakened by surrounding objects.

While in command of the *Enterprise*, and at anchor in the port of Malta, an English sailor came alongside and insulted the officers and crew by abusive language; Captain Porter overhearing the scurrilous epithets he vociferated, ordered a boatswain's mate to seize him and give him a flogging at the gangway. This well merited chastisement excited the indignation of the Governor of Malta, who considered it a daring outrage, and gave orders that the forts should not permit the *Enterprise* to depart. No sooner was Captain Porter informed of it, than he got his vessel ready for action, weighed anchor, and with lighted matches and every man at his station, with the avowed determination of firing upon the town if attacked, sailed between the batteries and departed unmolested.

Shortly after this occurrence, in passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, he was attacked by twelve Spanish gun boats, who either mistook, or pretended to mistake, his vessel for a British brig. The calmness of the weather, the weight of their metal, and the acknowledged accuracy of their aim, made the odds greatly against him. As soon, however, as he was able to near them, they were assailed with such rapid and well directed volleys as quickly compelled them to shear off. This affair took

place in sight of Gibraltar, and in presence of several ships of the British navy; it was, therefore, a matter of notoriety, and spoken of in terms of the highest applause.

After an absence of five years, passed in unremitted and arduous service, Captain Porter returned to the United States, and shortly after was married to Miss Anderson, daughter of the member of congress of that name, from Pennsylvania. Being appointed to the command of the flotilla, on the New Orleans station, he discharged, with faithfulness and activity, the irksome duty of enforcing the embargo and non-intercourse laws. He likewise performed an important service to his country, by ferretting out and capturing a pirate, a native of France, who, in a small well-armed schooner, had for some time infested the Chesapeake; and who, growing bolder by impunity, had committed many acts of depredation, until his maraudings became so serious as to attract the attention of government.

While commanding on the Orleans station, the father of Captain Porter died, an officer under his command. He had lived to see the wish of his heart fulfilled, in beholding his son a skilful and enterprising sailor, rising rapidly in his profession, and in the estimation of his country.

The climate of New Orleans disagreeing with the health of Captain Porter and his family, he solicited to be ordered to some other station, and was, accordingly, appointed to the command of the Essex frigate, at Norfolk.

At the time of the declaration of war against England, the Essex was undergoing repairs at New-York, and the celerity with which she was fitted for sea reflected great credit on her commander. On the 3d of July, 1812, he sailed from Sandy Hook on a cruise, which was not marked by any incident of consequence, excepting the capture of the British sloop of war *Alert*, Captain Laugharne. Either undervaluing the untried prowess of our tars, or mistaking the force of the Essex, she ran down on her weather quarter, gave three cheers and commenced an action. In a few minutes she struck her colours, being cut to pieces, with three men wounded, and seven feet water in her hold. To relieve himself from the great number of prisoners, taken in this and former prizes, Captain Porter made a cartel of the *Alert*, with

orders to proceed to St. Johns, Newfoundland, and thence to New-York. She arrived safe, being the first ship of war taken from the enemy, and her flag the first British flag sent to the seat of government during the present war.

Having returned to the United States and refitted, he again proceeded to sea, from the Delaware, on the 27th of October, 1812, and repaired, agreeably to instructions from Commodore Bainbridge, to the coast of Brazil, where different places of rendezvous had been arranged between them. In the course of his cruise on this coast he captured his Britannic majesty's packet Nocton, and after taking out of her about 11,000 pounds sterling in specie, ordered her for America. Hearing of Commodore Bainbridge's victorious action with the Java, which would oblige him to return to port, and of the capture of the Hornet by the Montague, and learning that there was a considerable augmentation of British force on the coast, and several ships in pursuit of him, he abandoned his hazardous cruising ground, and stretched away to the southward, scouring the coast as far as Rio de la Plata. From thence he shaped his course for the Pacific Ocean, and, after suffering greatly from want of provisions, and heavy gales off Cape Horn, arrived at Valparaiso, on the 14th of March, 1813. Having victualled his ship, he ran down the coast of Chili and Peru, and fell in with a Peruvian corsair, having on board twenty-four Americans, as prisoners, the crews of two whaling ships, which she had taken on the coast of Chili. The Peruvian captain justified his conduct on the plea of being an ally of Great Britain, and the expectation likewise of a speedy war between Spain and the United States. Finding him resolved to persist in similar aggressions, Captain Porter threw all his guns and ammunition into the sea, liberated the Americans, and wrote a respectful letter to the viceroy explaining his reasons for so doing, which he delivered to the captain. He then proceeded to Lima, and luckily recaptured one of the American vessels as she was entering the port.

After this he cruised for several months in the Pacific, inflicting immense injury on the British commerce in those waters. He was particularly destructive to the shipping employed in the spermaceti whale fishery. A great number with valuable cargoes

were captured; two were given up to the prisoners; three sent to Valparaiso and laid up; three sent to America; one of them he retained as a storeship, and another he equipped with twenty guns, called her the *Essex junior*, and gave the command of her to Lieutenant Downes. Most of these ships mounted several guns, and had numerous crews; and as several of them were captured by boats or by prizes, the officers and men of the *Essex* had frequent opportunities of showing their skill and courage, and of acquiring experience and confidence in naval conflict.

Having now a little squadron under his command, Captain Porter became a complete terror in those seas. As his numerous prizes supplied him abundantly with provisions, clothing, medicine, and naval stores of every description, he was enabled for a long time to keep the sea, without sickness or inconvenience to his crew; living entirely on the enemy, and being enabled to make considerable advances of pay to his officers and crew without drawing on government. The unexampled devastation achieved by his daring enterprises, not only spread alarm throughout the ports of the Pacific, but even occasioned great uneasiness in Great Britain. The merchants, who had any property afloat in this quarter, trembled with apprehension for its fate; the underwriters groaned at the catalogue of captures brought by every advice, while the pride of the nation was sorely incensed at beholding a single frigate lording it over the Pacific, roving about the ocean in saucy defiance of their thousand ships; revelling in the spoils of boundless wealth, and almost banishing the British flag from those regions, where it had so long waved proudly predominant.

Numerous ships were sent out to the Pacific in pursuit of him; others were ordered to cruise in the China seas, off New Zealand, Timor and New Holland, and a frigate sent to the River La Plata. The manner in which Captain Porter cruised, however, completely baffled pursuit. Keeping in the open seas, or lurking among the numerous barren and desolate islands that form the Gallipagos groupe, and never touching on the American coast, he left no traces by which he could be followed; rumour, while it magnified his exploits, threw his pursuers at fault; they were distracted by vague accounts of captures made at different places, and of frigates

supposed to be the *Essex* hovering at the same time off different coasts and haunting different islands.

In the mean while Porter, though wrapped in mystery and uncertainty himself, yet received frequent and accurate accounts of his enemies, from the various prizes which he had taken. Lieutenant Downes, also, who had convoyed the prizes to Valparaiso, on his return, brought advices of the expected arrival of Commodore Hillyar in the *Phoebe* frigate rating thirty-six guns accompanied by two sloops of war. Glutted with spoil and havoc, and sated with the easy and inglorious captures of merchantmen, Captain Porter now felt eager for an opportunity to meet the enemy on equal terms, and to signalize his cruise by some brilliant achievement. Having been nearly a year at sea, he found that his ship would require some repairs, to enable her to face the foe; he repaired, therefore, accompanied by several of his prizes, to the Island of Nocaheevah, one of the Washington groupe, discovered by a Captain Ingraham of Boston. Here he landed, took formal possession of the island in the name of the government of the United States, and gave it the name of Madison's Island. He found it large, populous and fertile, abounding with the necessaries of life; the natives in the vicinity of the harbour which he had chosen received him in the most friendly manner, and supplied him with abundance of provisions. During his stay at this place he had several encounters with some hostile tribes on the island, whom he succeeded in reducing to subjection. Having calked and completely overhauled the ship, made for her a new set of water casks, and taken on board from the prizes provisions and stores for upwards of four months, he sailed for the coast of Chili on the 12th December, 1813. Previous to sailing he secured the three prizes which had accompanied him, under the guns of a battery erected for their protection, and left them in charge of Lieutenant Gamble of the marines and twenty-one men, with orders to proceed to Valparaiso after a certain period.

After cruising on the coast of Chili without success, he proceeded to Valparaiso, in hopes of falling in with Commodore Hillyar, or, if disappointed in this wish, of capturing some merchant ships said to be expected from England. While at anchor at this port Commodore Hillyar arrived, having long been search-

ing in vain for the *Essex*, and almost despairing of ever meeting with her. Contrary to the expectations of Captain Porter, however, Commodore Hillyar, beside his own frigate, superior in itself to the *Essex*, was accompanied by the *Cherub* sloop of war, strongly armed and manned. These ships, having been sent out expressly to seek for the *Essex*, were in prime order and equipment, with picked crews, and hoisted flags bearing the motto "God and country, British sailors' best rights: *traitors offend both.*" This was in opposition to Porter's motto of "Free trade and sailors' rights," and the latter part of it suggested doubtless, by error industriously cherished, that our crews are chiefly composed of English seamen. In reply to this motto Porter hoisted at his mizen, "God, our country, and liberty: tyrants offend them." On entering the harbour the *Phœbe* fell foul of the *Essex* in such manner as to lay her at the mercy of Captain Porter; out of respect, however, to the neutrality of the port, he did not take advantage of her exposed situation. This forbearance was afterwards acknowledged by Commodore Hillyar, and he passed his word of honour to observe like conduct while they remained in port. They continued therefore, while in harbour and on shore, in the mutual exchange of courtesies and kind offices that should characterize the private intercourse between civilized and generous enemies. And the crews of the respective ships often mingled together and passed nautical jokes and pleasantries from one to the other.

On getting their provisions on board the *Phœbe* and *Cherub* went off the port, where they cruised for six weeks, rigorously blockading Captain Porter. Their united force amounted to 81 guns and 500 men, in addition to which they took on board the crew of an English letter of marque lying in port. The force of the *Essex* consisted of but 46 guns, all of which, excepting six long twelves, were 32 pound carronades, only servicable in close fighting. Her crew, having been much reduced by the manning of prizes, amounted to but 255 men. The *Essex* junior being only intended as a storeship, mounted ten 18 pound carronades and ten short sixes with a complement of only 60 men.

This vast superiority of force on the part of the enemy prevented all chance of encounter, on any thing like equal terms,

unless by express covenant between the commanders. Captain Porter, therefore, endeavoured repeatedly to provoke a challenge, (the inferiority of his frigate to the *Phoebe* not justifying him in making the challenge himself,) but without effect. He tried frequently also to bring the *Phoebe* into single action; but this Commodore Hillyar warily avoided, and always kept his ships so close together as to frustrate Captain Porter's attempts. This conduct of Commodore Hillyar has been sneered at by many, as unworthy a brave officer: but it should be considered that he had more important objects to effect than the mere exhibition of individual or national prowess. His instructions were to crush a noxious foe, destructive to the commerce of his country; he was furnished with a force competent to this duty; and having the enemy once within his power, he had no right to waive his superiority, and, by meeting him on equal footing, give him a chance to conquer, and continue his work of destruction.

Finding it impossible to bring the enemy to equal combat; and fearing the arrival of additional force, which he understood was on the way, Captain Porter determined to put to sea the first opportunity that should present. A rendezvous was accordingly appointed for the *Essex* junior, and having ascertained by repeated trials that the *Essex* was a superior sailer to either of the blockading ships, it was agreed that she should let the enemy chase her off; thereby giving the *Essex* junior an opportunity of escaping.

On the next day, the 28th March, the wind came on to blow fresh from the southward, and the *Essex* parted her larboard cable and dragged her starboard anchor directly out to sea. Not a moment was lost in getting sail on the ship; but perceiving that the enemy was close in with the point forming the west side of the bay, and that there was a possibility of passing to windward, and escaping to sea by superior sailing, Captain Porter resolved to hazard the attempt. He accordingly took in his top gallant sails and braced up for the purpose, but most unfortunately on rounding the point a heavy squall struck the ship and carried away her main top mast, precipitating the men who were aloft into the sea, who were drowned. Both ships now gave chase, and the crippled state of his ship left Porter no alternative but to endeavour to

regain the port. Finding it impossible to get back to the common anchorage, he ran close into a small bay about three quarters of a mile to leeward of the battery, on the east of the harbour, and let go his anchor within pistol shot of the shore. Supposing the enemy would, as formerly, respect the neutrality of the place, he considered himself secure, and thought only of repairing the damages he had sustained. The wary and menacing approach of the hostile ships, however, displaying their motto flags and having jacks at all their masts' heads, soon showed him the real danger of his situation. With all possible despatch he got his ship ready for action, and endeavoured to get a spring on his cable, but had not succeeded, when, at 54 minutes past 3 P. M. the enemy commenced an attack.

At first the *Phoebe* lay herself under his stern and the *Cherub* on his starboard bow; but the latter soon finding herself exposed to a hot fire, bore up and ran under his stern also, where both ships kept up a severe and raking fire. Captain Porter succeeded three different times in getting springs on his cables, for the purpose of bringing his broadside to bear on the enemy, but they were as often shot away by the excessive fire to which he was exposed. He was obliged, therefore, to rely for defence against this tremendous attack merely on three long twelve pounders, which he had run out of the stern ports; and which were worked with such bravery and skill as in half an hour to do great injury to both the enemy's ships and induce them to hale off and repair damages. It was evidently the intention of Commodore Hillyar to risk nothing from the daring courage of his antagonist, but to take the *Essex* at as cheap a rate as possible. All his manœuvres were deliberate and wary; he saw his antagonist completely at his mercy, and prepared to cut him up in the safest and surest manner. In the mean time the situation of the *Essex* was galling and provoking in the extreme; crippled and shattered, with many killed and wounded, she lay awaiting the convenience of the enemy, to renew the scene of slaughter, with scarce a hope of escape or revenge. Her brave crew, however, in place of being disheartened, were aroused to desperation, and by hoisting ensigns in their rigging and jacks in different parts of the ship, evinced their defiance and determination to hold out to the last.

The enemy having repaired his damages, now placed himself with both his ships, on the starboard quarter of the *Essex*, out of reach of her carronades, and where her stern guns could not be brought to bear. Here he kept up a most destructive fire, which it was not in Captain Porter's power to return; the latter, therefore, saw no hope of injuring him without getting under way and becoming the assailant. From the mangled state of his rigging he could set no other sail than the flying jib; this he caused to be hoisted, cut his cable, and ran down on both ships, with an intention of laying the *Phœbe* on board.

For a short time he was enabled to close with the enemy, and the firing on both sides was tremendous. The decks of the *Essex* were strewn with dead, and her cockpit filled with wounded; she had been several times on fire, and was in fact a perfect wreck; still a feeble hope sprang up that she might be saved, in consequence of the *Cherub* being compelled to haul off by her crippled state; she did not return to close action again, but kept up a distant firing with her long guns. The disabled state of the *Essex*, however, did not permit her to take advantage of this circumstance; for want of sail she was unable to keep at close quarters with the *Phœbe*, who, edging off, chose the distance which best suited her long guns, and kept up a tremendous fire, which made dreadful havoc among our crew. Many of the guns of the *Essex* were rendered useless, and many had their whole crews destroyed: they were manned from those that were disabled, and one gun in particular was three times manned; fifteen men were slain at it in the course of the action, though the captain of it escaped with only a slight wound. Captain Porter now gave up all hope of closing with the enemy, but finding the wind favourable, determined to run his ship on shore, land the crew, and destroy her. He had approached within musket shot of the shore, and had every prospect of succeeding, when in an instant the wind shifted from the land and drove her down upon the *Phœbe*, exposing her again to a dreadful raking fire. The ship was now totally unmanageable; yet as her head was toward the enemy, and he to leeward, Captain Porter again perceived a faint hope of boarding. At this moment Lieutenant Downes of the *Essex* junior came on board to receive orders, expecting that Captain Porter would soon be a prisoner. His services could be

of no avail in the deplorable state of the *Essex*, and finding from the enemy's putting his helm up, that the last attempt at boarding would not succeed, Captain Porter directed him, after he had been ten minutes on board, to return to his own ship, to be prepared for defending and destroying her in case of attack. He took with him several of the wounded, leaving three of his boat's crew on board to make room for them. The *Cherub* kept up a hot fire on him during his return. The slaughter on board of the *Essex* now became horrible, the enemy continued to rake her, while she was unable to bring a gun to bear in return. Still her commander, with an obstinacy that bordered on desperation, persisted in the unequal and almost hopeless conflict. Every expedient that a fertile and inventive mind could suggest was resorted to, in the forlorn hope that they might yet be enabled by some lucky chance to escape from the grasp of the foe. A halser was bent to the sheet anchor, and the anchor cut from the bows, to bring the ship's head round. This succeeded; the broadside of the *Essex* was again brought to bear; and as the enemy was much crippled and unable to hold his own, Captain Porter thought she might drift out of gunshot before she discovered that he had anchored. The halser, however, unfortunately parted, and with it failed the last lingering hope of the *Essex*. The ship had taken fire several times during the action, but at this moment her situation was awful. She was on fire both forward and aft; the flames were bursting up each hatchway; a large quantity of powder below exploded, and word was given that the fire was near the magazine. Thus surrounded by horrors, without any chance of saving the ship, Captain Porter turned his attention to rescuing as many of his brave companions as possible. Finding his distance from the shore did not exceed three quarters of a mile, he hoped many would be able to save themselves should the ship blow up. His boats had been cut to pieces by the enemies' shot, but he advised such as could swim to jump overboard and make for shore. Some reached it—some were taken by the enemy, and some perished in the attempt; but most of this loyal and gallant crew preferred sharing the fate of their ship and their commander.

Those who remained on board now endeavoured to extinguish the flames, and having succeeded, went again to the guns and kept

up a firing for a few minutes; but the crew had by this time become so weakened that all further resistance was in vain. Captain Porter summoned a consultation of the officers of divisions, but was surprised to find only acting Lieutenant Stephen Decatur McKnight remaining; of the others some had been killed, others knocked overboard, and others carried below disabled by severe wounds. The accounts from every part of the ship were deplorable in the extreme; representing her in the most shattered and crippled condition, in imminent danger of sinking, and so crowded with the wounded that even the birth deck could contain no more, and many were killed while under the surgeon's hands. In the mean while the enemy, in consequence of the smoothness of the water and his secure distance, was enabled to keep up a deliberate and constant fire, aiming with coolness and certainty as if firing at a target, and hitting the hull at every shot. At length, utterly despairing of saving the ship, Captain Porter was compelled, at 20 minutes past 6 P. M. to give the painful order to strike the colours. It is probable the enemy did not perceive that the ship had surrendered, for he continued firing; several men were killed and wounded in different parts of the ship, and Captain Porter thinking he intended to show no quarter, was about to rehoist his flag and to fight until he sunk, when the enemy desisted his attack ten minutes after the surrender.

The foregoing account of this battle is taken almost verbatim from the letter of Captain Porter to the secretary of the navy. Making every allowance for its being a partial statement, this must certainly have been one of the most sanguinary and obstinately contested actions on naval record. The loss of the *Essex* is a sufficient testimony of the desperate bravery with which she was defended. Out of 255 men which comprised her crew, fifty-eight were killed; thirty-nine wounded severely; twenty-seven slightly, and thirty-one missing, making in all 154. She was completely cut to pieces, and so covered with the dead and dying, with mangled limbs, with brains and blood, and all the ghastly images of pain and death, that the officer who came on board to take possession of her, though accustomed to scenes of slaughter, was struck with sickening horror, and fainted at the shocking spectacle.

Thousands of the inhabitants of Valparaiso were spectators of the battle, covering the neighbouring heights: for it was fought so near the shore that some of the shot even struck among the citizens, who, in the eagerness of their curiosity, had ventured down upon the beach. Touched by the forlorn situation of the *Essex*, and filled with admiration at the unflagging spirit and persevering bravery of her commander and crew, a generous anxiety ran throughout the multitude for their fate: bursts of delight arose when, by any vicissitude of battle, or prompt expedient, a chance seemed to turn up in their favour; and the eager spectators were seen to wring their hands, and uttered groans of sympathy, when the transient hope was defeated, and the gallant little frigate once more became an unresisting object of deliberate slaughter.

It is needless to mention particularly the many instances of individual valour and magnanimity among both the officers and common sailors of the *Essex*: their general conduct bears ample testimony to their heroism; and it will hereafter be a sufficient distinction for any man to prove that he was present in that battle. Every action that we have fought at sea has gone to destroy some envious shade which the enemy has attempted to cast on our rising reputation. After the affair of the *Argus* and the *Pelican*, it was asserted that our sailors were brave only while successful and unhurt, but that the sight of slaughter filled them with dismay. In this battle it has been proved that they are capable of the highest exercise of courage—that of standing unmoved among incessant carnage, without being able to return a shot, and destitute of a hope of ultimate success.

Though, from the distance and positions which the enemy chose, this battle was chiefly fought on our part by six twelve pounders only, yet great damage was done to the assailing ships. Their masts and yards were badly crippled, their hulls much cut up; the *Phœbe*, especially, received 18 twelve pound shot below her water line, some three feet under water. Their loss in killed and wounded was not ascertained, but must have been severe; the first lieutenant of the *Phœbe* was killed, and Captain Tucker, of the *Cherub*, was severely wounded. It was with some difficulty that the *Phœbe* and the *Essex* could be kept afloat until they anchored the next morning in the port of Valparaiso.

Much indignation has been expressed against Commodore Hillyar for his violation of the laws of nations, and of his private agreement with Captain Porter, by attacking him in the neutral waters of Valparaiso; waiving all discussion of these points, it may barely be observed, that his cautious attack with a vastly superior force, on a crippled ship, which, relying on his forbearance, had placed herself in a most defenceless situation, and which for six weeks previous had offered him fair fight, on advantageous terms, though it may reflect great credit on his prudence, yet certainly furnishes no triumph to a brave and generous mind. Aware, however, of that delicacy which ought to be observed towards the character even of an enemy, it is not the intention of the writer to assail that of Commodore Hillyar. Indeed, his conduct after the battle entitles him to high encomium; he showed the greatest humanity to the wounded, and, as Captain Porter acknowledges, endeavoured as much as lay in his power to alleviate the distresses of war by the most generous and delicate deportment towards both the officers and crew, commanding that the property of every person should be respected. Captain Porter and his crew were paroled, and permitted to return to the United States in the *Essex junior*, her armament being previously taken out. On arriving off the port of New-York, they were overhauled by the *Saturn razee*, the authority of Commodore Hillyar to grant a passport was questioned, and the *Essex junior* detained. Captain Porter then told the boarding officer that he gave up his parole, and considered himself a prisoner of war, and as such should use all means of escape. In consequence of this threat the *Essex junior* was ordered to remain all night under the lee of the *Saturn*, but the next morning Captain Porter put off in his boat, though thirty miles from shore; and, notwithstanding he was pursued by the *Saturn*, effected his escape, and landed safely on Long Island. His reception in the United States has been such as his great services and distinguished valour deserved. The various interesting and romantic rumours that had reached this country concerning him, during his cruise in the Pacific, had excited the curiosity of the public to see this modern Sinbad; on arriving in New-York his carriage was surrounded by the popu-

face, who took out the horses, and dragged him, with shouts and acclamations, to his lodgings.

The length to which this article has already been extended, notwithstanding the brevity with which many interesting circumstances have been treated, forbids any further remarks on the character and services of Captain Porter. They are sufficiently illustrated in the foregoing summary of his eventful life, and particularly in the history of his last cruise, which was conducted with wonderful enterprise, fertility of expedient, consummate seamanship, and daring courage. In his single ship he has inflicted more injury on the commerce of the enemy than all the rest of the navy put together; not merely by actual devastation, but by the general insecurity and complete interruption which he occasioned to an extensive and invaluable branch of British trade. His last action, also, though it terminated in the loss of his frigate, can scarcely be considered as unfortunate, inasmuch as it has given a brilliancy to his own reputation, and wreathed fresh honours around the name of the American sailor.



The Feast of the Poets, with Notes, and other pieces in verse.

By Leigh Hunt. 18mo. Republished by Van Winkle and Wiley, New-York.

WE have seldom seen a volume which comprises, in so small a compass, such a copious fund of literary entertainment. *The Feast of the Poets* is a poem in familiar verse, founded on the old idea of a visit of the god of poetry to his liege subjects upon earth, in which he receives the homage of all the living bards and bardlings of every degree; and after dismissing the herd of minor poets, whom he treats with various degrees of respect, he finally selects those who partake most largely of his inspiration, crowns them with the appropriate emblems of their genius, and feasts them with a most poetically brilliant repast. The groundwork of the poem is of Italian origin, and has been used in England as a vehicle for cotemporary satire by Suckling, Rochester, and Buckingham, three of the wits of the court of Charles II., whose

fashion has long ago gone by, and whose wit (for wit must be allowed them) was happily not sufficient to preserve their grossness from merited oblivion. This poem is followed, according to the fashion of our times, by a large number of notes of about ten times the size of the poem; in which the poet throws aside his lyre to seize the critical rod, brandishes it without ceremony over the heads of all his brother bards, decides very dictatorially upon their relative merits, and utters the boldest literary and critical opinions with the most amusing originality and self confidence.

The poem itself is a sprightly and vigorous frolick of the imagination, full of fancy and taste, and occasionally enlivened with the happiest humour.

At the same time, the grave critic who reads solely for the purpose of gratifying literary pride, and displaying his acuteness in mousing after faults, will not be disappointed in his object—he may here find plenty of this small game. Mr. Hunt, both in his poetry and his prose, is fond of certain idiomatic expressions, and simple old English words, which, however used, almost always have a very pleasing effect from the habitual associations which they have power to call up. This circumstance seems to have concealed from the author, as it certainly does from the cursory reader, the want of precision in thought and perspicuity of expression. We are presented with some vague and undefined image or sentiment, conveyed in language so familiar to our most pleasing recollections, that we can seldom pause long enough to perceive that the sense is of that jack-o-lantern kind which plays lightly and brilliantly before the mind, but never suffers itself to be firmly grasped. We do not know whether we have succeeded in conveying our own meaning very perfectly; but if the reader will turn to the description of the person of Apollo, where he is described as

———“Blooming, and oval of cheek,
And youth down his shoulders went smoothing and sleek,
Yet his look with the reach of past ages was wise,
And the soul of eternity thought through his eyes,” &c. &c.

or to the very magnificent and noble description of his transfiguration, where

———"The full Deity put on his rays,
And burst on the sight in the pomp of his blaze!"

he cannot fail to observe several lines, or at least several expressions, which will explain the intention of our criticism much more clearly than we can do by any general remarks. This is, in short, the same fault which, under the guidance of a very vitiated taste, and carried to a far greater excess, became so ridiculous in the Della Cruscan poets. The same remarks will apply with still greater force to our author's prose style.

Mr. Hunt, in the familiar parts of his poem, is often coarse, and his colloquial and idiomatic language becomes unnecessarily slovenly. He is, besides, much too careless in his versification, sometimes filling up his lines with idle expletives, as

———"Yes, it is, I declare,
As long ago *now* as that Buckingham *there*:"

sometimes limping along with hobbling elisions, as

———"The God bade his horses walk for'ard,
And leaving them, took a long dive to the nor'ard;"

and now and then indulging in the most careless and faulty rhymes, if, indeed, *straw* and *for*, or *recommendations* and *patience*, can be called rhymes at all.

"And t'other some lines he had made on a straw,
Showing how he had found it, and what it was for," &c.

In a long poem these faults would be scarcely remarked, but in such an exquisite miniature as this, every line should be highly finished.

Still such is the charm of the poet's luxuriant and elegant fancy, which is in fact the predominant quality of his genius, and such, to use one of his own favourite phrases, the original freshness with which he exhibits every object, that a reader who is not unfortunately visited with that critical fastidiousness which is the bane of

all the enjoyments of literature, may read this little volume again and again without noticing any of these minute defects.

The notes are full of every species of entertainment. We are alike amused, whether we resolutely rouse ourselves to examine or combat Mr. Hunt's round assertions and bold decisions on the merits of the popular poets of the day ; or whether we more indolently give ourselves up to his direction, and calmly look on while he marshals and arranges the whole army of modern authors, from our own times to those of Fairfax and Spenser, with as much unflagging vivacity and as sprightly an air of self importance and authority as ever any brisk little dancing master displayed in directing the evolutions of a cotillion. Throughout the whole he discovers a natural sprightliness of mind, a native sensibility to the beauties of poetry, and a cultivated elegance of taste, all dashed with a considerable love of paradox, or rather with a strong desire of producing effect by constant boldness and originality of manner.

His general opinions on the peculiar characters and comparative merits of his coteremporaries are in the main similar to those which have been from time to time expressed in the *Edinburgh Review*, except that he attributes to Wordsworth the highest capabilities of poetic excellence, and represents him as being *in posse*, as the schoolmen would say, by far the greatest poet of the age. This is, to be sure, a most startling assertion. Our critic poet had, it seems, formerly treated Wordsworth with unmixed contempt ; he has since been induced to alter his opinion of this musing and melancholy bard ; and to make amends, he now with his usual decision bids him go at once to the head of his class, and promises him that if he will be a good lad and go out a little more into company, he will engage to keep him there. There is much ingenuity as well as some sound sense in his remarks on this subject, and it is impossible not to feel that there is a vein of natural sentiment in the wildest mopings of Wordsworth, which, if he could but be taught to substitute the simplicity of manly taste for that of infancy and dotage, is capable of being matured into the highest excellence.

The four worthies who are selected for the special favour of the God of Song are Scott, Southey, Moore, and Campbell ; but the praise bestowed upon the two former is mixed with no small alloy of censure. We have at present no inclination to examine

the soundness of these critical awards, and if we had, it would require a volume as large as the one we review.

It would be difficult to make any extract from this little poem which could give any thing like a just idea of its character; it must be read as a whole. But the style of the prose criticism may be judged of from the notes on Crabbe and on Spencer, Rogers and Montgomery, which we select, not as the ablest, but because they afford, in a short compass, a fair specimen of the author's ordinary manner, and of his peculiar literary opinions and taste in versification.

"These writers, though classed together, and equally denied admittance to Apollo's dinner table, either from ineligibility to his greater honours, or inability to sustain the strength of his wine, are, it must be confessed, of very unequal merits. Mr. Montgomery is, perhaps, the most poetical of the three, Mr. Rogers the best informed, and Mr. Spencer the soonest pleased with himself. The first seems to write with his feelings about him, the second with his books, the third with his recollections of yesterday, and his cards of invitation. The most visible defect of Mr. Montgomery, who appears to be an amiable man, is a sickliness of fancy, which throws an air of feebleness and lassitude on all that he says;—the fault of Mr. Rogers is direct imitation of not the best models, written in a style at once vague and elaborate. His *Pleasures of Memory*—a poem, at best, in imitation of Goldsmith—is written in the worst and most monotonous taste of modern versification; to say nothing of the never-failing *souls* and *controls*, *thoughts* and *fraughts*, *tablets*, *tracings*, *impartings*, and all the endless common-places of magazine rhyming. Mr. Rogers, of late years, seems to have become aware of the defects of his versification, and attempted the other day to give his harp a higher and more various strain in the fragment upon Columbus; but the strings appear to have been in danger of snapping. It was ludicrous enough, however, and affords a singular instance of the habitual ignorance of versification in general, to find the *Quarterly Review* objecting to a line in this fragment, for running a syllable out of its measure, and attempting to snatch one of the finest graces of our older poetry.

"The best thing in Mr. Rogers's productions appears to me to be his *Epistle to a Friend*, describing a house and its ornaments. It has a good deal of elegant luxury about it, and seems to have been the best written because the most felt. Here he was describing from his own

taste and experience, and not affecting a something which he had found in the writers before him."

"Mr. Crabbe is unquestionably a man of genius, possessing imagination, observation, originality: he has even powers of the pathetic and the terrible, but, with all these fine elements of poetry, is singularly deficient in taste; his familiarity continually bordering on the vulgar, and his seriousness on the morbid and the shocking. His versification, where the force of his thoughts does not compel you to forget it, is a strange kind of bustle between the lameness of Cowper and the slipshod vigour of Churchill, though I am afraid it has more of the former than the latter. When he would strike out a line particularly grand or melodious, he has evidently no other notion of one than what Pope or Darwin has given him. Yet even in his versification, he has contrived, by the colloquial turn of his language, and his primitive mention of persons by their christian as well as surname, to have an air of his own; and, indeed, there is not a greater mannerist in the whole circle of poetry, either in a good or bad sense. His main talent, both in character and description, lies in strong and homely pieces of detail, which he brings before you as clearly and to the life as in a camera obscura, and in which he has been improperly compared to the Dutch painters; for, in addition to their finish and identification, he fills the very commonest of his scenes with sentiment and an interest."

Several smaller poems and translations are added at the end of the volume. Most of them are very well, but of no peculiar excellence; the last, however, entitled *Politics and Poetics*, though careless and unfinished, is a fine sport of fancy. The poet seems to have filled his mind with the fantastic sprites and fairies of the *Midsummer's Night Dream*, and since poetry and painting are said to be sister arts, this may be properly enough considered as a fit companion-piece for Fuseli's wildly beautiful picture of *Titania and her train of fairies, goblins, and dapper elves*.

In short, this volume must not be taken up with overstrained expectation, or read with the microscopic eye of fastidious criticism. If these conditions are honestly complied with, we do not hesitate to promise the good-humoured reader that he will find the *Feast of the Poets* an elegant repast of literary luxury.

We cannot close this article without noticing the freedom with which the author wanders from the public to the private character

of the subjects of his satire. He takes the same liberties with Mr. Canning, and "Old Brinsley, too, with whiskey dead alive," that he does with that "sour little gentleman, Mr. Gifford" and "sweet Billy Diamond a patting his hair up." In truth, the taste of the British public has become exceedingly depraved in this respect. From the style of some of their periodical and other publications,* which surpass in vulgar abuse the worst of our political papers, it would seem, that what with the influence of their gross and licentious caricatures upon the mob, and that of such popular writings as the witty and classical lampoons of the *Anti-Jacobin*,† the waspish little sarcasms of Gifford, and the droll scurrility of that arch old profligate Peter Pindar, upon the reading classes of society, they have lost the due sense of the delicacy and inviolability of private character. The author of the *Feast of the Poets* is seldom grossly personal or malignant; but if unluckily any American satirist should treat the great men of Europe, or even some of our own, with as little ceremony, wo betide him; the *Quarterly Reviewers* and the host of underling scribblers who reëcho their cry, would visit his sins with tenfold abuse, not only upon his own head but upon that of his country.

V.

* Cobbett's *Anti-Jacobin Review*, *Scourge*, *Satirist*, &c. &c.

† The weekly paper, not the *Review* of that name, which has now nothing witty or classical about it.

DR. JOHNSON.

[The subjoined extract from an original preface by Dr. Johnson, not inserted in his works, and never before published in this country, will be doubtless highly interesting to all the admirers of the great English moralist.]

THE Rev. Mr. Maurice has appended to his *Westminster Abbey, with other Occasional Poems*, (just published by subscription, in large octavo, with three splendid engravings, of which one is the head of Sophocles, for 1l. 5s.) a free Translation of the *Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles*. It was written as an exercise, whilst the author was under the tuition of Dr. Parr, at Stanmore. Only a few copies of it were printed at the time. It had the good fortune "to pass under the eye of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who condescended to write the preface, which bears internal evidence of its origin." As this preface contains some remarks on the plan of this play, we doubt not that our readers will be obliged to us for presenting them with it entire.

"The tragedy of which I have attempted to convey the beauties into the English language in a free translation, stands amidst the foremost of the classical productions of antiquity. Of tragical writing it has ever been esteemed the model and the masterpiece. The grandeur of the subject is not less eminent than the dignity of the personages who are employed in it; and the design of the whole can only be rivalled by that art with which the particular parts are conducted. The subject is a nation labouring under calamities of the most dreadful and portentous kind; and the leading character is a wise and mighty prince, expiating by his punishment the involuntary crimes of which those calamities were the effect. The design is of the most interesting and important nature; to inculcate a due moderation in our passions, and an implicit obedience to that Providence of which the decrees are equally unknown and irresistible.

"So sublime a composition could not fail to secure the applause and fix the admiration of ages. The philosopher is exercised in the contemplation of its deep and awful morality; the critic is captivated by its dramatic beauties; and the man of feeling is interested by those strokes of genuine passion which prevail in almost every page—which every character excites, and every new event tends to diversify in kind or in degree.

"The three grand unities of time, place, and action, are observed with scrupulous exactness. However complicate its various parts may, on the first view, appear, on a nearer and more accurate examination, we find every thing useful, every thing necessary;

some secret spring of action laid open, some momentous truth inculcated, or some important end promoted: not one scene is superfluous, nor is there one episode that could be retrenched. The successive circumstances of the play arise gradually and naturally one out of the other, and are connected with such inimitable judgment, that if the smallest part were taken away, the whole would fall to the ground. The principal objection to this tragedy is, that the punishment of Oedipus is much more than adequate to his crimes: that his crimes are only the effect of his ignorance, and that, consequently, the guilt of them is to be imputed, not to Oedipus, but Apollo, who ordained and predicted them, and that he is only *phæbi reus*, as Seneca expresses himself. In vindication of Sophocles, it must be considered that the conduct of Oedipus is by no means so irreproachable as some have contended; for, though his public character is delineated as that of a good king, anxious for the welfare of his subjects, and ardent in his endeavours to appease the gods by incense and supplication, yet we find him in private life choleric, haughty, inquisitive; impatient of control, and impetuous in resentment. His character, even as a king, is not free from the imputation of imprudence, and our opinion of his piety is greatly invalidated by his contemptuous treatment of the wise, the benevolent, the sacred Tiresias. The rules of tragic art scarcely permit that a perfectly virtuous man should be loaded with misfortunes. Had Sophocles presented to our view a character less debased by vice, or more exalted by virtue, the end of his performance would have been frustrated; instead of agonizing compassion, he would have raised in us indignation unmingled, and horror unabated. The intention of the poet would have been yet more frustrated on the return of our reason, and our indignation would have been transferred from Oedipus to the gods themselves—from Oedipus who committed parricide, to the gods who first ordained, and then punished it. By making him criminal in a small degree, and miserable in a very great one, by investing him with some excellent qualities, and some imperfections, he at once inclines us to pity and to condemn. His obstinacy darkens the lustre of his other virtues; it aggravates his impiety, and almost justifies his sufferings. This is the doctrine of Aristotle and of nature, and shows Sophocles to have had an intimate knowledge of the human heart, and the springs by which it is actuated. That his crimes and punishment still seem disproportionate, is not to be imputed as a fault to Sophocles, who proceeded only on the ancient and popular notion of destiny; which we know to have been the basis of pagan theology.

“It is not the intention of the translator to proceed farther in a critical discussion of the beauties and defects of a tragedy which hath already employed the pens of the most distinguished com-

mentators; which hath wearied conjecture, and exhausted all the arts of unnecessary and unprofitable defence. This work will be found by the reader, what it is called by the writer, a *free translation*. The author was not fettered by his text, but guided by it; he has, however, not forgotten the boundaries by which liberal translation is distinguished from that which is wild and licentious. He has always endeavoured to represent the sense of his original, he hopes sometimes to have caught its spirit, and he throws himself without reluctance, but not without diffidence, on the candour of those readers who understand and feel the difference that subsists between the Greek and English languages, between ancient and modern manners, between nature and refinement, between a Sophocles who appeals to posterity, and a writer who catches at the capricious taste of the day."

For the Analytic Magazine.

MAY DAY.

There is something inexpressibly pleasing to the heart as well as the imagination, in the rural sports and country festivals of our ancestors of the old world. Whether it be that they are naturally congenial to our tastes, or from being associated with the recollection of our earliest youth, or because they are generally connected with some romantic superstition of fairy land—from the remoteness of their origin, or the patriarchal simplicity of their rites, there is a charm about them that is almost irresistible. Most of them were of pagan origin; but in the early ages of christianity, they became connected with the rites of the church. This was the case with the festival of the New Year which was kept among the northern nations long before the Christian era. The old reformers inveighed most bitterly against these holydays, but finding them too deeply rooted in the hearts of the people to be eradicated, contented themselves at last with giving them the air of religious festivals. Most of these rural anniversaries have been discontinued in this country, either because the people have become more enlightened, or that the first emigrants, being mostly rigid Puritans who abhorred every thing that looked like innocent recreation, neglected to instill a taste for these sports in the minds of their children. Whatever may be the cause, there is certainly less of that romantic superstition which furnishes the materials for popular poetry, and tradition, here, than in any other country whatever. I rather incline, however, to believe, that the dearth of these popular superstitions is owing to the green youth of our nation. Antiquity and obscurity are the genuine sources of the marvellous, and of both these we are as yet altogether destitute. Our history is but of yesterday, and of tradition we have scarce a vestige. There is, consequently, hardly a single well authenticated case of the influence of fairies on record, or even traditionary, in the United States. Of witches we have some few, it is believed, still remaining in New England; and I remember one solitary instance of the appearance of the devil in the shape of a black dog, which is pretty well authenticated. Ghosts, however, are as plenty here as in any other part of the world. Every solitary churchyard is peopled with them. Sometimes they appear in the shape of headless horses; sometimes of headless men—and sometimes they are invisible, announcing their presence by some hoding and ominous noise, such as the hooting of the Owl, or the whistling of the Wind-poor-will. They never change their fashions; the headless horses are always white, and the human spectres are invariably dressed in a winding sheet. The witches are, as usual, detected by having magic rings round their eyes, and keeping company with cats. It is well for certain ladies it did not happen that witchcraft was inferred from a fondness for lap dogs instead of cats. I know several who in that case would have laboured under terrible suspicions.

But in the most delightful portion of rural superstition we are sadly deficient. The little fairies never haunt our waving woods, that are worthy to be the abodes of the Fawns and the Dryads, nor dance on the margin of our streams, that are more clear and

beautiful than the Thames, the Dee, or the Yarrow. No Robin Goodfellow plays his pranks with our milk maids—and the only trick I ever heard of, in which he was suspected of having a hand, was once tying the grass across a path through which a number of schoolboys were returning from evening school. They every one tript and fell flat on their noses, except one who happened to be behind the rest. This adventure was at first laid to the account of fairy influence. But the unlucky boy in the rear being detected in laughing, was suspected of the prank, and being the next day brought to the ordeal of birch, confessed the whole.

One of the rural festivals which has fallen into disuse in America is that of May Day, still kept up in many parts of Great Britain, though it has lost much of its splendour and dignity. It seems to have been founded on the idea that the presiding goddess of nature could be conciliated by offerings of her most beautiful productions, so as to bless them with a profusion of the fruits of the earth, and is undoubtedly of Heathen origin. The following account of the manner in which it was anciently celebrated is collected from sources which are probably not accessible to many of our readers, and will, therefore, we believe, be both novel and entertaining. P.

On the *calends*, or the *first day of May*, commonly called *May-Day*, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after mid-night, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompany'd with musick and the blowing of horns; where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with *rose-gays* and *crowns of flowers*. When this is done, they return with their booty homewards, about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after-part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall poll, which is called a *May Poll*; which, being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were, consecrated to the goddess of flowers, without the least violation offer'd it, in the whole circle of the year. And this is not the custom of the *British* common people only, but it is the custom of the generality of other nations; particularly of the *Italians*, where *Polydore Virgil* tells us the youth of both sexes were accustomed to go into the fields, on the calends of *May*, and bring thence the branches of trees, singing all the way as they came, and so place them on the doors of their houses.

Stow tells us, in his Survey of London,* that in the month of May, namely, on *May-Day* in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meddowes and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kinds.

He quotes from Hall an account of Henry the Eighth's *riding a Maying* from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, with Queen Katherine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies.

* The *Mayings*, says Mr. Strutt, are in some sort yet kept up by the milk maids at London, who go about the streets with their *girlands* and music, dancing—but this tracing is a very imperfect shadow of the original sports; for May Poles were set up in the streets, with various *martial* shows, morrice-dancing, and other devices, with which, and revelling and good cheer, the day was passed away. At night they rejoiced and lighted up their bonfires. English Fra, vol. II. p. 99.

He further tells us, "I find also that in the month of *May*, the citizens of London (of all estates) lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several *Mayings*,* and did fetch in *May-Poles* with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening they had stage-plaies and bone-fires in the steets." And again he says, "in the reign of Henry the Sixth, the aldermen and sheriffs of London, being on *May-Day* at the Bishop of London's wood, and having there a *worshipful* dinner for themselves and other commers, Lydgate, the Monk of Bury, sent them, by a pursuivant, a joyful commendation of that season, beginning thus:

"Mighty Flora, goddess of fresh flow'rs,
Which clothed hath the soil in lusty green,
Made buds to spring with her sweet show'rs,
By influence of the sun sheene,
To do pleasure of intent full cleane,
Unto the states which now sit here
Hath *Ver* sent down her own daughter dear."

Mr. Borlase, in his curious account of the manners of Cornwall, tells us "an antient custom, still retained by the Cornish, is that of *decking* their *doors* and *porches* on the first of May with green sycamore and hawthorn boughs, and of planting trees, or rather stumps of trees, before their houses: and on May eve, they from towns make excursions into the country, and having cut down a tall elm, brought it into town, fitted a straight and taper pole to the end of it, and painted the same, erect it in the most public places, and on holydays and festivals adorn it with flower garlands, or insigns and streamers." He adds, "this usage is nothing more than a gratulation of the spring season; and every house exhibited a proper signal of its approach, to testify their universal joy at the revival of vegetation."

The author of the pamphlet, entitled "*The Way to Things by Words, and to Words by Things*," in his specimen of an etimological vocabulary, considers the *May-Pole* in a new and curious

* Mr. Pennant tells us, that on the first of May, in the Highlands of Scotland, the herdsmen of every village hold their *beltein*, a rural sacrifice: they cut a square trench in the ground, leaving the turf in the middle; on that they make a fire of wood, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oat meal and milk, and bring besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of beer and whiskey; for each of the company must contribute something. The rites begin with spilling some of the caudle on the ground by way of libation: On that every one takes a cake of oat meal, upon which are raised nine square knobs, each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them: each person then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and flinging it over his shoulders, says, this I give to thee, preserve thou my horses; this to thee, preserve thou my sheep; and so on: After that they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals. This I give to thee, O, fox! spare thou my lambs; this to thee, O hooded crow! this to thee, O eagle! When the ceremony is over they dine on the caudle, and after the feast is finished, what is left is hid by two persons deputed for that purpose; but on the next Sunday they re-assemble, and finish the reliques of the first entertainment. P. 91.

light: we gather from him that our ancestors held an anniversary assembly on *May Day*; the *column of the May* (whence our *May-Pole*) was the great standard of justice in the *Ey-Commons*, or *Fields of May*. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, their kings.—The judge's *bough* or *wand*, (at this time discontinued, and only faintly represented by a trifling *nosegay*,) and the staff or rod of authority in the civil and in the military, (for it was the *mace* of civil power, and the *truncheon* of the field officers,) are both derived from hence. A *mayor*, he says, received his name from this *May*, in the sense of lawful power. The *crown*, a mark of dignity and symbol of power, like the *mace* and *sceptre*, was also taken from the *May*, being representative of the *garland* or *crown*, which, when hung on the top of the *May* or *Pole*, was the great signal for convening the people. The arches of it, which spring from the circlet and meet together at the *mound* or round ball, being necessarily so formed to suspend it on the top of the pole.

The word *May-Pole*, he observes, is a pleonasm; in French it is called *singly* the *mai*.

This is, he farther tells us, one of the antientest customs, which from the remotest ages, has been by repetition from year to year, perpetuated down to our days, not being at this instant totally exploded, especially in the lower class of life. It was considered as the *boundary day*, that divided the *confines* of *winter* and *summer*, allusively to which, there was instituted a *sportful war* between two parties; the one in defence of the continuance of *winter*, the other for bringing in the *summer*. The youth were divided into troops, the one in *winter livery*, the other in the *gay habit of the spring*. The mock battle was always fought *booty*, the *spring* was sure to obtain the *victory*, which they celebrated by carrying triumphantly *green branches* with *May flowers*, proclaiming and singing the song of joy, of which the burthen was in these, or equivalent terms:

“We have brought the *summer home*.”

POETRY.

Original. For the Analectic Magazine.

TELL-TALE EYES.

THINK not thy Lover to deceive,
Veil'd in that close disguise,
Do what thou wilt, he'll still believe
Those babbling tell-tale eyes.

No matter what thy words conceal,
Or what thy lip denies—
Nor words, nor rosy lips reveal,
The truth like tell-tale eyes

Go, wouldst thou with a vestal care,
The dangerous truth disguise,
Ope not thy perjured lips to swear,
But shut thy tell-tale eyes.

They are the mirrors of thy breast,
In which the gazer spies
Thy thoughts in transit, or at rest,
Within those tell-tale eyes.

Not the pure bottom of a well,
Nor the yet purer skies,
Does vestal truth love half so well,
As those blue tell-tale eyes.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN REMEMBRANCE OF A LADY, THE AUTHOR SAW BUT ONCE.

SHE glanc'd before my gazing eye,
Like shooting star one summer night,
Leading athwart the azure sky,
A train of pure and living light.

'Then fled as quickly from my view,
 And left no beauteous trace behind,
 Of the bright path in which she flew,
 Save only in my musing mind.

'Here memory garners up the smile,
 So faint—a smile it hardly seem'd,
 That on her red lip staid awhile,
 Then in her blue eye mildly beam'd.

And there the voice is treasured well,
 That stole like music to my ear,
 When the far sound in distant dell
 We hear, yet scarcely seem to hear.

And there the look that last she gave,
 That seem'd in gentle phrase to tell,
 If never more, this side the grave,
 We met again, she wish'd me well.

And there false Hope, that tells such lies !
 Oft whispers in my partial ear,
 This gentle star again will rise,
 Again my pensive heart will cheer.

But should hard chance or bitter fate,
 That o'er our pains and pleasures reign,
 In this dark sphere, this feverish state,
 Ordain we ne'er shalt meet again,

Still whisper Hope, when time is o'er,
 When stopp'd life's ever ebbing tide,
 You'll meet that gentle star once more,
 In Heav'n, where all the stars abide.

THE ARABIAN DESERTED VILLAGE.

AN ELEGY BY LEBID BEN FARIAT ALAMARY.

THE author of this poem was a native of Yeman. He was cotemporary with Mohammed, and already celebrated as a poet when the prophet began to promulgate his doctrines. Lebid for a while united with the other Arabian wits, in ridiculing the new faith; but at length, about the sixth year of the Hejra, he declared himself a convert.

The cause of his conversion, as related by several writers, appears not inconsistent with his poetical character

It was customary at that time, amongst the poets in Arabia, to affix to the portal of the temple of Mecca any composition which they thought possessed superior excellence, as a sort of challenge; and whoever accepted the challenge, placed his own production near his antagonist's, by which means the public were enabled to examine and decide upon the merits of each.

Lebid having written a moral poem which was greatly admired, affixed it, according to the prevailing custom, to the gate of the Caaba; for some time no person attempted to rival a composition which had obtained such universal approbation; but at length Mohammed produced the chapter of the Koran entitled Beeret, and exhibited his pretended revelation upon the gate of the temple, by the side of Lebid's poem. Lebid was one of the foremost to read his opponent's works; he had not however perused many verses before he exclaimed, "No one could write these words without the inspiration of God," and immediately embraced Mohammedanism.

He now renounced all profane poetry, and resolving to consecrate his talents to the service of religion, employed his pen, from this time, either upon subjects of piety, or in answering the sarcastic pieces which Amriolkais and the other Arabian poets were continually pouring forth. By this means he rendered himself extremely serviceable to Mohammed, and was always treated by him with the utmost distinction.

Lebid fixed his abode in the city of Cufa, where he died at a very advanced age. His last words are still preserved, and it must be confessed they breathe more the spirit of a wit than that of a devotee; they were as follows:

"I am going to enjoy the novelty of death, but it is a novelty by no means agreeable."

This elegy, as is evident from its nature, must have been written previous to Lebid's change of religion. Its subject is one that must be ever interesting to a feeling mind—the return of a person, after a long absence, to the place where he had spent his early years—it is in fact an Arabian Deserted Village.

THOSE dear abodes which once contain'd the fair,
Amidst MITATA's wilds I seek in vain,
Nor towers, nor tents, nor cottages are there,
But scatter'd ruins and a silent plain.

The proud canals that once RAYANA grac'd,
Their course neglected and their waters gone,
Among the levell'd sands are dimly trac'd,
Like moss-grown letters on a mouldering stone.

RAYANA say, how many a tedious year
Its hallow'd circle o'er our heads hath roll'd,
Since to my vows thy tender maids gave ear,
And fondly listen'd to the tale I told.

How oft, since then, the star of spring, that pours
 A never failing stream, hath drench'd thy head?
 How oft the summer cloud in copious showers
 Or gentle drops its genial influence shed?

How oft, since then, the hovering mist of morn
 Hath caus'd thy locks with glittering gems to glow?
 How oft hath eve her dewy treasures borne
 To fall responsive to the breeze below?

The matted thistles, bending to the gale,
 Now clothe those meadows once with verdure gay;
 Amidst the windings of that lonely vale
 The teeming Antelope and Ostrich stray:

The large ey'd mother of the herd, that flies
 Man's noisy haunts, here finds a sure retreat,
 Here tends her clustering young, till age supplies
 Strength to their limbs and swiftness to their feet.

Save where the swelling stream hath swept those walls,
 And giv'n their deep foundations to the light,
 (As the retouching pencil that recalls
 A long-lost picture to the raptur'd sight.)

Save where the rains have wash'd the gather'd sand,
 And bar'd the scanty fragments to our view,
 As the *dust sprinkled on a punctur'd hand
 Bids the faint tints resume their azure hue.)

No mossy record of those once lov'd seats
 Points out the mansion to inquiring eyes;
 No tottering wall, in echoing sounds, repeats
 Our mournful questions and our bursting sighs.

Yet midst those ruin'd heaps, that naked plain,
 Can faithful memory former scenes restore,
 Recall the busy throng, the jocund train,
 And picture all that charm'd us there before.

Ne'er shall my heart the fatal morn forget
 That bore the fair ones from these seats so dear—
 I see, I see the crowding litters yet,
 And yet the tent poles rattle in my ear.

* It is a custom with the Arabian women, in order to give the veins of their hands and arms a more brilliant appearance, to make slight punctures along them, and to rub into the incisions a blue powder, which they renew occasionally as it happens to wear out.

I see the maids with timid steps ascend,
The streamers wave in all their painted pride,
The floating curtains every fold extend,
And vainly strive the charms within to hide.

What graceful forms those envious folds enclose !
What melting glances through those curtains play !
Sure Weira's Antelopes, or Tudah's Roes
Through yonder veils their sportive young survey.

The bandmov'd on—to trace their steps I strove ;
I saw them urge the camel's hastening flight,
Till the white *vapour, like a rising grove,
Snatch'd them forever from my aching sight.

Nor since that morn have I NAWARA seen,
The bands are burst which held us once so fast,
Memory but tells me that such things have been,
And sad Reflection adds that they are past.

* The vapour here alluded to, called by the Arabians *Serab*, is not unlike in appearance (and probably proceeding from a similar cause) to those white mists which we often see hovering over the surface of a river in a summer's evening after a hot day. They are very frequent in the sultry plains of Arabia, and, when seen at a distance, resemble an expanded lake ; but upon a nearer approach, the thirsty traveller perceives his deception.

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Thomas B. Wait and Sons, of Boston, propose to publish a collection of the state papers and public documents of the United States, relating to their intercourse with foreign nations, from the period of the accession of Mr. Jefferson to the presidency. As it most unfortunately happens that instead of a regular annual register, which, for the credit of the country, as well as for its great utility, we ought certainly to have had, we have nothing more than a broken series of abortive attempts at such a publication, we think this proposed collection of state papers not only highly useful, but, in fact, almost indispensable to our public men, and, indeed, to every man of education who takes an interest in the history and politics of his country. The publishers promise that nothing shall be omitted, and that no political remarks shall be made. It is intended to be merely a book of commodious reference, on the plan of Debrett's State Papers. This is as it should be; and we confidently trust that no narrow, party feeling will induce them to swerve from this laudable impartiality. It is to be printed with a copious index, in three or four octavo volumes, of about 500 pages each.

The same booksellers propose to publish, by subscription, a uniform and elegant edition of all Cicero's writings, in the best English translations, together with his life by Middleton, and some valuable tracts connected with it. This is a spirited undertaking. We should not have supposed that there was any demand which could warrant such a publication; but the booksellers are the best judges in these matters, and if, in the present instance, they are right in their judgment, it will only afford an additional proof to those which are every day afforded of the increase of literary curiosity and good taste in the great body of the reading public in the United States. In this instance, as in several others, we have anticipated the enterprise of the British booksellers. There is no uniform English edition of the translations of Cicero's works. A friend of ours some time ago sent out an order to London for a complete set of these translations. It was executed with some difficulty; and when they arrived a squeamish book collector would not have been a little shocked by the motley and irregular appearance of the set. It would be ridiculous to attempt to recommend this undertaking by any eulogy of Cicero, a writer to whom the common suffrage of the learned world for nearly two thousand years has awarded the palm of every species of eloquence. No translation has yet done full justice to the elevation, the harmony, and the grace of his style; but, though these flowers of language may fade when transplanted to another soil, there must always remain a solid and imperishable trunk of sound learning and rich sense.

This edition is to be introduced by the life of the author, by Dr. Coopers Middleton, a writer who, in spite of Pope's sneer at his

————— "easy Ciceronian style
So Latin, and yet so English all the while,"

has secured to himself the rank of a second rate English classic, and is one of those authors whom we always expect to see in every library next after the works of Shakspeare and Milton, of Addison and Johnson, and the other *Di majorem gentium* of British literature. Several minor critical tracts are to be added to this life. We know little of the principal

ones which are mentioned, but we doubt not that they are judiciously chosen. These are to be followed by the best English translations of Cicero, including those of Melmoth, Guthrie, Middleton, Jones, and McCartney. Melmoth is an excellent translator, and his notes are filled with agreeable scholarship. We have no acquaintance with any of the other translations, except that of Guthrie, which we recollect to have looked at three or four years ago, and then thought it feeble and inelegant. It is, however, faithful enough, and is, probably, the best English version of the orations.

The publication will be arranged and superintended by the Rev. *Joseph McKean*, Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, and will be comprised in fifteen or sixteen volumes 8vo. averaging from 400 to 500 pages each. The price to subscribers, *two dollars and fifty cents* a volume, in extra boards.

Boston edition of Dr. Reid's Works, with notes by American editors.—After a long delay the second volume of this edition has at length been published. It is a remarkable fact, and one which ought to be made known to the transatlantic despisers of American literature, that the first complete editions of the entire works of Reid, Paley, and Beattie, were collected and published in the United States. The notes of the American editors of Reid are very well, but we confess we could quite as well have spared them, and we can see no particular necessity for any of those yet published. Yet we must not pronounce judgment precipitately. The editors intimate that they reserve their remarks chiefly for Reid's last work on the active powers. We presume that they intend to combat his opinions on liberty and necessity. If this is well and simply done, by giving a concise statement of the opposite side of the argument, it will increase the value of the edition. But we earnestly exhort the editors to beware of defacing the pages of this profound and original thinker with empty declamation on the familiar, commonplace topics of metaphysical discussion.

Sermons by the late Rev. I. S. Buckminster. 8vo. Boston.—In a literary point of view, this is one of the most valuable original publications which have for some years issued from the American press. Mr. Buckminster's religious opinions were of the same class with those which are now very prevalent in many parts of Massachusetts, and are denominated by their opponents *Socinian*, and termed by their friends *Catholic* or *Liberal*. There must, of course, exist a very wide difference of opinion as to the theological merit of this publication. But as the opinions of the author are rather to be inferred from what is passed over in silence, than from any thing actually expressed, whatever may be thought of these compositions as sermons, we have no hesitation to recommend them in the strongest manner as moral essays. We have not had leisure to read the volume with that deliberation and critical accuracy which we deem necessary to enable us to give a formal criticism on the character and style of such a work. It appears to us, however, that the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Buckminster's writings are, great fertility and accuracy of thought, delicacy of taste, a certain calmness of manner, a little resembling that of Paley, but united with a more feminine elegance, and which, while it but seldom strongly excites the feelings, has an inexpressible power of engaging the attention—much felicity of illustration, and a considerable degree of ornament, but so far removed from every thing gaudy and florid that the first effect of his compositions upon a hasty reader is that of the utmost simplicity. His style is equable and flowing, and reminds us a good deal of that of Dugald Stewart, though it wants much of the richness and

magnificence of his smooth and full stream of expanded eloquence. When we say that Buckminster but seldom strongly excites the feelings, we must, at the same time, observe, that he has a remarkable power of impressing the mind with a tender solemnity, which has sometimes the effect of pathos, and now and then even approaches to sublimity. Some of the sermons on the internal evidences of christianity display much ingenuity of argument, and are in the best manner of Paley.

To the sermons is prefixed a short sketch of the life of their author, by one of his most intimate friends. We have seldom read a narrative of greater interest. The vivid picture which it displays of the life and study of a young scholar, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and most indefatigable in his application, struggling with infirm health, and weighed down by the dismal apprehension of the most awful of human calamities—the derangement of reason—is singularly interesting and pathetic. Mr. B. died before his 28th year, and we do not know of any man of our own times who had, at that early age, acquired a greater stock of various learning, or produced a more powerful impression upon the public mind. We cannot close this brief article without remarking the great accuracy of style which is discernible in this volume. This quality is so rare in posthumous publications, and, indeed, in all publications not revised in the proof by the author himself, or else carefully corrected by him after some interval had elapsed from the time of composition, that, if it is not owing in this instance (as we partly suspect it is) to the friendly care of the editor, it ought to be noted as a remarkable peculiarity in the literary character of Mr. Buckminster.

We are happy to observe that amidst the din of arms the interests of learning have not been forgotten. The munificence of the great states of New-York and Massachusetts to their several collegiate establishments are known to most of our readers. This has lately called forth two splendid instances of private liberality. The University of Cambridge, (Mass.) has received, from an unknown benefactor, the sum of 20,000 dollars towards founding a Greek professorship; and the Rev. Mr. Van Benschouten, of Ulster county, (N. Y.,) has lately presented 14,500 dollars to Queen's College, (New Jersey,) to be applied to the endowment of the theological faculty in that institution.

Life of Barlow.—We have been asked how we defend the use of the phrase, *incompatible with an enlightened philosopher*, in the life of Barlow in the last number of this magazine. We do not defend it at all. It arises from a slight error of the press. The phrase intended to be used was, *incompatible with an enlightened philosophy*. The reader may also correct, in the same page, (144.,) the words *sal off* by substituting *set off*. We are not very studious of this minute accuracy, and should not have noticed this last error had we not remarked the confusion of the words *sit* and *set*, as well as of *lie* and *lay*, to be of frequent occurrence among our writers or printers. Having corrected these verbal mistakes, it may be as well for the author to correct some others in facts.

Barlow's oration on the 4th of July, 1787, upon a second perusal, appears entitled to higher praise than was bestowed upon it. Another oration delivered by him at Washington, July 4, 1809, has been omitted in the list of his writings, a neglect which it by no means deserved, for it possesses a vein of original thinking very uncommon in productions of this class. Mr. Barlow did not build, but purchased the house at Washington, where he resided;—and in saying that "Barlow was the first poetical ambassador since the days of Prior," the author did not recollect the Duke de Nivernois, Lord Strangford, and our own countryman, Colonel Humphreys.

FOREIGN PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Preparation of the lately discovered new substance called IODE, which possesses the singular property of becoming converted into a beautiful violet-coloured gas by the mere application of heat. By MR. FREDERICK ACCUM.

As this substance, to which the name of iode has been given, has within these few weeks arrested the attention of chemists, and as the mode of obtaining it has not yet been published in this country, I take this opportunity of stating, that it may be procured by distilling, with a very gentle heat, the uncrystallizable saline mass which is obtained, or left behind, after separating all the crystallizable salts from a lixivium or solution of kelp, or Spanish barilla of commerce.

For the purpose of experiment or exhibition in a lecture room, the following easy process answers exceedingly well:

Take a thin glass tube about ten or twelve inches long, and three eighths of an inch in the bore; put into it about one dram of the uncrystallizable residue before mentioned, previously fused for a few minutes, to free it as much as possible from water, and reduced to a coarse powder; add to it, without soiling the inside of the tube, * about half its weight of concentrated sulphuric acid: shake the whole together, and apply a gentle heat, by means of a taper or lamp. This being done, a dense white vapour will make its appearance, and a black glistening powder, which is iode, become sublimed in the colder part of the tube. Then cut to a convenient length, with a file, that part of the tube which contains the iode, and seal the extremities of it by means of the blow-pipe or spirit-lamp.

The preparation of iode upon a larger scale is equally simple and easy. Let a long slender-necked tubulated retort be placed in a sand-bath; surround the whole body of the retort up to the tubulure with sand, and adapt, without luting, to the beak of it, a wide-mouthed phial or receiver. This being done, introduce through the tubulure, first, one part of sulphuric acid, and then two parts of the saline mass before mentioned, broken into small pieces of the size of split pease, and distil for a few minutes with a gentle heat. The iode will become sublimed into the neck of the retort in a crystalline form, exhibiting a black shining crust. Cut off the neck of the retort with a file, and collect the iode by means of a feather or camel's hair brush.

If the whole of the saline mass of kelp or barilla, freed from carbonate of soda only, and which of course consists of muriate of soda, muriate of potash, sulphate of potash, hydrosulphuret of potash, &c. be treated with sulphuric acid, the preparation of iode becomes more embarrassing and difficult.

Roman Costume.—A work is announced, by subscription, in England, entitled *Roman Costume*, from the latter period of the republic to the close of the Empire in the East, by a Graduate of the University of Oxford, and F. S. A. The valuable discovery of paintings and bronzes, by the excavations at Herculaneum, afford authentic originals for the dress at the beginning of the empire. The column of Trajan presents many specimens in the commencement of the following century, as does that of Antonine for the middle of it. The Arch of Severus begins the succeeding one; that of Constantine the next; and the column of Theodosius the middle of the following one. Other pieces of sculpture, dyptics, and coins, fill up the intermediate times, and extend it to the end of the Empire of the West. That assiduous collector, Du Cange, and others, lend their able assistance towards the pursuit of costume in the Eastern Empire; and its latter periods have survived the ravages of time in illuminations on vellum, illustrating the literary productions of the age. The correct colours of the Roman dress are to be found, not only by a reference to the notices of their authors, but in the Herculaneum paintings, tessellated pavements, and Greek manuscripts.

* This may be done conveniently, by sucking the acid up with the mouth into a long small glass tube drawn out to a capillary point, applying the finger to the upper orifice of it, and thus transferring by means of it the acid into the larger tube.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR OCTOBER, 1814.

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A Treatise on the defence of Fortified Places. Written under the direction, and published by command of Bonaparte, for the instruction and guidance of the officers of the French army. By M. Carnot. Translated from the French, by Lieut. Col. Baron de Montalembert. Octavo. pp. 254. 1814.

[From the Critical Review.]

THE French government, for the purpose of impressing the importance of their functions on the minds of military men entrusted with the defence of fortified places, employed M. Carnot to compose the present work. It is divided into eleven chapters; the eight first compose the first part, which is illustrative of the position that any officer, entrusted with the defence of a place, must resolve to perish rather than surrender. The remaining three chapters compose the second part, "on the means afforded by industry, to ensure the best method of defending fortified places." From the principles treated upon in the work, the conclusion is drawn that, in the defence of fortified places, valour, unsupported by industry, is insufficient; united they are invincible.—"Valour!—Industry! the whole defence of fortified places consists in these two words."—The title of this book, recom-

mended by the French government to the use of its army, excites strong interest at this time from the signal resistance of several fortresses held by French officers during the present hostilities. M. Carnot enables us to present the "lettres patentes" constituting General Colaud governor of Antwerp, containing instructions for his conduct in its defence; which, with variations adapted to the localities of other fortified places, may be considered as a precedent of the "lettres patentes" granted to all officers in the French service, commanding fortresses.

" 'NAPOLÉON, by the Grace of God, &c. &c.

" 'The town of *Antwerp* being declared in a state of siege, we have resolved to nominate and appoint for its commander a distinguished officer, whose zeal and fidelity has been tried in many actions.

" 'We have taken into our consideration the services of the General of Division *Senator COLAUD*, and we have appointed him, and hereby do appoint him, ' *commandant of the place of Antwerp*, ' now in a state of siege. Conformably to our decree of the 11th instant, by which he is appointed governor of the said place, we order him to be there by the —————, and never to go beyond a musket shot of the ramparts of its advanced works; frequently to inspect and visit the provisions for the garrison, and the magazines for the artillery, and to take care that they are abundantly supplied, and secure from the attacks of the enemy as well as from the weather. We enjoin him, also, to ensure provisions for the inhabitants, even greater in proportion than those for the garrison. He will employ, within forty-eight hours after his arrival at *Antwerp*, commissioners, civil and military, to ascertain and certify that the said supplies are actually in the place: he will oblige the inhabitants to provide themselves with buckets, and to keep them constantly filled with water: three inspectors appointed to each street, will make domiciliary visits to see that this order is attended to; he will take care that the engines be in the best possible state; they will be stationed as a sort of reserve, and as much as possible sheltered from the enemy's fire. He will take the necessary measures to augment their number. He will give directions to collect a great quantity of fascines, palisades, and also all the timber for ' *blindages*, ' that can possibly be procured.

" 'We order him to preserve the place, and never to think of surrendering it on any pretence whatsoever: in case of its being invested and blockaded, he must be deaf to all reports from the enemy. He must equally resist insinuations and attacks, and never suffer his courage to droop. His constant rule must be to have as little communication with the enemy as possible. He will always bear in mind the dreadful and inevitable consequences of disobedience to our orders, or of neglect in the execution of his duties. He must never forget that, in losing our esteem, he incurs the severity of military law; and that this law condemns him, and his staff, to death, if he surrenders the place; even if two lunettes were taken, and a practicable breach made in the body of the place. In case the enemy should have blown up the counterscarp, he must prevent the consequences that might result from

this, by entrenching himself in the interior of the bastions. In short, we most positively do order and command him to run the chances of an assault, for the purpose of protracting his defence, and increasing the loss of the enemy. He must recollect that a Frenchman should think his life of no value the moment it is put in competition with his honour; this idea must be to him, and his subordinate officers, the main spring of all his actions; and as the reduction of the place must be the last term of his efforts, and the result of the total impossibility to resist any longer, we forbid him to accelerate that unfortunate event by his consent, even by one hour, and under pretence of obtaining an honourable capitulation.

“ ‘We direct that whenever the council of defence shall be called together to consult on the operations, these *‘lettres patentes’* shall be read in an audible and intelligible voice.

“ ‘Given this 11th day of August, 1809, and of our reign the 6th.’ ”

M. Carnot concludes, from the authorities he cites, and his general reasonings, that a good garrison entrusted with the defence of a fortified place can, as long as supplied with provisions and ammunition, successfully resist a besieging army ten times its number; and ultimately effect its destruction. He enumerates various means adopted by an enemy to obtain the speedy surrender of fortified towns, and the signal success of his own countrymen in employing threats and bombardments in the early part of the revolutionary war.

“ The most striking instance of the effect produced by threats, was that which restored us the four towns of Valenciennes, Condé, Le Quesnoy, and Landrecies.—After the battle of Fleurus, the enemy having been repulsed to some distance, we immediately formed the blockade of these four towns; Landrecies and Le Quesnoy were soon reduced by regular attacks: but the most important and most difficult to take, still remained: particularly Valenciennes, which had been completely repaired by the enemy, was abundantly supplied, had a numerous garrison, and an immense train of artillery. On our side, we had no means whatever to form a regular siege; hardly could we hope to maintain the blockade, being in absolute want of the necessary “material” for it; still it was of the utmost importance to us to retake those places without loss of time, in order to reinforce, with the troops employed in the blockade, the army which acted offensively against the enemy, and which was greatly in want of support. Under all these circumstances we determined to summon the garrison. The violence of our threats was in proportion to our inability of undertaking any thing whatever: fortunately these fortresses surrendered, their garrisons were made prisoners, and the enemy lost, in one moment, the fruit of this campaign.—Our detached divisions joined the main army, and from this day we had a superiority over the coalited powers, which we maintained during the year.

“ The same war furnishes us with another instance to this effect: in 1795 we were endeavouring to find a passage across the Rhine, and to

procure ourselves a tête-de-pont on the right bank, which was entirely occupied by the enemy, whilst we were posted on the left: we merely established a mortar-battery close on the bank of the river, facing Mannheim. We judged that the town, although fortified according to Cohörn, would not resist a bombardment, in consequence of the magnificent edifices it contained, which the inhabitants would not suffer to be destroyed.—And so it proved, for we had hardly begun to open fire, when the place surrendered, which procured us at once an excellent tête-de-pont.”

The greatest part of the work is occupied by accounts of sieges, some of which appear irrelevant to the illustration of their object; and most, if not all, must be well known to every tolerably informed military man. The book is drawn up in a popular way, calculated to impress young officers with the importance of obstinately defending a place, and making intelligent individuals, amongst the inhabitants, acquainted with the views upon which the defence is conducted. As a compendium of historical facts, and of the results of the military theory of defence, it is likely to be well received; but it is principally valuable for acquainting us with the principles employed by the French, for holding out during an unusual length of time, in situations which were *calculated* upon being carried with comparative facility.

The Speeches in Parliament of Samuel Horsley, L. L. D. F. S. A., late Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. 3vo. pp. 544.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

IN our whole national economy there is, perhaps, no one kind of advancement in the scale of what we call consequence, that does so much for a man who has not the advantage either of birth or fortune, as being made a bishop. Considered in proportion to its prerequisites and preparation, it is a greater transition than can be made in any other case. Other plebeians may become lords; but, generally speaking, they must be the possessors of great wealth, or have distinguished themselves in an ascending progress through important offices, or a long course of senatorial activity. And on the strength of this ponderous wealth, or in the exercise of these public functions, they will have approached to the habits, and even been familiarized to the society, of the nobility, and accustomed to so much deference in their vicinity, or so much obsequiousness to the authority of their offices, or so much attention to their exhibitions in great assemblies, that they have more than half attained the advantages of the peerage before they formally receive its patent and its ceremonial appendages. Whereas a clergyman that has no

riches, that may have lived chiefly, or, at least, comparatively, in retirement, that has never been heard in any kind of debating assemblies, that has received only the common attentions due to a gentleman and scholar, with a certain moderate addition on his attaining, perhaps, one of the subordinate dignities of the church, may be suddenly introduced into the house of lords, shall take there what will be generally felt a higher rank than many of its occupants, and may demand the attention of the collective nobility of the country to what he thinks and wishes on any subject that comes before them; while in the view of his friends, his former ecclesiastical, and, perhaps, desponding equals, and the portion of the community suddenly placed under his spiritual jurisdiction, he takes the bench or ascends the throne as a personage widely and inexplicably different from the man that was a few years since a plain vicar or rector.

It should seem that many prelates have themselves felt such amazement at this metamorphosis, that they have never acquired self-possession enough to take the full advantages of it. Whether they have been absorbed in the endeavour to comprehend the mystery of the circumstance, or could not positively verify the reality of the new mode of being, or could not bring their strength or resolution up to the requisite pitch for assuming and asserting its functions and rights, or whatever else has been the cause, the fact is, that few of the order have, in later times, assumed to act a distinguished part in the elevated assembly to which they belong: so few, indeed, that a natural philosopher who puts a value on all agents as the possessors of some kind of faculty and power, by exercising which he expects them to maintain their places in the great economy, might look at the class in question, with the suspicion of its having been assigned to an inappropriate situation; or, at least, with a degree of regret, that it should not manifest the properties agreeing to that situation.

Such an observer will therefore feel a very lively gratification in seeing one of the class prove that it *has* great aristocratic and legislative capabilities, however latent, by coming so boldly and effectively into action, as did Bishop Horsley. *He*, at any rate, showed no signs of marvelling at his new situation, or of being afraid of it. *He* sought no refuge from its overpowering impressions in the solemn quietude of a reverend formality. His faculties suffered no repression or paralysis in his looking round on the majesty of the assembly; a view which was not taken by a succession of cautious and partial glances, ventured at intervals; but by an open, confident look of examination and challenge. *He* presently took his share in debate on any subject on which he had formed an opinion, and within this compass almost every subject was included. Though peculiarly vigilant and peremp-

tory on all occasions involving ecclesiastical questions, he scorned any notion of an obligation to confine himself to what might be called professional matters; and it must have been a very daring opponent that would have ventured to hint to him the propriety of any such limitation. He soon committed himself to all the dangers of positive battle, and had a peculiar and provoking intrepidity in challenging the enemy to do his worst. It is true, indeed, and almost too obvious to need noticing, that the valour which fights generally in the ranks of the ascendant party, is not subjected to the hardest test, and can never attain a character of romantic heroism. Nevertheless, our right reverend combatant had in his manner something so peculiarly and emphatically assailable, such an air of direct defiance, such a confidence to commit himself totally, without reserve, or provided means of retreat, such a promptitude to expose himself singly in advance before his allies, such a perfect, unhesitating explicitness in telling his opponents to their beads, that he would give them "to the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field," such an embodying in his own person of the stress of the war, such an apparent carelessness, how much of the opposite and vindictive force he might draw on himself individually, fearless of taking the champion's proportion of the hazard, and such a confident occupation of whatever position would present him most prominently to their weapons, that we are compelled to acknowledge him to have been possessed of a bravery competent to dare any conflict without previously counting the fellow-fighters.

One of the strongest indications how much he was at his ease in assuming the full exercise of the functions of his new situation, appears in that facility of irony and sarcasm which marks the first speech here reported to us, which was made very soon after his attainment of the bench. Almost all the subsequent speeches have here and there some touches of this sort of *gayety*. It comes without the smallest affectation or effort. It is quite genuine, and often sudden. It is sometimes transient, and sometimes a little prolonged, just as it may happen. It is almost always powerfully caustic. In some instances, where its application was signally just, as for example, when it fell on the defenders of slavery and the slave trade, the reader is extremely gratified in imagining the mortification it must have inflicted.

Clear statement, however, acute discrimination, and vigorous argument, form the leading intellectual distinction of these speeches; and it is needless to say that these are supported by so wide and accurate a knowledge of facts, that whether the reasoning has been deliberately prepared beforehand, or is called forth by some view of the subject presented at the time, makes no difference as to the sufficiency of the orator's resources. Even the critical and biblical learning of our prelate is brought,

with striking advantage to the subject, and triumphant effect in debate, to bear on the question of West-India slavery.

Every one, who is at all acquainted with the character and style of Warburton, will be very often reminded of him in listening to Horsley. He will have, in broad display before him, many of the same moral and intellectual characteristics; the intrepidity, the self-confidence, the arrogance, the driving urgency, if we may so express it, and the habitually *aggressive* temper and attitude; —the acuteness, in a measure the rapidity of thought, the facility of turning to use any part of the most ample resources, the delight to beat the adversary with an apparent paradox, the readiness to adopt a cause or argument under its greatest hazards, and maintain it at its weakest point, as a gratuitous display of courage and skill, previously to taking the strongest ground, and best weapons. In point of diction, there is often the same mixture of the scholastic, and the familiar, and colloquial; the same disdain to be confined to the niceties of a trim elegance. Horsley is, however, immensely surpassed by that powerful wildness of freedom which distinguishes Warburton's manner, the expression of that unlimited and indefatigable versatility which assumed the whole creation as the field of its mingled sport and action. Warburton has the advantage of being vastly more eloquent, in that sense of the word in which it imports something bordering on poetry. He abounds in happy allusions, and is often surrounded by some sudden splendour of a creative fancy.

This volume comprises fifteen speeches, which purport to be given at length, in the precise words in which they were delivered. Most of the subjects are important; the abolition of the slave trade; the claims of the Irish catholics; the bill for preventing the marriage of persons divorced for adultery; the treason bill of November, 1795; the preliminaries of the peace of Amiens. Several are on ecclesiastical matters. One of them, of enormous length, (80 pages,) is, we think, very injudiciously inserted. It was a laborious and extremely able exertion, in vindication of the claims of a particular clergyman, whose interests were implicated in a particular enclosure bill, and proves that the bishop, had he fallen into another profession, would have made a consummate barrister; but the subject cannot be of the smallest general interest, and its filling so large a space will only make the purchasers of the volume the more sensible of its exorbitant price.

No one will feel it worth while to quarrel with these speeches for declaring, without ceremony, the bishop's well-known high church notions, coupled with his firm faith in the horrible wickedness of lifting a finger against the "powers that be," whoever they may be, and however flagitious their conduct. It is amusing to think what a dreadful explosion there would have been, had

the bishop lived to see these times, against the French people for their unfaithfulness, their rebellion, as he must have denominated it, against their late emperor; for to this length his doctrine, as avowed in one passage in this volume, would fairly go. How little or how much reason soever it may be thought there is for giving the prelate credit for genuine zeal in behalf of religion, we have been several times, in passing through this volume, gratified at the sight of the courageous austerity with which he was sure and prompt to take vindictive notice of any sign of irreligious levity in the noble assembly. He maintained a peculiar and intimidating boldness, with the utmost possible explicitness, and, as it were, breadth of expression, when he made any reference to christianity or the bible. The bible was to be referred to in the debate on the slave trade; and, it seems, some noble lord was pleased to *laugh* when the bishop began to quote one of St. Paul's epistles to Timothy. There have been many ecclesiastics who would have let this pass; but not so Bishop Horsley.

"I affirm that the New Testament contains an express reprobation in terms, an express prohibition of the slave-trade by name, as sinful in a very high degree. The apostle St. Paul, my lords, in the first of his epistle to St. Timothy—My lords, the Bible is to be treated in this house with reverence. If I find occasion, in argument, upon a subject like the present, to quote particular texts, any noble lord who may think proper to receive such quotations with a laugh, must expect that I call him to order. I was saying, my lords, that St. Paul, in the first of his epistles to St. Timothy, having spoken of persons that were lawless and disobedient," &c.

We were equally gratified by the magisterial and contemptuous tone in which he reprimanded another laugh emitted by some noble lords, while he was quoting from Mr. Park's travels a description, a perfectly simple and serious one, of the kind and sympathetic manners of the women in one part of Africa, as experienced by him when in great distress.

We are extremely gratified, too, by the noble arrogance, if we may so call it, with which he fights and spurns the advocates of the slave trade; and nothing can be more amusing than the sarcastic compliments, and mock-respectful references, to a noble earl who had quoted the bible in defence of perpetual slavery. In this instance the galling humour is considerably prolonged, and returns with a lucky bite when the earl must have thought it was fairly past. The speech ends with a most solemn and commanding admonition of the Day of Judgment.

These speeches are preceded by a dedication, signed by the bishop's son, who appears to take the full responsibility of editor.

The Works of Damiano, Ray-Lopez, and Salvio, on the Game of Chess; translated and arranged: with Remarks, Observations, and copious Notes on the Games. Containing, also, several original Games and Situations, by the Editor. To which are added, the Elements of the Art of Playing without seeing the Board. By J. H. Sarratt, author of a *Treatise on Chess, &c.* and Professor of the Game.

[From the Monthly Review.]

ought solemnity or gayety in literature to predominate? Is it better to be grave about games, or gamesome about the grave? One privilege of age is to prefer the former and easier alternative; and so we shall begin a serious, formal, academic dissertation. Aware that we have been preceded in this career by various continental authors—that in Spain, Ruy-Lopez de Segura—in Italy, Domenico Tarsia—in France, Sarrasin—and in Germany, Wieland—have written on the Origin of Chess—we still think that some notices have been neglected, and that some doubts remain which may be solved.

The earliest European writer who mentions chess is the celebrated Greek princess, Anna Comnena, of Constantinople. She calls the game *Zatrikion*, and says that the Greeks derived it from the Babylonians; and that her father, Alexius, who was fond of playing, owed the detection of a conspiracy against him to the friend with whom, late at night, he sat at chess.

It has been surmised by some, that chess travelled into western Europe from Constantinople; and that it was carried by commercial men to Barcelona, to Venice, and to various seaports which traded with the Greek metropolis. By others it has been supposed that the Moors of Spain took thither this oriental game, and that France and Italy learnt it from the Spaniards. It has been said by a third set of antiquaries, that the crusaders acquired this game in the East, and brought it with them from the Holy Land. In the first case, the technical terms would have a Greek, and in the second case a Spanish complexion, or derivation: but the words *checkmate*, *rook*, &c. are Persian, so that they seem, in fact, to have been directly imported from the East.

Hyde, in his dissertation *De Ludis Orientalium*, states that the Persians do not claim to be the inventors of chess, but admit that they received it from Hindostan, in the reign of Chosroes Nushirvan, that is, about the middle of the sixth century. This idea Sale confirms in the preface to his translation of the Koran, which work contains the earliest known allusion to the game of

chess. Borzu, the physician of Nushirvan, imported the game from Canyacuvia. Freret, in his *Origine des Echecs*, remarks that, in the great dictionary of the Chinese, at the word *Stangki*, it is related that chess was introduced into China under the reign of Vouti, who acceded to the throne in the year 537 of the Christian era; and that the game was brought from Hindostan. Thus all authorities conspire to show that chess is derived from the Hindoos, and began to be played at the beginning of the sixth century.

Sir William Jones, in the first volume of his works, (p. 521.) gives an account of an Indian game called *Chaturaji*, or the four kings; in which eight pieces, having such movements as our chess-men, were stationed at each of the four corners, and moved by four players, not according to system, but as directed by the throw of dice. The observations made during these compulsory moves appear to have suggested the principles of voluntary chess; which was probably substituted for the older game of chance, in consequence of the prevalence of a superstitious opinion authorized in the Institutes of Menu, and corroborated in the Koran, that games of hazard are contrary to religious duty. The name *Chaturanga*, or four-corners, was given to this reformed game, and remained attached to it after the subsequent amendment of consolidating the allied armies, and reducing the players to two.

D'Herbelot tells us that a Bramin named Sissa, the son of Daber, whom Arabian writers call Nassir, invented the game of chess for the amusement and instruction of King Behram. Whether this be the Vyasa of Sir William Jones, who left rules for playing the old *Chaturanga*, some future orientalist may ascertain. In our judgment, the Hindoos invented only the *Chaturanga*, and the Persians devised the admirable alteration of reducing the players to two. Our conjecture reposes on the etymological indications that *Chaturanga* is a Sanscrit word adopted by the Persians in the form *Chatrang*, as the name of chess; whereas, the piece which we call the queen, has the native Persian appellation *ferz*, vizir. Now the primitive *Chaturanga* of the Hindoos had no vizirs; each of the four armies consisting of eight figures headed by a king. Surely it is reasonable to imagine that those who have named this piece, introduced it. We may add that chess, in its present form, when played by the Hindoos, borrows Persian technical terms. Lieutenant Moor, in his *Narrative of a detachment from the Mahratta Army*, (1794,) relates that he played at chess against four Bramins in a pagoda, and that they pronounced the final *Shah mat* (these are Persian words) with the most polished gentleness.

Sir William Jones is of opinion that chess was invented by one effort of some powerful genius; that it was created by the first

intention; and that it sprang, like Pallas, full-grown from the head of the great contriver. We consider a progressive formation to be far more analogous to the usual course of nature; and we think that we have indicated with probability some of the leading steps in the interesting series. One, however, deserves farther contemplation. The Hollanders have a game which they call Malay draughts, and which they imported from the East Indies. In this game, the pawns move diagonally, and take straight forwards; there are crowned pieces for the beginning, which take backwards and forwards; and a triple crown is acquired with a farther privilege, like that of the chess-rook, on reaching the extreme row of the board. This game seems to preserve a trace of one of the intermediate steps between draughts and chess; it is played with five queens and ten pawns, on a board of a hundred squares. If we had not the evidence of history, adduced from Vyasa by Sir William Jones, that Chaturanga was originally played with dice, we might not have inferred that chess had been a game of chance in any part of its progress.

The early metrical romances of Europe ascribe much proficiency in chess to the knights of Arthur, and to the paladins of Charlemagne. Sir Trystan plays with Essylda, and Sir Huon with the daughter of King Ivoirin. This, however, is an anachronism; and these writers carry back to a prior period manners which were observed among the crusaders. In the Romance of the Four Brothers, Gawin, Agravain, Gueret, and Galleret, who go in quest of Sir Launcelot, the critical adventure consists in playing at chess with the fairy Florimel.—In the Romaunt of the Rose, where chess is mentioned, occurs the following line :

“ Fols, chevaliers, *fierce*, ni rocs;”

whence it appears that the Persian *ferz*, vizir, was the original European name for the piece called in England the queen. So, again, in the Latin monkish rhymes which describe a pawn's advancement,

“ *Tunc augmentatur, tunc fercia jure vocatur.*”

According to Mr. Twiss, whose book on chess deserves republication, the first modern writer on this subject was Jacob de Cæsolis, a Dominican friar, who flourished about the year 1290, and who composed twenty-four chapters concerning the origin and nature of the game; without, however, including any rules of play. This work was translated into French before 1330 by John de Vignay, another monk; whose version was farther translated into

English, and is remarkable for being the first book printed in England with metal types by Caxton, in 1474.

Our Exchequer is so named from its pavement resembling a chess board; and in a book preserved there, which records the personal expenses of Henry VII., an entry occurs of fifty-six shillings and eight-pence lost at tables and chess.—Skelton, the poet-laureat to Henry VIII., was fond of chess, and celebrates the game in rhyme: it often supplies him with an allusion or a metaphor.—Queen Elizabeth was taught to play chess by her preceptor, Roger Ascham; and, as she occupied his time much, both in teaching and in amusing her, it was considered as ungrateful that she never rewarded him with any thing better than a prebendal stall at York.—King James I. was fond of chess, and willingly taught the game to his young friends. In one of his speeches, he says that “kings can exalt low things, and abase high things, making the subjects, like men at chess, a pawn to take a bishop or a knight.”

These, however, are mere antiquarian particulars, of no use to the progress of the science of chess. They may amuse the idleness of a solitary amateur, but will not sharpen the skill of contending champions: they may busy the imagination about a favourite pursuit, but have no tendency to strengthen the intellect for conflict. Let us turn to other considerations.

Damiano had the glory of being the first author who, in Europe, wrote a treatise intended to facilitate the study of the game. The title, or translated title, of his work is *Libro da imparare giocare a Scacchi*, of which the present author does not possess the original, but the long subsequent edition of 1564. Damiano was a Portuguese: his instructions are issued both in Italian and in Spanish, so that he addressed the entire Provençal public: and his book was reprinted both at Barcelona and at Venice. His games are drawn up as if castling was not in use.—Of this work, Mr. Sarratt thus speaks in his preface:

“It is divided into ten chapters: the first contains the names of the pieces, their situations, and some general rules; the second is entitled ‘*Del primo modo di giocare*,’ the first method of playing; that is, beginning with the king’s pawn: the third chapter treats of the second method of playing; i. e. beginning with the queen’s pawn: in the fourth is inserted the method of playing when the odds of the pawn for the move are given: the fifth contains games in which the pawn and move are given: the sixth, games in which the knight is given for the pawn and move: all these games appear to be entitled to unqualified approbation: the seventh chapter contains games in which the knight is given: in the eighth chapter are inserted the subtle moves, (‘*tratti sottili*’) called, in ‘vulgar’ Spanish, *primores*; they are sixteen in number: the ninth chapter contains his well-known ends of games; these

Damiano calls '*Giochi de i partiti*;' they are in number sixty-eight: the tenth and last chapter contains 'The Elements of the Art of Playing without seeing the Board.'

"Of these ten chapters the editor has translated only seven: he has not translated the first chapter, from a belief that it contains nothing that is either instructive or entertaining. In speaking of the pawns, Damiano says, '*El movimento della pedoua è la prima volta andare tre case se vole*;' but no doubt he includes the square on which the pawn is originally placed.

"The eighth and ninth chapters the editor has omitted, from a conviction that all Damiano's 'subtle moves' and ends of games have already been published. They are to be found in the works of Lolli; Dr. Ercole dal Rio's treatise; Cozio, and Stamma; and in '*Les Stratagèmes des Echecs*,' &c.

"The degree of skill which is conspicuous in the greater number of these ends of games cannot be surpassed.

"It is rather singular that Mr. Twiss does not mention Damiano's directions for playing without seeing the board. In the copy which is in the editor's possession, these directions occupy several very closely printed pages: they are entitled, '*Dell arte del giocare alla mente*.'

"The greater part of Damiano's treatise was translated into English, and published in London in the year 1562: it is entitled, '*The pleasant and wittie Playe of the Cheasts renewed*. Lately translated out of Italian into French, and now set furth in Englishe, by James Rowbuthum. Printed at London, 1562.'"

Damiano was succeeded by Ruy-Lopez, a Spanish priest of Cafra, who printed his book on chess at Alcalá, in 1561. It contains sixty-six games, of which twenty-four are from Damiano: it was translated into Italian, and reprinted in 1584.

Mr. Sarratt awards to Damiano a degree of skill superior to that of Lopez, but inferior to that of Salvio, who published at Naples, in 1604, "*Il Puttino, del Salvio, sopra el gioco dei Scacchi*." The first part of this work contains an historical account of the game, with numerous anecdotes of eminent players; such as Buzzecca, a Saracen, and Leonardo da Cutri. Salvio excelled so young at chess, that he was called *il puttino*, the boy, by excellence, and travelled about to exhibit his skill. Early exercise is in every thing favourable to superior proficiency. He visited Rome in 1574, where he played both with Ruy-Lopez and with Leonardo da Cutri and beat them both: these two players had been engaged with each other in the presence of Philip II. of Spain; and Leonardo, having won, received a considerable present.

"Salvio's book on chess," says Mr. Sarratt, "is, perhaps, the best that ever was written: with very few exceptions his games are admi-

vably played; all his gambits have been imitated, and even copied, by every player who has written on chess, even by Greco and Philidor."

Among the good books on chess, which Mr. Sarratt omits to enumerate in his preface, though he uses it in his progress, we are disposed to reckon the French work printed for König of Strasbourg in 1802, intitled "*Stratagèmes des Echecs.*" The author of that concise but condensed pocket volume is probably a German learned in the literature of chess, and perhaps the celebrated Moses Hirschel himself. Hitherto the "*Traité des Amateurs,*" printed in 1775, had been the popular book of the French on this subject: but the author of the *Stratagèmes* avails himself of Greco, of Stamma, of Lolli, of Philidor, of Stein, who printed at the Hague in 1789, and of Koch, who published in 1801. A principal advantage of the *Stratagèmes* is the transparent method of mapping the chess-board which is adopted in it, and the brief literal notation which records the successive steps of warfare. This is a real amendment of what may be called the stenography of chess, and much facilitates the understanding of a literary perusal of any given game. It is a plan of notation invented by Moses Hirschel, a German Jew, who edited Greco and Stamma, the Calabrian and the Aleppo games, on his own principle of chequered and literal delineation; and who is deservedly honoured for the apt simplicity of his new scientific character, which forms a sort of universal language for chess. Like the notes of the musician, or the flourishes of the Chinese, or the figures of the arithmetician, it can be read by any nation in its own tongue: it is a pasigraphy, remarkable alike for conciseness and distinctness.

To have been foremost in introducing into this country, and bringing into domestic circulation, a method of literal description which the continent has adopted and sanctioned, and which forms, like the invention of chemical characters, an epoch in the science to which it has been applied, would have done honour to the erudition and the liberality of Mr. Sarratt. Englishmen are often reproached with a surly and sluggish indifference to the merits of foreigners, and are accused of choosing to learn nothing which is not taught by some one of their own countrymen. Here was an opportunity of repelling in a degree this national reproach, by displaying an alert and speedy docility to real amelioration. Let no man silently admire a rival: envy never finds her account in suppressing the claims of a competitor for immortality.

Mr. Sarratt first translates into English some games of Damiano, which extend through thirty-six pages: then follow those of Ruy-Lopez, which occupy one hundred and twenty-eight. On the fifteenth game of this last author, Mr. S. is especially severe, but not without reason: for it is indeed time that the reputation of

Ruy-Lopez should sink to its natural level. He was a priest, and enjoyed, as an eminent chess-player, access to a sovereign who patronized the game; the courtiers of Philip II., therefore, were anxious to enhance, and the clergy to blazon, his reputation, until the Pope himself condescended to regard his only title to ecclesiastical distinction. The bladder of orthodoxy, he has hitherto floated on the waves of fame rather by an inspired than an inherent buoyancy, and collapses at the first wound from the style of criticism. How many swimming reputations of our own age are, in like manner, inflated by the breath of court favour, or the puffs of domineering parties, and must await the disinterested verdict of the unborn for a just appreciation of talents "which the king delighteth to honour."

After the games of the Reverend Ruy-Lopez, Mr. Sarratt, with a disagreeable want of method returns to the work of Damiano, and extracts or abridges from it the "Elements of the Art of playing without seeing the Board." Few persons would wish to acquire the art of playing by memory: it degrades the gentleman into the showman, to be dazzlingly skilful: but, by studying these elements, a much more important facility is acquired, that of rapidly mooting cases in the imagination, and pursuing the consequences of a given move through all its possible effects. Now this facility of internal comparison, this habit of contemplating all the practicable results of a given situation constitutes the appropriate art of reasoning at Chess, and is the very exertion of intellect to which the chess-player is required to inure himself. By preparing the memory to play without a board, the imagination is tutored to compare without experiment.

Lastly occur the games of Salvio. The Italian method of castling, adopted in these games, should have been explained by an introductory note. Far the greater part of the book, namely, two hundred and seventy-six pages, is occupied with the exertions of Salvio; who introduced into literature, we believe, the word *gambello* to designate the *stride*, or double move of a pawn. This word is here Englished *gambit*, and not *gambet*; which latter form we should have deemed more consonant with English analogy. An admirable gambet is detailed at p. 203.; which we advise and exhort those of our readers who delight in chess to execute on their chess-boards, under the guidance of Mr. Sarratt, whose annotations display critical sagacity and original resource.

The most unfortunate of Salvio's games seem to be those which are detailed at p. 275. and p. 311. In the first line of p. 380. we denounce an error of the press, which put us to some inconvenience in attempting to perform with our ebony and ivory actors, the interesting and truly dramatic situation which is contrived by the poet of the game. The one party for a long time appears to

be actuated by unmeaning folly, and the other by prospective prudence ; when a sudden reverse of fortune, which seems to bestow the character of wisdom on the successful, consigns to his inextricably fatal catastrophe the monarch of the more powerful nation.

Like a Greek tragedy, a game at chess may naturally be divided into three acts, the beginning, the middle, and the end. An orderly teacher would first descant on the method of opening a game, and decorate his lecture with specimens of the more curious and masterly outsets, which are imagined, or preserved, by the classical writers on the art. He would next collect and criticise the poignant positions, and the embarrassing situations which have extorted contradictory counsels from eminent champions. Finally, he would enlarge on the methods which are useful in deciding the termination ; and he would bring under contemplation a selection of the more splendid, revolutionary, and decisively sudden catastrophes. Here, however, we are made to travel with some confusion from games to gambets, from situations to openings, from variations to positions, and from conclusions to attacks ; always, indeed, occupied with interesting, but not with consecutive matter.

If it be the office of the drama, as Aristotle pretends, to purge the passions of pity and fear, and, by exhausting their excesses on ideal cases, to bring them under the control of discretion, surely it might be the nobler office of chess to purge the military passion. While it is feeding hopes and fears, analogous to those of warfare, with harmless gratifications, it is adapted to insinuate the pernicious consequences of a wild and gambling temerity ; and to teach the disciple of its lessons uniformly to trust in adequate precaution alone for the means of victory. The poet of *Caissa* has inculcated a great moral, in making Mars the allegorical contriver of chess.

It has been said that chess tends excessively to repress an adventurous disposition. By accustoming men to a struggle in which skill, and skill alone, is always necessarily to predominate, they are brought out of the world of experience into that of philosophy. They acquire an undue reliance on cold foresight and precaution ; and they are made to look with contempt not only on the magic of prayer, but on the miracles of fortune. Now human life, like whist, is made up of chance and skill ; and, though it is worth while to learn the play, yet sometimes the cards, and sometimes the partner, will disappoint the wisest efforts. A mixed game prepares the mind to compliment prosperity with the praise of skill, and to console adversity with the notice of its unlucky deals ; but chess, where wisdom always wins, may lead to that insolent obduracy which worships success with unqualified admiration, and pelts every child of ruin with the nick-

name, "fool." If the laws of nature were not too complex for us to calculate their individual results, not only superstition would expire, but pity also among men; and is there no room for apprehending that an exclusive and persevering application to this game, in which every situation is the obvious result of unswerving laws, may favour a turn of mind that is more welcome in the magistrate than in the neighbour? Against inconsistency in our expectations, however, chess is a powerful antidote.

Cerutti, in his animated poem on the game, ascribes the invention to philosophy :

*" Mon ami, prolongeons une innocente guerre,
Qui charme nos loisirs, sans desoler la terre ;
L'ambition se plait dans les combats sanglans ;
Mais la philosophie aux combats des talens."*

It is related of Philidor, who excelled all the London players, that on the twentieth of June, 1795, he waited by appointment on the Turkish ambassador, played six games against him, and lost them all. The Turk had made the condition that his queen, as is usual at Constantinople, should have the knight's move, and this put Philidor out of his combinations. It is farther stated, in the narrative of Mr. Twiss, that the Turkish ambassador objected to use Philidor's sculptured figures with horses' heads, and produced pieces made by the turner, which too nearly resembled one another. The Turk stipulated this last condition out of superstition. Chess is prohibited in the Koran; but the Mohammedan clergy, finding it impossible to extirpate the game, wished to discover its compatibility with the faith; and they accordingly argued that Mohammed's objection to chess was founded on its idolatrous character. The players used images, which it was even forbidden to make, and which might easily restore the use of teraphim, or pocket-gods. Having given this opinion, they permitted a chess which was played with plain pieces.

We are aware with how bowed a neck, with how crouching a step, in how humble an attitude, a man should approach a mufti; with how hesitating an accent, and how faltering a tongue, he should venture to differ from him; but, if we may trust our version of the Koran, and the collocation of the prohibition there among those which are given against games of chance, we should rather lean to the doctrine that Mohammed forbade chess, not as an idolatrous game, but as a game of hazard; and we draw from the prohibition this curious farther inference, that at the time of the publication of the Koran, chess was still a game of chance, and existed only in the form called *chaturanga*. This prohibition in the Koran so exactly coincides with the period at which the Persians

dropped the use of dice at Chaturanga, that it evidently occasioned the reform ; and thus the Unitarian prophet may himself be considered as having made the greatest practical improvement in chess, which that noblest of games has received in the course of its progress from infancy to maturity.

We hope that, in future editions of his meritorious work, Mr. Sarratt will adopt the character of Hirschel, and the consequent preference of a small quarto form of publication. If we consider him as somewhat behind-hand in point of literary information, we attribute high rank to his practical strength in *zatrikiology*, and think well both of his judgment in criticising the game, and of his inventive resource as a player of difficult problems.

A selection of Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., and characteristic words by Thomas Moore, Esq. The Vth Number. Folio.

[From the Monthly Review.]

WE not long since took notice of the first four numbers of this very popular work ;* and having then given our opinion at some length on its general design and merits, little remains for us now to perform. The character and execution of the 5th number do not materially differ from those of its predecessors ; yet we think that, on the whole, something is observable of that wane, or decline, to which Mr. Moore alludes in the advertisement prefixed :

“ It is not,” says he, “ so much from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close ; but we feel so proud, for our country’s sake and our own, of the interest which this purely Irish work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost by any ill-judged protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any longer trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus I allude entirely to the airs, which are, of course, the main attraction of these volumes ; and, though we have still many popular and delightful melodies to produce, yet it cannot be denied that we should soon experience some difficulty in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The poetry, too,

* See Monthly Review for June, 1817.

would be sure to sympathize with the decline of the music; and however feebly my words have kept pace with the *excellence* of the airs, they would follow their *falling off*, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. So that, altogether, both pride and prudence counsel us to stop, while the work is yet, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and, in the imperial style, '*stantes mori*,' before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or, what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same."

The present number contains twelve airs, seven of which are harmonized for two or more voices. The first air is the well-known "Alley Croker;" and our readers will no doubt be glad to see how Mr. Moore has trodden on the ground which has been already traversed so often by others:

1.

"Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wandered,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squandered;
Where'er they pass
A triple grass*
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming!
"Oh the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

2.

"Says Valour, 'See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!—
Says Love, 'No, no,
For *me* they grow,
My fragrant path adorning!—
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,

* "Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, 'standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand.'"

And cries, ' Oh ! do not sever
 A type, that blends
 Three godlike friends,
 Love, Valour, Wit, for ever !'
 " Oh the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Eriu's native Shamrock !"

The music belonging to these words contains nothing that is new, or worthy of remark ; it is the simple old air, with symphonies in the style adopted by Sir John Stevenson throughout this work.

The air called " Molly, my Dear," follows next, and is open to rather more observation. We must quote two lines of this song to serve as foundation for the remarks which we have to make :

" At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye."

Now, we will appeal to any of our readers, (nay, to Mr. Moore himself,) whether these lines are allowable as verses ; and we may, with equal confidence, ask any who are conversant with music, whether a succession of notes expressing such lines, without any repetitions or divisions, can be called *an air* ? The phrases in this music consist each of five bars, which we believe to be equally contrary to the soundest rules of composition and to the practice of the best masters. Such a piece ought not, at this time of day, to be brought forward as beautiful : it is, to our ears, perfectly barbarous, and worthy only of the earliest and rudest age of the science.

" The last Rose of Summer," to the tune of " Groves of Blarney," has great beauty, and the air is delightful :

1.

" 'Tis the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes
 Or give sigh for sigh !

2.

' I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
 To pine on the stem ;

Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

3.

“ So soon may *I* follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?”

This is one of the harmonized airs, and is arranged for four voices in an extremely charming manner.

Of “*The Minstrel Boy*,” which follows, we must say that it is a spirited little poem; but our limits will not permit us to do more than refer to it.

The celebrated old air of “*Moll Roone*” is one of the best specimens which we have seen throughout the work; the air is plaintive, simple, and sweet; and the words are in Mr. Moore's happiest manner. We extract them:

1.

“ Farewell!—but, whenever you welcome the hour
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain—
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you!

2.

“ And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmur'd, ‘I wish he were here!’

3.

" Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
 And which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 To bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
 You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still !"

" *Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
 Testa diu.*"

HOR.

In the advertisement to which we have already referred, we are informed that the sixth number will appear in the course of this year, and that it will probably be the last of the series ; the whole being intended to form three thin volumes.

Sir Hornbook ; or Childe Launcelot's Expedition. A Grammatico-Allegorical Ballad.

[From the British Critic.]

WE are by no means disposed to countenance the modern fashion of teaching the rudiments of science by the aid of games and playthings, or of smuggling knowledge into the minds of children under the guise of story and sing-song. Yet we see no reason why our little boys and girls, who, by the regular progress of labour and lessons, have already made themselves acquainted with the parts of speech, and such branches of learning in their plain prose garb, may not have the advantage and the gratification of renewing their acquaintance with their old friends in the more captivating dress of a tale in verse. The chief objection is, that in this age of poetry, as it is deemed, under the name of verse, much trash of all kinds is daily soliciting admission into our nurseries as well as into our drawing-rooms. We are very glad, therefore, that in turning over a collection of children's books, we have had the good fortune to meet with one which we can safely recommend to our readers as an unexceptionable present for their young favourites and élèves. "*Sir Hornbook*" is, in fact, a very clever little ballad, such as Papas and Mamas, after first reading it over for their children's sakes, to see that all is safe, will be disposed to take it up again for their own amusement, and to laugh heartily over its mock-heroic contents ; whilst the juvenile circle up stairs may gaze upon its cuts, and learn by heart its lines, without dan-

ger of vitiating their taste with vulgarity, or of forming their ideas of poetry upon sheer doggrel. In short, except Mrs. Dorset's happy little poem, "The Peacock at Home," we recollect nothing of the kind so well imagined or so well executed as this bagatelle. Nay, we go further, and in the teeth of even more critical and learned readers, we pronounce, *ex cathedra*, that of all the grammatical treatises with which we are acquainted, from the *Τεχνὴ γραμματικὴ* of Dionysius the Thracian, the *Minerva* of Sanctius, and the *Ἑπεα Πτερόεντα* of Horne Tooke, down to Mr. Jones's Greek and Latin Grammars upon Philosophical Principles! we have found none superior to "Sir Hornbook" in amusement, and but few, we verily believe, in utility. We know not who is the author of this ingenious trifle, and we certainly do not mean to insinuate that it is either Lord Byron or Walter Scott, when we remark, that as in the title there is an evident allusion to the Childe Harold of the former, so there is a pleasant enough imitation of the latter in the conduct of the subject and versification.

Childe Launcelot, setting out on his expedition to the Muses' Bower, arrives at Sir Hornbook's gate, and blows the horn that hangs there. Thereat

"The inner portals opened wide,
And forward strode the chief,
Arrayed in paper-helmet's pride,
And arms of golden leaf."

On "the Childe's" soliciting his aid:

"'If Emulation sent thee here,'
Sir Hornbook quick replied,
'My merry men all shall soon appear,
To aid thy cause with shield and spear
And I will head thy bold career,
And prove thy faithful guide.'"

These merry men are thus described:

"Full six-and-twenty men were they,
In line of battle spread;
The first that came was mighty A,
The last was little z."

With the aid of Sir Hornbook and these his merry men, Childe Launcelot proceeds and conquers successively Sir Article and his brother; the stout knight Sir Substantive, with Adjective, his lady bright, and his Lieutenant Pronoun; the old Sir Verb, and his General Infinitive and Imperative, who commands his squad-

ron, with all the host of auxiliaries, derivatives, and adjuncts ; in short, he masters all the parts of speech, one after another, in the form of knights, till he arrives where

“ Sir Syntax dwelt in thick fir grove,
All strewn with scraps of flowers,
Which he had plucked to please his love
Among the Muse’s Bowers.
His Love was gentle Prosody,
More fair than morning beam,
Who lived beneath a flowering tree,
Beside a falling stream.
And these two claimed, with high pretence,
The whole Parnassian ground,
Albeit some little difference
Between their taste was found ;
Sir Syntax he was all for sense,
And Prosody for sound.”

But it is time to relieve our graver readers from our extracts and commendations of this nursery epic, and to express our wish, that half the epics which have been lately written could boast the same spirit and ingenuity in their composition.

along its whole length, and running in lines parallel to the ridge at each side down to its base. At half past 5 o'clock we entered a wood, and in half an hour afterwards reached the summit of this part of the main ridge, close to where the perpendicular cliff named Galipan rises above La Guyra, and threatens destruction to the places below. From this point we continued our route along the main ridge under the shade of trees for about two miles, when we arrived at the house of Souza, which stands on that part of the ridge, overlooking at once Caraccas and La Guyra; and within a short distance of the point of the mountain, whence the supposed smoke had been seen to issue. Souza's house, though constructed of logs and earth, was nearly rent to pieces from the antecedent shocks; this, and some white patches on the more perpendicular sides of the mountain, from which pieces had been broken by the agitation of the mountain, were the only effects of the earthquake we could perceive here. Having ascertained that neither smoke arose, nor any other volcanic appearance existed on this, the La Guyra side of the mountain, from its summit down to nearly its base, we resolved, though it was then 7 o'clock, and growing dark, to descend the mountain by the same road we had ascended, intending next morning to reascend at another point, so as by gaining the particular spot whence the apparent vapour had risen, to determine the fact finally and satisfactorily. It is proper to observe that the thermometer in the *open air stood on the ridge at about 65° of Fahrenheit at sun set*, and no doubt would have descended with the approaching cold of the night, which became cloudy, to nearer 55 than 65°, a fact which proved that no unusual degree of heat existed on this part of the mountain. We here also observed several small trees affording a gum of the incense kind, and which on trial by combustion on the lighted end of our cigars, exhaled the same fragrance, or rather much superior to the incense used in churches; this we note with the view to the agricultural prosperity of the country, as we understood this species of tree grows wild in great quantity on many parts of the summit of the mountain, and might be rendered an article of profit by those who should cultivate it. We descended the mountain enveloped in darkness, not having the aid even of star-light, the road difficult and steep, and in many places covered with the ruins of fragments of the mountain which

had fallen from one side above us, while, on our other hand, valleys dreadful to view in the day-time from their steepness and depth, yawned below, into which one false step must have hurled both mule and rider. After a laborious and perilous descent of nearly three hours, we beheld the lights of the suburbs of Caraccas at a tremendous distance below us in our front; we arrived, however, without any accident, at the foot of the mountain, and there passed the remainder of the night, which was signalized by two very severe shocks of earthquake. Next morning we took the direction of Savanah Grande: passing through this village we struck to the left for the house of Abila; where, having left our mules, we commenced the ascent of the mountain, which is here very steep and difficult of ascent even for foot passengers.

The same appearance of continued longitudinal fissures in the surface of the mountain presented itself every where, even immense *mica rocks*, with which the mountain abounds, were thus broken; the line of fissure passing through them regularly as through the earthy or softer parts. In examining those fissures, which extended to an immense depth, (but whether below its earthy surface to the more solid and internal bodies of the mountain we cannot say,) we could perceive no signs, either by smell or otherwise, of combustion or mineral influence, which would lead to the conclusion that such an effect had been produced by the violent shocks which those distinct, elevated masses composing the mountains had received, and that if any matter had escaped by those fissures, it was such as had no immediate connexion with combustion; for, as we before observed, not a single sign of that action could be traced by us either this day or the one before. That a matter, however, (we should suppose electric) did escape, appears probable from the circumstance that *one side of the fissure* is universally higher above the other side than the ascent of the mountain warrants, which would seem to indicate that some propelling force had raised the former above the latter. After continued exertions under a mid-day and nearly vertical sun, which shone out clear, and afforded us a prospect of mountains and plains in which were blended all that was sublime and beautiful in nature; we surmounted our difficult ascent, and gained a summit which gave us a near and perfect view of the spot whence had

issued the appearance of smoke. It is necessary to observe the mountain here forms a kind of gully or triangular valley, whose long or acute angle points northerly, while its sides are formed on the east by the steep "Cierro d'Avilla," and on the west by the nearly perpendicular mountain which rises next in height to the Sylla of Caraccas. The base is formed of the spur, on which we stood, to the south, and on the right of which the river Chacao, rising in the junction of the mountain at the north angle, runs into the plain of Chacao. As the north point of the spur on which we were projects like a wedge into the gully or valley, and has an elevation of more than 6,500 feet above the level of the sea, we had a complete view of the left or west side of the valley, from which the supposed smoke had issued, and still continued to issue. There we had the satisfaction of proving that the supposed smoke was no other than the lighted particles of sand and earth raised by the south wind blowing into the gully or valley, during the various fractures of the mountain, and the consequent falling of its projecting or perpendicular masses of stones and earth; and as a further proof, we saw the dust rise with every increase of the wind, and particularly from the white or bare sandy patches, whence large pieces of the mountain had been detached, or were then falling.

"The trees on the bottom and the lower sides of the valley were covered with this dust, and the innumerable white patches on the almost perpendicular side of the left, or west mountain, left no doubt of the matter. On this side, which we have said is next in height to the Sylla of Caraccas, there are continued shoots or veins of white sand from the summit down to the river of Chacao, at its base, and from all parts of which shoots we could perceive the dust raised at times by the wind to a considerable height in the form of smoke. With a view of having it still more in our power to dissipate the apprehensions of the citizens of Caraccas and La Guyra, with respect to the existence of an incipient volcano, we penetrated a wood, so as to approach the rising dust, and examine if it partook of a sulphureous or other volcanic smell, which we found was not the case. While engaged in these observations we experienced a severe shock at 2 o'clock P. M., presenting to us the awful spectacle of huge masses of the mountain tumbling around us, in every direction.

“ Having perfectly satisfied ourselves, and, we trust, fulfilled the objects of our mission, we struck to the left, and after considerable fatigue gained the summit of the ridge, and descending the south side of the mountain, arrived at its base close to St. Lazarus at 6 o'clock in the evening.

“ We conclude by hoping that the inhabitants of Venezuela will perceive they have nothing to fear from any volcanic irruption, and we cannot at the same time forbear expressing our horror at the highly culpable conduct of many of the priests and other enemies of the republic, who attribute to other sources those results which have their origin in natural causes, in the peculiar construction of our earth, and with which all parts of the globe have been occasionally visited, as if the God of Justice and Goodness would punish a long-oppressed people for breaking their chains, and endeavouring to place their extensive country, like the rest of the civilized world, in a state of improvement and prosperity. We flatter ourselves that the inhabitants of Venezuela will know how to distinguish natural from other causes, and to see that had their houses been constructed as the nature of the country demanded, and the streets of their cities and towns been of sufficient breadth, the mortality that unfortunately took place could not have happened. It is, therefore, to the old Spanish mode of constructing houses, with heavy mud and earthen walls, together with narrow streets, that the late calamity is to be principally attributed ; and which a different plan of building, such as is used in Italy, Peru, and other places subject to earthquakes, will, under Divine Providence, prevent in future.”

The preceding report of Doctor Burke's allayed those fears which had been excited relative to a volcanic irruption, but it could not rouse the people from that despair and apathy which overwhelmed all classes of society since the awful catastrophe ; and the consequences, in a moral point of view, have been infinitely more dreadful than their physical calamities.

The residue of 1812, all the year 1813, and the present year, have been marked in Venezuela, by alternate political revolutions, and scenes of horror among the royalists and those struggling for independence, baffling all powers of description. The whole empire of Venezuela presents one vast scene of atrocity and dese-

lation, where the European Spaniards and their South American descendants vie with each other in cruelty, ferocity, fanaticism, and ignorance.

The writer intends shortly to submit further observations to the public on this interesting section of the globe.

New-York, September 11, 1814.

W. D. R.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

CADWALLADER COLDEN, M. D. F. R. S.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF THE COLONY OF NEW-YORK.

THERE is nothing which can afford a more sure indication of the growth of national feeling, and the consequent formation of a more definite national character among us, than that curiosity and interest which has been of late so strongly manifested with respect to the history, anecdote, and the humble antiquities of our provincial annals.

To a mind warmed by the feelings of patriotism, and accustomed to elevate its views above the realities which surround us, to the contemplation of the past and the future, there is something inexpressibly pleasing in the contrast which suggests itself between the simplicity and rudeness of these infant institutions of our society and government, the *fortunam et mores antiquæ plebis*, and the present greatness of our country, as well as that yet brighter scene of probable future glory and grandeur which, amidst all the thick gloom which now surrounds us, still opens beyond in brilliant perspective.

The feelings which arise from such a contrast are touched with admirable truth and skill in that part of the *Eneid* where the good Evander, at the head of his humble colony, receives the wanderer of Troy on the very spot which, in a few centuries, was to be-

come the site of imperial Rome. This sentiment is the natural growth of patriotism and refinement; and Virgil is the poet of refined nature and of national feeling.

In the present state of society it is probably too late to expect any thing like a first-rate national epic; but whether we consider the importance of collecting materials for the historian and the philosophical speculatist, or the more immediate advantages to be derived by society from directing the curiosity of our youth to domestic examples and the history of their own country, we cannot but be impressed with a strong sense of the utility of preserving all that is still known of the earlier part of our history, and more especially of the lives and characters of the fathers of our religion, our science, our laws, or our liberty. Much of this now remains only in memory, or in perishable manuscript, and if not very speedily fixed in some permanent form, will be soon for ever lost.

Among those to whom this country is most deeply indebted for much of its science, and for very many of its most important institutions, Lieutenant Governor Colden is very conspicuous; and it is much to be regretted that as yet we have no more ample detail of his character, studies, and public services, than is contained in a brief memoir in a medical journal, and a meager article of a biographical dictionary. From these, and some examination of his various publications, the following sketch of his life and character is hastily drawn up.

CADWALLADER COLDEN was born in Scotland, February 17th, 1688, and was educated at the University of Edinburgh, which he left in 1705. He then devoted himself to the study of medicine and the cultivation of mathematical science, which he pursued with great ardour and success. In 1710, allured by the flattering accounts of William Penn's colony in America, where mild laws, a benevolent system of policy, and a fertile soil, seemed to the young adventurer almost to promise the revival of the golden age, he came over to Pennsylvania, where he practised physic with great reputation for about five years. He then returned to England, where he formed an acquaintance with most of the literary and scientific men of the day, particularly with those engaged in the cultivation of natural knowledge. That celebrated natural philosopher, Dr. Halley, with whom he had formed a great

intimacy, entertained so high an opinion of an essay on animal secretion, drawn up by Dr. Colden, that he read it before the Royal Society. After some residence in London, Dr. Colden returned to Scotland, where he married a lady of a respectable Scotch family of the name of Christie, and embarked with his bride for America, in 1716.

In 1718 he settled in the city of New-York, where his mathematical knowledge procured him the appointment of surveyor-general of the colony from Governor Hunter, the friend and correspondent of Swift, from whom he soon after received the additional appointment of master in chancery. The state of society in this country, which did not yet allow of the regular subdivision either of labour or of professional study, rendered this last appointment less remarkable than it might otherwise appear to a reader of the present day. Dr. Colden's general knowledge and habits of business soon qualified him for the able discharge of this office.

On the arrival of Governor Burnet, in 1720, he was appointed one of the council, in which station he bore a very important part in all the public affairs of the province. About this time he obtained a patent for a large tract of land about nine miles from Newburgh, in the state of New-York, which was designated in the patent by the name of Coldingham, and is still in the possession of his lineal descendants. Hither he retired in 1755, and devoted himself for several years to scientific and agricultural pursuits. In 1761 he was appointed lieutenant governor, which office he held until his death, and was frequently, for considerable periods, at the head of the provincial government, in consequence of the death or absence of several governors of the colonies, and his administration is memorable for many charters of incorporation of institutions of public utility in the city of New-York.

During those commotions which preceded the revolution, he supported the government of the mother country with great firmness; and in the tumults which took place in the city of New-York, in consequence of the stamp act, although then in his seventy-eighth year, he manifested all the vigour and decision of youth, and finally prevailed in defeating for the time the efforts of the whig party. Upon the return of Governor Tryon, in 1775, he gladly retired from the cares of government to a seat on Long

Island, where he spent the short remainder of his life. He died in the eighty-ninth year of his age, September 23th, 1776, with great composure and resignation.

Governor Colden was a scholar of various and extensive attainments, and of very great and unremitted ardour and application in the acquisition of knowledge. When it is considered how large a portion of his life was spent in the labours or the routine of public office, and that, however great might have been his original stock of learning, he had, in this country, no reading public to excite him by their applauses, and few literary friends to assist or to stimulate his inquiries, his zeal and success in his scientific pursuits will appear deserving of the highest admiration.

His attention was early directed to the vegetable productions of this country, and a description of several hundred American plants was drawn up by him according to the Linnæan system, and communicated to Linnaeus, who published it in the *Acta Upsalientia*. Under his instruction his daughter became very distinguished for her proficiency in this study, and a plant of the tetandrous class, first described by this lady, was called by Linnaeus, in honour of her, *Coldenia*. He also wrote a history of the prevalent diseases of this climate, which is still in manuscript, and left a long series of observations on the state of the thermometer, barometer, and winds. Nor was he inattentive to the improvement of the healing art, after he had relinquished the practice of that profession. "If," say the editors of the *American Medical and Philosophical Register*, "he was not the first to recommend the cooling regimen in cure of fevers, he was certainly one of its earliest and warmest advocates, and opposed with great earnestness the then prevalent mode of treatment in the small pox." In the autumn of 1741 and 1742, a malignant fever, similar in its aspect to that since denominated *yellow fever*, desolated the city of New-York. Dr. Colden communicated his thoughts to the city corporation on the causes and most efficient means of guarding against this distemper, in which tract he seems to have inclined to the opinion since held by the champions of domestic origin. He also published a treatise "on the cure of cancers;" an essay "on the virtues of the Bortanice, or Great Water Dock," and some "observations upon an epidemical sore throat," which

spread over our continent in 1735, and the succeeding years. All these tracts, originally published in different fugitive forms, have been republished by Mr. Carey in his valuable repository of early American scientific and political tracts, the "American Museum." He also published the "history of the five Indian nations," of which there have been two or more editions; the first, 8vo. London, 1747, and a second in 2 vols. 12mo. London. This work is still of the highest authority in every thing that relates to our North American Indian history and antiquities.

But the work to which he had devoted the greatest labour, and which occupied several years of his life, was his treatise on "the cause of gravitation," which was printed in this country in a small 12mo, and afterwards much enlarged by the author, and republished in London in 4to, in 1751, under the title of "the principles of action in matter."

In this work, far from aiming, as has been supposed, at the overthrow of the Newtonian system, he proceeds in the very same path with the father of the mathematical philosophy, and endeavours merely to advance a few steps beyond those conclusions where Newton had paused. Newton had himself expressly denied that he thought gravity a power innate, inherent, and essential to matter; and in a letter to Dr. Bentley had said, that "gravity must be caused by an agent acting constantly according to certain laws, but whether this agent be material or immaterial I leave to the consideration of my readers." This agent and its mode of action it is the object of Colden's essay to point out, and he brings a great body of ingenious argument, grounded upon the various phenomena of planetary motion, to show that *light* is that great moving power, and that it acts through the medium of an elastic *ether* investing the planetary bodies, and alone possessing the power of causing reaction, a property which he denies to exist in inert matter. It is worthy of observation that Colden seems, from philosophical speculation and observation, to have arrived at nearly the same conclusions to which the philosophers of the Hutchinsonian school were led by their interpretations of the Hebrew scriptures, and what they have termed the Mosaic philosophy. To the last edition of this tract is appended "an introduction to the doctrine of Fluxions," in the course of which he removes the objections raised against that doctrine by Bishop Berkely, and

shows that the principles of that branch of mathematics are strictly geometrical. During the whole of his life he kept up a frequent correspondence with the philosophers and scholars of Europe, particularly with Sir Isaac Newton, with Linnæus, with the younger Gronovius, Drs. Potterfield and Whytte, of Edinburgh, Dr. Fothergill, and the celebrated Earl of Macclesfield, who was equally distinguished as a lawyer and a mathematician, the whole of which valuable correspondence is still in the possession of his family.

He also maintained an uninterrupted correspondence with Dr. Franklin, while the latter was engaged in his electrical experiments; and in this series of letters the whole train of thought by which he was led to those discoveries is from time to time communicated to Dr. Colden. A great body of manuscripts in the possession of his grandson, on various points of mathematical, botanical, classical, metaphysical, and theological learning, in addition to the works published during his life, afford ample proof of the extent and variety of his knowledge, and the strength, the acuteness, and the versatility of his intellect.

With all this propensity to abstract speculation, he was remarkable for his habits of dexterity in business, and attention to the affairs of ordinary life.

A mind thus powerful and active could not have failed to produce great effect on the character of that society in which he moved; and we doubtless now enjoy many beneficial, although remote effects of his labours, without being always able to trace them to their true source.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

Account of a Familiar Spirit, who visited and conversed with the Author in a manner equally new and forcible, showing the Carnivorous Duties of all Rational Beings, and the true end of Philosophy.

[From the Reflector.]

CERTAINLY there is no possible speculation from which the understanding may not reap some advantage. When people deny the utility of certain obscure branches of knowledge, they deny it, not from the use, but from the abuse, of those branches; for knowledge is infinitely various; some of it is for practice, some for communication, some for avoidance; and it is as well to be *truly* acquainted with trifles, in order that you may really know them for such. The two rocks upon which inquiry is apt to split, are superficiality and superstition—extremes equally hurtful to knowledge from the seductive confidence into which they draw unwary minds. But real knowledge on any subject is real utility: it is only for want of knowing, that we do not make the proper application of knowledge. Chesterfield, for instance, is said to have understood the graces properly;—nothing can be more unfounded; he could talk about them a great deal, and could practise a great many, but in not properly understanding their nature and uses, he did not perceive they were trifles;—and thus he split upon the superficial rock. Cardan, on the other hand, had a great turn for abstruse speculation, and was thought to be the profoundest man of his time; but his fancy and bad nerves uniting, drove him into all sorts of fantastic inquiries: he applied his knowledge to the nonentities of secret magic, forgetting that the proper secret for his discovery was that of social utility and an even mind;—and thus he split upon the superstitious rock.

But even those magnanimous sciences, so well denominated the occult, would never have been abused as they have, had not their greatest professors been the last men who understood them properly. The emptiness of their knowledge might have been discovered from the noise they made about it, and the uselessness it exhibited. They studied these sciences just as pedants study books—with much learning and no wisdom; and whatever the Cabalists may say to the contrary, I will venture to affirm that the Great Secret was understood neither by Peregrinus, nor Cor-

nelius Agrippa, nor Celsus, nor Jamblicus, nor Porphyry, nor Don Calmet, nor Raymond Lully, nor even the divine Aureolus-Theophrastus-Bombastus-Paracelsus, though he lived six months, upon the strength of his knowledge, without eating and drinking:—a mighty secret truly, when every body may enjoy it as long as he pleases by writing for the booksellers! When the Rosicrucians tell us that we have *only* to anoint our eyes with a certain collyrium in order to see all the people of the air—that we have only to pronounce certain words in order to put to flight the powers of darkness—and that we have only to take a small dose of the quintessence of sunshine in order to dispense with the butcher and baker—they tell us, no doubt, things as easy as they are delightful; but in hunting after these supernatural powers, they lost sight of that natural and useful wisdom which ought to have been the result of their studies: the world has not been a jot the better for all the Rosicrucians that have astonished it, and nothing can show their unphilosophical feelings in a stronger light than the well-known anecdote of their founder, who having rediscovered, according to his disciples, the perpetual lamps of the ancients, and wishing to enjoy the fame, but not to impart the advantages of his discovery, ordered one to be placed in his tomb in such a manner, that the moment any curious person approached it, the light should be dashed out by an automaton. The great predecessors of these gentlemen in the Cabala seem in like manner to have mistaken the end of their researches. Apollonius, we are told, was more than mortal; and Porphyry and others, by way of renouncing superstition, endeavoured to oppose his miracles to those of Jesus; but Apollonius turned his divinity to little account, if he did no better than raise a girl to life by his skill in onomancy, and ride upon a dart from Athens to Thessaly. Pythagoras, also, was more than mortal; and certainly his *Golden Verses* are worthy of a wise man, if not of a great poet; but what did he mean by having a golden thigh? It must have been very ugly, not to mention uncomfortable. Nay, say the Cabalists, he had it as a proof of his divine wisdom. It is from this strange precedent, perhaps, that every wealthy fool produces *his* gold as a proof of wisdom. But Solon settled that matter with Ceresus.

These are the abuses of the Cabala—of the Great Secret—of all that knowledge, in short, which goes under the name of occult philosophy, and guides us to the depth of wisdom. Those who have talked so much about it have gone but a little way down; their heads were too giddy for the descent. But doubtless there have been many great men, who have felt their way properly, and turned it to excellent account. The Neapolitans to this day insist that Virgil was a great magician, and I believe there are few of us who will be disposed to deny his skill in one great

branch of occult science, that of magical numbers. Of Zoroaster, and the Thrice-Great Hermes, we know as little as we do of Minos and Cadmus; but all four, according to the Rosicrucians, were masters of the hidden philosophy, and I believe we shall not much dispute the matter when we recollect what they did for their respective countries. Confucius was undoubtedly a great adept:—it is true, he always deprecated any suspicion of preternatural knowledge, but that he was master of the Great Secret, one single specimen of his apophthegms will prove, in which he exclaims, “Heaven has given me virtue, man cannot hurt me.” It is quite as clear, that Æsop and Pilpay, whom our learned men distinguish or confound, just as it suits the display of their learning, had the true knowledge of the language of birds and beasts: they not only knew it, but they knew it to some purpose. Monsieur, the Count de Gabalis, may have had the power of invisibility, a very common virtue with such sages; and the egregious Mr. Blake, who wages such war with Titian and Corregio, both in his writings and paintings, may tell us that he is inspired by certain spirits to alter the human figure;—but to be out of sight can as little benefit mankind as to be out of nature. If you want an instance of a true Cabalist—one who turned his knowledge of the spiritual world to proper account—look at the divine Socrates, whose familiar spirit taught him to utter sayings so witty and so wise—so true and so useful. Look at Numa Pompilius, who received such wise institutes from the nymph *Ægeria*. Look at our own Bickerstaff, the *Tattler*, who made such excellent use of his spirit Pacolet for the detection of human conduct. It signifies nothing to the main point, of what class of spirits the familiar of the Greek philosopher may have been;—it signifies nothing, whether the *Ægeria* of Numa was the good genius of Noah’s wife, according to William Postel, or the daughter of Noah’s wife and Oromasis, Prince of the Salamanders, according to the Count de Gabalis:—it signifies nothing, whether the Genius Pacolet belonged solely to our illustrious Bickerstaff, or whether he is the same being who makes such a figure with his wooden horse in the renowned history of Valentine and Orson. The genealogies and other trifling questions of the world of spirits are very properly left to those pedants in the Cabala, who see no farther than its surface. While they are examining the phial, they let the essence evaporate. While they are counting the trappings of wisdom, the fair spirit indignantly leaves the toys in their hands, and departs to more substantial admirers.

I find I have been making a long preface to my story, but what I have advanced against the abuses of philosophy will make no unprofitable introduction to the grave business of this paper, especially when I do not hesitate to declare to the reader, even in

this freethinking age, that I am no small adept in the uses of the occult philosophy, as I shall thoroughly make manifest. Be it known, then, that I am sometimes favoured with the visits of a nocturnal spirit, from whom I receive the most excellent lessons of wisdom. His appearance is not highly prepossessing, and the weight of his manner of teaching, joined to the season he chooses for that purpose, has in it something not a little tremendous; but the end of his instruction is the enjoyment of virtue, and as he is conscious of the alarming nature of his aspect, he takes leave of the initiated the moment they reduce his theory to practice. It is true, there are a number of foolish persons living in and about this metropolis, who, instead of being grateful for his friendly offices, have affected to disdain them in the hope of tiring him out, and thus getting rid of his disagreeable presence; but they could not have taken a worse method, for his benevolence is as unwearied as his lessons and appearances are formidable, and these unphilosophic scorners are only punished every night of their lives in consequence. If any curious person wishes to see him, the ceremony of summoning him to appear is very simple, though it varies according to the aspirant's immediate state of blood. With some, nothing more is required than the mastication of a few unripe plums, or a cucumber, just before midnight; others must take a certain portion of that part of a calf which is used for what are vulgarly called veal cutlets: others, again, find the necessary charm in an omelet or an olio. For my part, I am so well acquainted with the different ceremonies, that, without any preparation, I have only to lie in a particular posture, and the spirit is sure to make its appearance. The figures under which it presents itself are various, but it generally takes its position upon the breast in a shape altogether indescribable, and is accompanied with circumstances of alarm and obscurity, not a little resembling those which the philosophers underwent on their initiation into the Eleusinian and other mysteries. The first sensations you experience are those of a great oppression and inability to move; these you endeavour to resist, but after an instant resign yourself to their control, or rather flatter yourself you will do so, for the sensation becomes so painful, that in a moment you struggle into another effort, and if in this effort you happen to move yourself and cry out, the spirit is sure to be gone, for it detests a noise as heartily as a monk of La Trappe, a traveller in the Alps, or a thief. Could an intemperate person in this situation be but philosopher enough to give himself up to the spirit's influence for a few minutes, he would see his visitant to great advantage, and gather as much knowledge at once as would serve him instead of a thousand short visits, and make him a good liver for months to come.

It was by this method some time ago, that I not only obtained a full view of the spirit, but gradually gathering strength from suffering, as those who are initiated into any great wisdom always must, contrived to enter into conversation with it. The substance of our dialogue I hereby present to the reader, for it is a mistaken notion of the pretenders to the Cabala, that to reveal the secrets on these occasions is to do harm and incur the displeasure of our spiritual acquaintances. All the harm, as I have said before, is in not understanding the secrets properly, and explaining them for the benefit of mankind; and on this head I have an objection to make to that ancient and industrious order of Illuminati, the Freemasons, who though they hold, with my familiar, that eating suppers is one of the high roads to experimental wisdom, differ with him in confining their knowledge to such persons as can purchase it.

I had returned at a late hour from the representation of a new comedy, and after eating a sleepy and not very great supper, reclined myself on the sofa in a half sitting posture, and took up a little Horace to see if I could keep my eyes open with a writer so full of contrast to what I had been hearing. I happened to pitch upon that ode, *At O Deorum quisquis, &c.* describing an ancient witches meeting, and fell into an obscure kind of reverie upon the identity of popular superstition in different ages and nations. The comic dramatist, however, had been too much for me; the weather, which had been warm, but was inclining to grow cloudy, conspired with my heaviness, and the only sounds to be heard, were the ticking of a small clock in the room, and the fitful sighs of the wind as it rose without,

The moaning herald of a weeping sky.

By degrees my eyes closed, my hand with the book dropped one way, and my head dropped back the other upon a corner of the sofa. When you are in a state the least adapted to bodily perception, it is well known that you are in the precise state for spiritual. I had not been settled, I suppose, for more than a quarter of an hour, when the lid of a veal-pye which I had lately attacked, began swelling up and down with an extraordinary convulsion, and I plainly perceived a little figure rising from beneath it, which grew larger and larger as it ascended, and then advanced with great solemnity towards me over the dishes. This phenomenon, which I thought I had seen often before, but could not distinctly remember how or where, was about two feet high, six inches of which, at least, went to the composition of its head. Between its jaws and shoulders there was no separation whatever, so that its face, which was very broad and pale, came

immediately on its bosom, where it quivered, without ceasing, in a very alarming manner, being, it seems, of a paralytic sensibility like blanc-mange. The fearfulness of this aspect was increased by two staring and intent eyes, a nose turned up, but large, and a pair of thick lips turned despondingly down at the corners. Its hair, which stuck about its ears like the quills of a porcupine, was partly concealed by a bolster rolled into a turban and decorated with duck's feathers. The body was dressed in a kind of armour, of a substance resembling what is called crackling, and girded with a belt curiously studded with Spanish olives, in the middle of which, instead of pistols, were stuck two small bottles containing a fiery liquor. On its shoulders were wings shaped like the bat's, but much larger; its legs terminated in large feet of pure lead; and in its hands, which were of the same metal, and enormously disproportioned, it bore a Turkish bowstring.

At sight of this formidable apparition, I felt an indescribable and oppressive sensation, which by no means decreased, as it came nearer and nearer, staring and shaking its face at me, and making as many ineffable grimaces as Munden in a farce. It was in vain, however, I attempted to move; I felt, all the time, like a leaden statue, or like Gulliver pinned to the ground by the Lilliputians; and was wondering how my sufferings would terminate, when the phantom, by a spring off the table, pitched himself with all his weight upon my breast, and, I thought, began fixing his terrible bowstring. At this, as I could make no opposition, I determined at least to cry out as lustily as possible, and was beginning to make the effort, when the spirit motioned me to be quiet, and retreating a little from my throat, said, in a low suffocating tone of voice, "Wilt thou never be philosopher enough to leave off sacrificing unto calf's flesh?"

"In the name of the Great Solomon's ring," I ejaculated, "what art thou?"

"My name," replied the being a little angrily, "which thou wast unwittingly going to call out, is Mnpvtglhau-auw-auww, and I am Prince of the Nightmares."

"Ah, my lord," returned I, "you will pardon my want of recollection, but I had never seen you in your full dress before, and your presence is not very composing to the spirits. Doubtless this is the habit in which you appeared with the other genii at the levee of the mighty Solomon."

"A fig for the mighty Solomon!" said the spirit good-humouredly; "this is the cant of the Cabalists, who pretend to know so much about us. I assure you, Solomon trembled much more at me than I did at him. I found it necessary, notwithstanding all his wisdom, to be continually giving him advice; and

many were the quarrels I had on his account with Peor, the Dæmon of Sensuality, and a female devil named Ashtoreth, who invented philters."

"The world," said I, "my prince, do not give you credit for so much benevolence."

"No," replied he, "the world are never just to their best advisers. My figure, it is true, is not the most prepossessing, and my manner of teaching is less so; but I am nevertheless a benevolent spirit, and would do good to the most ungrateful of your fellow creatures. This very night, between the hours of ten and one, I have been giving lessons to no less than six boarding-school girls, twelve priests, and twenty-one citizens. The studios I attend somewhat later, and the people of fashion towards morning. But as you seem inclined at last, Mr. REFLECTOR, to make a proper use of my instructions, I will recount you some of my adventures, if you please, that you may relate them to your countrymen, and teach them to appreciate the trouble I have with them."

"You are really obliging," said I, "and I should be all attention, would you do me the favour to sit a little more lightly; for each of your fingers appears heavier than a porter's load, and, to say the truth, the very sight of that bowstring almost throttles me."

At these words the spectre gave a smile, which I can compare to nothing but the effect of vinegar on a death's head; however, he rose up, though very slowly, and I once more breathed with transport, like a person dropping into his chair after a long journey. He then seated himself with much dignity on the pillow at the other end of the sofa, and thus resumed the discourse:—"I have been among mankind ever since the existence of cooks and bad consciences, and my office is two-fold, to give advice to the well-disposed, and to inflict punishment on the ill. The spirits over which I preside are of that class called by the ancients Incubi, but it was falsely supposed that we were fond of your handsome girls, as the Rosicrucians maintain, for it is our business to suppress, not encourage the passions, as you may guess by my appearance."

"Pardon me," interrupted I, "but the poets and painters, represent your highness as riding about on horseback; some of them even make you the horse itself, and it is thus that we have been taught to account for the term Nightmare."

Here the phantom gave another smile, which made me feel sympathetically about the mouth, as though one of my teeth was being drawn. "A pretty jest," said he; "as if a spiritual being had need of a horse to carry him! The general name of my species in this country is of Saxon origin; the Saxons, uniting

as they did the two natures of Britons and Germans, eat and drank with a vengeance; of course they knew me very well, and being continually visited by me in all my magnificence, called me, by way of eminence, the *Night Mara*, or Spirit of Night. As to the poets and painters, I do not know enough of them to be well acquainted with their misrepresentations of me, though all of those gentlemen who could afford it, have been pretty intimate with me. The moralizing Epicurean, whom you have in your hand there, I knew very well: very good things he wrote, to be sure, about temperance and lettuces, but he eat quite as good at *Mecenas*' table: you may see the delicate state of his faculties by the noise he makes about a little garlic. Anacreon was so fond of drinking and raking that he had little leisure to eat—and I did not see him much till latterly, but then my visits were pretty constant and close: his wine killed him at last, and this is the event which his successors have so neatly shadowed forth as the effect of a grape-stone. As rakes rather than eaters, I knew also Politian, Boccace, and other Italians, whose hot complexion made them suffer for every excess. A great eater suffers the pains of a rake, and a rake, if he does not half starve himself, suffers the pains of a great eater. The French poets have lived too lightly to be much troubled with my attendance; and I cannot say I know much of your English ones. There was Congreve, indeed, who dined every day with a duchess and had the gout: I visited him often enough, and once wreaked on him a pretty set of tortures under the figure of one Jeremy Collier. My Lord Rochester, who might have displayed so true a fancy of his own without my assistance, had scarcely a single idea with which I did not supply him for five years together, during which time, you know, he confessed himself to have been in a state of intoxication. But I am sorry to say, that I have had no small trouble with some of your poetical moralists as well as men of pleasure. Something, I confess, must be allowed to Pope, whose constitution hardly allowed him an hour's enjoyment; but an invalid so fond of good things might have spared the citizens and clergy a little. It must be owned, also, that the good temper he really possessed did much honour to his philosophy, but it would have been greater could he have denied himself that silver saucepan. It seduced him into a hundred miseries. One night, in particular, I remember, after he had made a very sharp attack on Addison and a dish of lampreys, he was terribly used by my spirits, who appeared to him in the shapes of so many flying pamphlets:—he awoke in great horror, crying out with a ghastly smile, like a man who pretends to go easily through a laborious wager, 'These things are my diversion.' With regard to Dr. Johnson, about whose masticating faculties so much has been said, people do not

consider his great bulk and love of exercise : he may have eaten twice as much as any one of his companions, but then he was twice as large, and wanted twice as much enjoyment. I assure you all the tea he drank did not hurt him a jot : consider the size of the cups in those days, and of the great man who emptied them, and it was nothing but an April shower on Plinlimmon. It is true, he compelled my attendance somewhat too often, but no oftener than men of less size and much less right. The worst night he passed was after he received his pension : he thought that he was Osborne, the bookseller, and that he was knocked down with the second volume of his folio dictionary. As to your painters, I have known still less of them. There was one Morland, a sad fellow, to whom I was of some service in his correct ideas of hogs ; but I have never been on an intimate footing with any other artist, except one now living, who has so long tried to be horrible, that he has at last spoiled his genius, and become entirely so. I once sat to this gentleman at midnight for my portrait, and the likeness is allowed by all of us to be excellent."

"Well," interrupted I, "but it is not at all like you in your present aspect."

"No," replied the phantom, "it is my poetical look. I have all sorts of looks and shapes, civic, political, and poetical. Last night, for instance, I appeared to a city baronet, and sat upon his chest in the shape of a bale of goods. I then went to the minister's, who had been at a dinner with his brethren to consult what they should do six months hence against a pressing emergency : I put on a hundred shapes before him, one after the other, and his whole night was filled with confused horrors of dangerous situations, tangled accounts, absconding stewards, royal delinquents, shattered alliances, discoveries, denouncements, want of place, want of words, reformists, Irishmen, impeachments, Bonaparte, Walcheren, Spain, the Indies, and Piccadilly.—It is by particular favour," continued he, "that I appear to you as I really am ; but as you have not seen many of my shapes, I will, if you please, give you a sample of some of my best."

"Oh, by no means," said I somewhat hastily ; "I can imagine quite enough from your descriptions. The philosophers certainly ill used you when they represented you as a seducer."

"The false philosophers did," replied the spectre ; "the real philosophers knew me better. It was at my instance that Pythagoras forbade the eating of beans ; Plato owed some of his schemes to my hints, though I confess not his best ; and I also knew Socrates very well from my intimacy with Alcibiades, but the familiar that attended him was of a much higher order than myself, and rendered my services unnecessary :—however, my veneration for that illustrious man was so great, that on the night

in which he died I revenged him finely on his two principal enemies. People talk of the flourishing state of vice, and the happiness which guilty people sometimes enjoy in opposition to the virtuous; but they know nothing of what they talk. You should have seen Alexander in bed after one of his triumphant feasts, or Domitian or Heliogabalus after a common supper, and you would have seen who was the true monarch, the master of millions, or the master of himself. The prince retired, perhaps, amidst lights, garlands, and perfumes, with the pomp of music, and through a host of bowing heads: every thing he saw and touched reminded him of empire; his bed was of the costliest furniture, and he reposed by the side of beauty. Reposed, did I say? As well might you stretch a man on a gilded rack, and fan him into forgetfulness. No sooner had he obtained a little slumber, but myself and other spirits revenged the crimes of the day: in a few minutes the convulsive snatches of his hands and features announce the rising agitation: his face blackens and swells; his clenched hands grasp the drapery about him; he tries to turn, but cannot; for a hundred horrors, the least of which is the fear of death, crowd on him and wither his faculties, till at last, by an effort of despair, he wakes with a fearful outcry, and springs from the bed, pale, trembling, and aghast, afraid of the very assistance he would call, and terrified at the consciousness of himself. Such are the men before whom millions of you rational creatures consent to tremble."

"You talk like an orator," said I; "but every ambitious prince, I suppose, has not horrors like these; for every one is neither so luxurious as Alexander, nor so indolent and profligate as a Domitian or Heliogabalus. Conquerors, I should think, are generally too full of business to have leisure for consciences and nightmares."

"Why, a great deal may be done," answered the spirit, "against horrors of any kind by mere dint of industry. But too much business, especially of a nature that keeps passion on the stretch, will sometimes perform the office of indolence and luxury, and turn revengefully upon the mind. To this were owing in great measure the epilepsies of Cæsar and Mohammed, and such is the cause of that catalepsy or motionless ecstasy to which Napoleon is subject. However, very few of those mighty men have been philosophers enough to resist the consoling enjoyments of the table; and with those who have been more temperate, either from interest or constitution, an occasional excess, however small, has done wonders in the way of punishment. Napoleon, himself, as you read some time since in your newspapers, was obliged to confine himself to soups and coffee for days together; he could not indulge in a chop but I was sure to be with

him at night; and it was but a few months ago, when he repudiated his wife, that I assassinated him for the hundred and twentieth time."

"You are the public avenger, then," said I, "of whom the newspapers talk with so noble a delight, as having performed that consummation so often?"

"Yes," replied the phantom, "I am he; but I still let the great man live, or rather he is too wise to be quite the death of himself. It was in this way that I revenged the world on Dionysius of Syracuse, Henry VIII., Charles IX., on monks, nabobs, inquisitors, women of pleasure, and other tormentors of mankind. With the faces of most of the Roman emperors I am as familiar as an antiquary, particularly from Tiberius down to Caligula; and again from Constantine downwards. But if I punished the degenerate Romans, I nevertheless punished their enemies too. They were not aware, when scourged by Attila, what nights their tormentor passed. Luckily, for justice, he brought from Germany not only fire and sword, but a true German appetite. I know not a single conqueror of modern times who equalled him in horror of dreaming, unless it was a little, spare, aguey, peevish, supper-eating fellow, whom you call Frederick the Great. Those exquisite ragouts, the enjoyment of which added new relish to the sarcasms he dealt about him with a royalty so unanswerable, sufficiently revenged the sufferers for their submission. Nevertheless, he dealt by his dishes as some men do by their mistresses: he loved them the more the more they tormented him. Poor Trenck, with his bread and water in the dungeon of Magdeburg, enjoyed a repose fifty times more serene than the royal philosopher in his palace of *Sans Souci*, or *Without Care*. Even on the approach of death, this great conqueror—this warrior full of courage and sage speculation—could not resist the customary pepper and sauce piquant, though he knew he should inevitably see me at night, armed with all his sins, and turning his bed into a nest of monsters."

"Heaven be praised," cried I, "that he had a taste so retributive! The people under arbitrary governments must needs have a respect for the dishes at court. I now perceive more than ever the little insight we have into the uses of things. Formerly one might have imagined that eating and drinking had no use but the vulgar one of sustaining life, but it is manifest that they save the law a great deal of trouble, and the writers of cookery books can be considered in no other light than as expounders of a criminal code. For my part, I shall hereafter approach a dish of turtle with becoming awe, and already begin to look upon a ragout as something very equitable and inflexible."

"You do justice," observed the spirit, "to those eminent dishes, and in the only proper way. People who sit down to a feast with their joyous darting of eyes and rubbing of hands, would have very different sensations, did they know what they were about to attack. You must know, Mr. REFLECTOR, that the souls of tormented animals survive after death, and become instruments of punishment for mankind. Most of these are under my jurisdiction, and form great part of the monstrous shapes that haunt the slumbers of the intemperate. Fish crimped alive, lobsters boiled alive, and pigs whipped to death, become the most active and formidable spirits; and if the object of their vengeance take too many precautions to drown his senses when asleep, there is the subtle and fell Gout, waiting to torment his advanced years, a spirit partaking of the double nature of the Nightmare and Salamander, and more terrible than any one of us, inasmuch as he makes his attacks by day as well as by night."

"I shudder to think," interrupted I, "even of the monstrous combinations which have disturbed my own rest, and formed so horrible a contrast to the gayety of a social supper."

"Oh, as for that matter," said the phantom, in a careless tone, "you know nothing of the horrors of a glutton, or an epicure, or a nefarious debauchee. Suffocation with bolsters, heaping of rocks upon the chest, burials alive, and strugglings to breathe without a mouth, are among their commonplace sufferings. The dying glutton in *La Fontaine* never was so reasonable, as when he desired to have the remainder of his fish; he was afraid that if he did not immediately go off, he might have a nap before he died, which would have been a thousand times worse than death. Had Apicius, Ciacco the Florentine, Dartineuf, or Quin, been able and inclined to paint what they had seen, Callot would have been a mere Cipriani to them. I could produce you a jolly fellow, a corpulent nobleman, from the next hotel, the very counterpart of the glutton in Rubens's *Fall of the Damned*, who could bring together a more hideous combination of fancies than are to be found in Milton's Hell. He is not without information and a disposition naturally good, but a long series of bad habits have made him what they call a man of pleasure, that is to say, he takes all sorts of pains to get a little enjoyment which shall produce him a world of misery. One of his passions, which he *will* not resist, is for a particular dish, pungent, savoury, and multifarious, which sends him almost every night into Tartarus. At this minute the spectres of the supper table are busy with him, and Dante himself could not have worked up a greater horror for the punishment of vice than the one he is undergoing. He fancies that though he is *himself*, he is nevertheless four different beings at once, of the

most odious and contradictory natures—that his own indescribable feelings are fighting bodily and maliciously with each other—and that there is no chance left him either for escape, forgetfulness, or cessation.”

“Gracious powers !” cried I ; “ what, all this punishment for a dish ? ”

“ You do not recollect,” answered the spirit, “ what an abuse such excesses are of the divine gift of reason, and how they distort the best tendencies of human nature. This man will rise to-morrow morning, pallid, nervous, and sullen ; his feelings must be reinforced with a dram to bear the ensuing afternoon ; and I foresee, that the ill-temper arising from his debauch will lead him into a very serious piece of injustice against his neighbour. To the same cause may be traced fifty of the common disquietudes of life, its caprices, and irritabilities. To-night a poor fellow is fretful because his supper was not rich enough, but to-morrow night he will be in torture because it was too rich. An hysterical lady shall flatter herself she is very sentimentally miserable, when most likely her fine feelings are to be deduced, not from sentiment, but a surfeit. Your Edinburgh Reviewers——”

“ What ! ” interrupted I, “ do you know our Scottish wits ? ”

“ Oh, yes,” replied the spectre ; “ they have a knack of getting into a passion, which renders them unable to digest the least thing that disagrees with them. I trouble them very often in the figure of an old office desk, and a few months ago half suffocated one of them in the shape of a Reformist. But I was going to say that the Reviewers thought they had laid down a very droll impossibility when they talked of cutting a man’s throat with a pound of pickled salmon, whereas much less dishes have performed as wonderful exploits. I have known a hard egg to fill a household with dismay for days together ; a cucumber has disinherited an only son ; and a whole province has incurred the royal anger of its master at the instigation of a set of woodcocks.”

“ It is a thousand pities,” said I, “ that history, instead of habituating us to love ‘ the pomp and circumstance ’ of bad passions, cannot trace the actions of men to their real sources.”

“ Well, well, Mr. REFLECTOR,” said the spirit, “ now that you are getting grave on the subject, I think I may bid you adieu. Your nation has produced excellent philosophers, who were not the less wise for knowing little of me. Pray tell your countrymen that they are neither philosophic nor politic in feasting as they do on all occasions, joyful, sorrowful, or indifferent ; that good sense, good temper, and the good of their country, are distinct things from indigestion ; and that when they think to show their patriotic devotion by carving and gormandizing, they are no wiser than

the bacchanals of old, who took serpents between their teeth and tortured themselves with knives."

So saying, the spectre rose, and stretching out his right hand, with a look which I believe he intended to be friendly, advanced towards me; he then took my hand in his own, and perceiving signs of alarm in my countenance, burst into a fit of laughter, which was the very quintessence of discord, and baffles all description, being a compound of the gabblings of geese, grunting of hogs, quacking of ducks, squabbling of turkeys, and winding up of smoke jacks. When the fit was pretty well over, he gave me a squeeze of the hand, which made me jump up with a spring of the knees, and, gradually enveloping himself in a kind of steam, vanished with a noise like the crash of crockery ware. I looked about me; I found that my right hand, which held the Horace, had got bent under me and gone to sleep, and that in my sudden start I had kicked half the dishes from the supper-table. Heaven preserve us all, and give us grace not only before and after meat, but particularly during it.



[The following spirited sketches of the present state of the English bar cannot fail to be interesting to many of our readers. Since it was written, Sir V. Gibbs has been promoted to the bench, and Mr. Brougham, well known as a politician and a literary man, has obtained considerable celebrity at the bar.]

THE LAW STUDENT.

LETTER II.

Inner Temple, April, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My last letter was somewhat desultory; but I am gratified by hearing you say, that it was full of little items of information, very necessary to be known, but which nobody has hitherto condescended to communicate. The nature of our several courts of justice are objects of greater notoriety; with these I must take it for granted you are well acquainted, and proceed immediately to bring to your view the present talent of the English bar.

The brightest luminary that ever graced that hemisphere was *Thomas* (now *Lord*) *Erskine*, an advocate who, to an acuteness the most intuitive, and an eloquence that charmed and rivetted

universal attention, added a manliness and patriotism by which the dignity of the English bar, and the freedom of Englishmen, have equally benefited. It is to Erskine the liberty of the press is indebted, that a jury are judges, both of the law and the fact of libel, and the personal safety of the public owes the downfall of the doctrine of constructive treasons; and it is from the manly spirit of Erskine the advocate may date that independence of the bench, which, I hope, is not now ceasing to be asserted and maintained. Truly noble and disinterested in the discharge of his professional duties to the public was this great lawyer; he never shrank from the defence of an alleged libeller for *reasons of state*, from short-sighted, political motives; he was of opinion that the public had as much right to a defence from the bar, as to a charge from the bench, to testimony from the witness box, or to a verdict from the jury box; and if Erskine had remained at the bar, the many political writers who have lately been prosecuted for libel, would not have been driven either to defend themselves in person, or to put their case in the hands of some young barrister, whose eyes the dazzling prospect of ministerial preferment had not yet blinded. Thus thought, and thus acted, Thomas Erskine: beloved by his friends, he was, for the short period of their political power, advanced to the highest judicial situation of this country; and, esteemed by the public, his name will live in their grateful remembrance as long as the liberty of the press shall be dear to them.

Sir Vicary Gibbs, the present attorney general and leading counsel at the bar of the court of king's bench, commenced his career, as it was fondly hoped, with the same professional principles as Erskine. The defence of Mr. Hardy for high treason first brought him into notice; and "the memory of the late Vicary Gibbs, *Esq.*" is still drunk, in sad silence, at the anniversary dinner for commemorating the acquittal of that defendant. But *Sir Vicary* has long preferred, to *defences* at the suit of the crown, a system of *prosecution* which he has carried on to an extent, and with a vigilance, quite unprecedented in the annals of attorneys general. *Sir Vicary* is a man of much poignant acuteness, and of very profound legal knowledge. His visage is angular, caustic, and care-worn: his smile appears a mask which sits but badly on him, but which he is nevertheless forced constantly to wear when he wishes to persuade, since otherwise he would not be able to conceal his spleen. His eloquence is painful and far-sought, and his commonest statement of facts abound with hesitations and recommencements of his sentences in the hopes of greater fluency. He nevertheless details his cases with great perspicuity, and is particularly happy in making the con-

duct and language of his client's adversary appear ridiculous. He changes the tones of his voice with more effect than any man at the bar; and the fall of it, from a plain statement of his client's wrongs to a vituperative comment upon them, approaches to sublimity. In cross-examining witnesses he never browbeats, like Mr. Garrow, but ferrets out the truth from them in an insinuating manner, which is much more consistent with the behaviour of a gentleman and a barrister. The character of *gentleman* is, indeed, so indelibly impressed upon Sir Vicary Gibbs, both by education and habit, that I do not think his most adverse witness ever left the box with any other impression of his cross-examiner. And yet Sir Vicary's temper is notoriously fretful and overbearing towards attorneys and his brethren at the bar; and Mr. Topping (a brother hasty and impatient, by the by,) told him, the other day, in the words of Shakspeare, that "he bestrid the bar like a Colossus," and otherwise gave him a lesson, which his corrector hoped he would remember to the longest day of his life. Sir Vicary excels in reply; he then plays at his leisure with every manageable point in the cause, and strikes out fortifications of his case which his opening never dreamt of. I have known him slur his original statement so briefly, that had not his adversary, by calling witnesses, given him a right to reply, his duty to his client would have been completely sacrificed. Then, indeed, he has risen like a giant refreshed; and has by no means been merciful in the use of that giant's strength. Lord Folkestone had, therefore, excellent reason the other day, in his motion for a return of the number of *ex officio* informations filed by the present attorney general, to complain that that officer's right to reply in such cases, gave him the power to keep back the weight of his accusation till the defendant had no opportunity of answering it. The first sentence of Sir Vicary's reply is always elaborate and elegant, both in idea and language, sometimes too recondite and scholastic, indeed, for an address to a jury of plain men; and this circumstance proves that Sir Vicary's speeches give as great pain to him in their composition, as they do to his audience in their delivery. They are always listened to, however, with attention and without disgust, and are often enlivened by quotation and art, in which he is particularly felicitous. With all his unpopularity, I never see Sir Vicary Gibbs rise from his seat, take off his spectacles, and either look towards the bench or the jury box with his head in a gentle tremulous motion, and his lips forcibly pressed together—or look down upon his hand as he draws his glove on more tightly—without expecting, unless it be directly to speak on a criminal information for libel, to be both edified and pleased: a point of law he puts in the clearest light in

the world; and his opinions will always be quoted as those of an experienced and acute practitioner of his sublime* profession.

Wide of the talents of Sir Vicary Gibbs as are the poles asunder, are those of Mr. Garrow, second in command at the same bar. This gentleman owes his popularity solely to a talent for intimidating and confounding false witnesses, which every gentleman at the bar would much rather admire than possess. In order to screw out something like truth from the low and the profligate, Mr. Garrow puts himself upon a level with them at once, just as we give our servant a shilling to drink with our inferiors, from whom we wish to derive some information, which only they can give. The contrast is truly striking, when, after the attorney-general, or any other gentleman at the bar, has been examining a witness with all his natural dignity, Mr. Garrow leans familiarly across the table, and begins, "So, Master Thompson, how long did this bit of a row happen after the plaintiff was tried for stealing that bay mare?"—thus artfully introducing any new matter he may have picked up, in order to prejudice his adverse party. Mr. Garrow never fails to talk to his witnesses in their own way, to meet them upon their own ground, to give them *slang* for *slang*. This at once frightens those who come prepared with a false story; the truth drops out involuntarily; and the witness goes away with the conviction how impossible it is to deceive *that Garrow*, for *he's up to snuff*. Of all the advantages which result from the *viva voce* examination of witnesses in our courts of law, there is none so great as that opportunity which the practice gives of letting a jury hear the tone of voice, and *manner*, of the witness, which are often far more important than the matter. To be convinced of this, we have only to attend to the different impressions which the same evidence produces upon the mind, when given directly from the witness-box, and when recapitulated or summed up from the judge's notes, or when drily repeated immediately after the witness by the examining counsel, as the custom is. Mr. Garrow has observed this; and, as far as the barrister's repetitions of the witness's answers go, how do you think he has remedied the evil? Why, by exactly imitating the witness's tone and manner, looking towards the jury as he does it, and perhaps overcolouring it to serve his purpose. The attorney-general, Mr. Sergeant Best, and Mr. Topping, sometimes adopt this method, but nobody is so happy at it as Mr. Garrow. Mr. Sergeant Shepherd's deafness totally

* I do not use this epithet unadvisedly, and for the mere sake of rounding a period: it is my intention, in a future letter, to hazard a few ideas on the sublimity and poetical justice of the laws of England.

prevents his having recourse to it; and junior counsel want courage to attempt it. As for Mr. Garrow, he is fearless of every failure, and is himself as bold as he intimidates others, his courage, like that of a bully, being, perhaps, partly to be attributed to that proportionate cause. He rises from his seat or resumes it—addresses the jury or the witness—talks to his brethren at the bar, or to the attorneys—precisely as if the whole justice room were his own apartment, and seems to think himself lord of all but the “noble and learned judge upon the bench,” and, perhaps, the attorney general. The former he addresses, and of the latter he speaks, with a very proper sense of both their official and legal superiority to him; and, to do Mr. Garrow justice, he never ventures upon a point of law, of which not only he himself is completely master, but of which he does not make his hearers completely master, and very readily leaves special pleading points to his junior counsel. As far as he goes, he is certainly a clear-headed man: and with the law of evidence he is thoroughly acquainted. But with all Mr. Garrow’s utility in dirty actions, I congratulate the bar, that that gentleman has carried his *style* to an extreme which has given his brethren a distaste for imitating it: I know nobody who attempts to do so but Mr. Park, and he has too much of the gentleman in his nature to succeed. The unwarrantable liberties which Mr. Garrow has taken with male and even female witnesses of character, have pained many an honourable feeling, and have induced an aversion from becoming a public witness, which must be very prejudicial to the cause of justice. With all my desire to succeed in my profession, I would not have Mr. Garrow’s talents for the world. I have lately observed in him, too, a contempt for every thing serious, a trifling with the misfortunes of others, and a disregard for their religious persuasions, which has by no means met with the approbation of his earthly judge, but which will, I hope, be looked upon with more compassion by his heavenly judge.

In speech-making, Mr. Garrow is happy only upon the lowest occasions, such as that of a horse cause or an assault. He then “fights all the battles” of his cross-examinations “o’er again,” with undiminished skill and vigour; and the eloquence of Billingsgate is incontestably his. He always amuses the jury, and often obtains their verdict. The scholar and the man of taste, however, are seldom gratified by the speeches of this “learned counsel:” in transactions of high life, he is as greatly out of his element as Munden, the actor, would be in the character of *Lord Townley*: and I do believe, as the advocate was indeed himself conscious, that there is scarcely a man at the bar who could have stated the plaintiff’s case in the late crim. con. action of *Doherty v. Wyatt*, worse than Mr. Garrow did.

Mr. Garrow's countenance stands him in no stead; it is long and unmarked; eyebrows or eyelashes he has none; and his eye is peculiarly leaden and unexpressive; he seems aware of this, and never affects to pierce a witness with its lightnings, as Sir Vicary Gibbs does, with a better right to do so; but he as often looks at the jury or the ceiling, when he asks a witness a question, as at the witness himself. This sometimes leads the latter to believe that the question is not addressed to him, and puts a poor devil off his guard as soon as any thing. Sir Vicary Gibbs himself has often recourse to this practice.

Mr. Alley, in what Mrs. Clarke's book (for *one* truth) called "his gingerbread speech," on Colonel Wardle's indictment of that lady and her upholsterers for a conspiracy, hoped, not very politely, in Mr. Garrow's presence, that he should steer clear of the *Garrownian* quicksands; if by these he meant the vices which I have feebly attempted to point out in that advocate's practice, I offer up the same wish on behalf of the whole bar.

The great dearth of talent *within* the bar of the Court of King's Bench, which the secession of Lord Erskine has occasioned, has brought into the third degree of practice in this court, *for want of a better*, Mr. Park. This advocate is very well acquainted with the common routine of business, and is the author of the *Treatise on the Law of Insurance*. He is a painful and injudicious speaker; he presses every point alike, weak or strong, and upon all occasions says *all* he has gotten to say; he is never eloquent, except when he can lash himself into tears. He sadly fails in humour, and, as I have before hinted, falls short of Mr. Garrow in those qualifications which he has condescended to imitate from that powerful cross-examiner—a warning, I hope, to all young barristers to be cautious how they copy what they had better not possess. Mr. Park is, however, a gentleman-like man, and is particularly courteous in his behaviour to the bench.

If Mr. Park be eloquent only in tears, Mr. Topping, the next silk gown at this bar, is eloquent only in anger. He must be irritated before he become animated. He has lately given great satisfaction to the whole bar, by the quotation from Shakspeare, with which he *set down* the attorney-general, and he has since quoted the same poet with success, upon the strength of it. Mr. Topping is understood to be a gentleman of considerable private property, for which I am very glad, since I do not think he will ever acquire a fortune at the bar.

Mr. Jekyll, Mr. Jervis, and Mr. Clarke, (he who so ably "bettered the instructions" of his great original, the attorney-general, in the criminal information, at the last Lincoln assizes, against Mr. Drakard for the libel in the *Stamford News*, on mi-

litary flogging) the remaining three counsel within the bar of this court, have so little London practice, that I am unable to form a judgment of their merits ; but upon some occasions, *Mr. Dallas*, *Mr. Wilson*, and *Mr. Dauncey*, of the Court of Exchequer, have come within this bar with better promise than they. The first of these gentlemen is Chief Justice of Chester, and the last two are eminent upon their respective circuits. I heard *Mr. Dallas* defend *Alexander Davison* and *Valentine Jones* with considerable pleasure ; his manner is accomplished, his language elegant, and his eloquence, though heavy, in the best taste ; he is a learned and an able advocate.

Behind the bar of the Court of King's Bench, the talent seems various and promising. The lawyers and scholars are numerous and acute ; the men of eloquence are rarer. *Mr. Clifford's* defence of Messrs. Hart and White, for libel, was a most masterly and spirited piece of history and argument ; and *Mr. Brougham* has very recently brought himself into great and deserved estimation, by his judicious and eloquent defence of Messrs. Hunt, and by his still more elaborate and beautiful one of *Mr. Drakard*, from a similar charge. The sanguine hail in him a second *Erskine*. *Mr. Adolphus* is fluent as an inexhaustible fountain ; but his uninterrupted stream of words washes down his arguments in its course, and leaves our minds, at the end of his harangue, one smooth, blank sand. If I be not greatly mistaken, there is much more talent at, or coming to, the bar, and yet unknown to fame, than has ever coetaneously adorned the profession ; and we may, therefore, yet hope that the Court of King's Bench shall one day be again as strong as the Court of Common Pleas, to which it is at present decidedly inferior, and must be so as long as we have only the names of Gibbs and Garrow to oppose to those of Cockell, Shepherd, Williams, and Best. To these, and to the other eminent sergeants, I must refrain from introducing you till my next letter, having room in this only to tell you that I am,

My dear Friend, your's &c.

†††

THE LAW STUDENT.

LETTER III.

Inner Temple, August, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You are of opinion that I have overpraised *Sir Vicary Gibbs*, and not done justice to the talents of *Mr. Garrow*. Since I last had the pleasure of writing to you, I have attended the Court of King's Bench pretty constantly, and am not sure that you are wrong. The refinements of the attorney-general, contrasted with the vulgarities of *Mr. Garrow*, have, perhaps, blinded my judgment; and I have not sufficiently appreciated the commanding powers of the latter advocate; he is, in truth, a man of most wonderful quickness, and it is this that renders him so great a favourite with the chief justice of his court, my Lord Ellenborough. His lordship is overwhelmed with business, and unless his leading advocate at *Nisi Prius* were as quick and clear-headed as himself or *Mr. Garrow*, there would be no possibility of getting through the cause-paper. No man at the bar comprehends the chief's *obiter* remarks so readily, and answers them so well, as *Mr. Garrow*; and it is quite delightful to hear his lordship and that advocate sift a point to the bottom, and come to the truth of it, divested of all its wordy disguises. A fellow student of mine calls this *Mr. Garrow's interlocutory eloquence*; and show me the man who possesses a greater share of it than he. The attorney-general is slow, elaborate, and technical in all his interlocutory remarks; more learned, but not so clear. Having allowed *Mr. Garrow* all his genius for his profession, all his eloquence, all his knowledge of human nature, all his activity, all his experience, I must still, in justice, revert to his illiberality, his narrow-mindedness, his want of feeling, his want of the gentleman. I do not believe any of his casual auditors ever went out of court with a respect for *Mr. Garrow*, even if they met with no instance of his littleness of mind; and it requires a frequent attendance in court to discern that; they are amused with his manner of browbeating and badgering a witness: *Suave mari magno*; they are glad it is not they themselves; and they feel a prospective dread of ever undergoing the same ordeal; they fear *Mr. Garrow*, but they do not respect him; he is the Jack Ketch of the bar, not to say the Jack-pudding: they laugh at him in his latter capacity; and God keep them out of his claws in the former! *Mr. Garrow* is often

as good as a comedy or a farce; and is as full of by-play and stage-trick as an actor. I remember his playing off an excellent joke against a witness who happened to be deaf, and whose deafness it was Mr. Garrow's part to make appear pretended. He said to the witness, in a low tone, "So, you have the misfortune to be deaf, sir?" "Yes, sir." "You have great difficulty in hearing?" "Yes, sir, very." "And it was not till I raised my voice thus (*lowering it still more*) that you could hear what I said at all?" "No, sir." The whole *offing* of the court, and, I believe, the whole jury, bar, and all, roared with laughter; and the poor witness might as well have been dumb and deaf too, for all the utility of his testimony. And yet a sensible man knows very well (and no man knows better than Mr. Garrow) that it is distinctness and not loudness of utterance that enables a deaf man to comprehend one's meaning. Mr. Garrow on this occasion was painfully distinct in his enunciation, and the deaf witness *saw* what the cross-examiner said, rather than heard it. He suffered the speaker to say he had raised his voice—just as the deaf man in *Joe Miller* said, "Don't bawl so loud," when the other only opened his mouth wide; or as the blind man said scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet. Mr. Garrow's voice *looked* loud, and the witness supposed it was so. All this is not calculated to bring the bar into any profound respect; and I am afraid Mr. Garrow thinks the profession a greater system of artifice than it really is. Those who have had the pain, as well as the pleasure, of constantly listening to him, perceive in him a narrow-minded recognition of no country but England, of no language but English, of no religion but the Christian; and, worse than all, it is too apparent that although he will defend a swindler, with all his might and main, he will abandon a man who is charged with libel to all the fury of the tormentor. Though nobody can have any respect for the editor of the *Satirist*, yet the manner in which Mr. Garrow held that gentleman's brief on the indictment for a libel on Mr. Hallett, well justified Mr. Mannors in taking the trouble of speaking in mitigation of his punishment off his shoulders. Mr. Garrow stated, at the trial, that he had told his client he never could say any thing in defence of a libeller, and, accordingly, he did say nothing. Why, then, did he take the brief? It was his duty to have said something. He might at least have said, that the remedy for private libel ought to be private action for damages, at the discretion of the defendant's equals, and that then he might have justified and proved the truth of his assertion—and not public indictment, the punishment of conviction upon which is imprisonment at the discretion of his superiors; he might have said that libels never yet did harm, and that truth always finds its own

level. But Mr. Garrow constantly holds a brief in all *ex officio* indictments for libel, and, consequently, has that crime in a very useful abhorrence. Give him a brief to defend a less crime, that is, a more paltry and contemptible one, and he will find his tongue. Upon a similar narrow principle, Mr. Garrow holds all foreigners in great contempt; and, because he knows no language but his own, thinks there is no other. I have heard him descend to the vulgarity of repeating the testimony of a witness which was given in a foreign tongue, like something which made English indecency; and the other day he told an alien witness not to be afraid of abusing the French, but to call their capture of one of our ships *robbery*, as if our captures were not equally so. For the Jews he appears to have a hatred worthy of those reigns in which they were massacred by hundreds, and seems to think it very odd they should not profess the same religion with himself. I regret, as strongly as you can do, that such great talents should be united with such little prejudices; but a very long attendance to Mr. Garrow's practice has brought me to this (I hope) impartial estimate of the advocate and the man.

Sir Vicary Gibbs is certainly not a man of such talents as Mr. Garrow; but then he has received an education beyond all comparison with that gentleman's, is every way an elegant scholar, and has read more law than almost any man at the bar. Mr. Garrow's is the natural, and the attorney general's the cultivated, soil. If the attorney general does not give the student such occasional delight as Mr. Garrow, neither does he give him such occasional pain. You are always sure to be edified when Sir Vicary rises: from Mr. Garrow you are never sure of not hearing all the cant of the Robin Hood or Coach-makers' hall; for when that advocate has a bad case, he must have recourse to noise and rant; and then you have nothing to do but to attend to the richness and vigour of his voice—a perfection in Mr. Garrow which I have not before noticed. He folds his arms in debating club indignation, and does not spare the character of any witness, whose testimony has made against his case. For this habit Mr. Topping, the castigator-general, took him to task in open court the other day. But there is so much more room for criticism in Mr. Garrow than in the attorney-general, that I am continually losing sight of that truly learned advocate. I wish to say a few words upon the subject of Sir Vicary's temper, which has never appeared to me to be so prominently bad as I have credibly heard it represented. He is impatient when attorneys talk nonsense, as which of us would not be? But it has always appeared to me that I would sooner be connected in business with him than with Mr. Garrow, whom I conceive not to be so good humoured as the attorney general, if he be more good tempered, and of this

I doubt much.* At any rate, Sir Vicary is a gentleman in his irritability, and can command his impatience better than Mr. Garrow can. I have oftener seen the former cool, during a controversy, in which the latter has shown warmth, than the latter calm while the former was ruffled. The truth is, Sir Vicary is a man of more attic wit and humour than Mr. Garrow; and when, in the midst of all his warmth, he says any thing well, or with humour, it puts him into good humour directly. There has always appeared to me to be a connexion between these two significations of the word *humour*; and I have generally found a *humorist* a good humoured man, at least *quoad hoc*.† It is the same with Lord Eilenborough, a man of stronger humour than almost any other whom I have had the pleasure of hearing speak; and so it was, I am told, with Lord Kenyon, his predecessor. But I am afraid you will think that I shall never quit the subjects of the attorney-general and Mr. Garrow. To dismiss them finally—the one is a splendid example of the legal success of learning, and the other of talent: both advocates have made handsome fortunes, and the past year has, perhaps, been the most profitable of their career. The cause-papers have been crowded with mercantile cases; for in proportion as that profession is unsuccessful, the law thrives. Mercantile law has, indeed, of late years, become a science of itself; and it is my opinion, that if the law student were to spend six months in a merchant's counting house, he would employ his time much more profitably than in an exclusive attendance in a pleader's office. But the courts are, after all, the best school of law; and, were I not intended for the profession, I would attend them for knowledge of the world, and for general information. Neither the attorney-general nor Mr. Garrow can

* Let those who think ill of Sir Vicary's heart, go to Hayes, in Kent, and ask the first peasant they meet as I did the other day, what is that gentleman's character? "It would be better for the poor" said the woman to whom I spoke, "if all gentle-folks were like Sir Vicary Gibbs."

† I know not whether I have made myself understood here; but it has often struck me, that in most of the anecdotes of command of temper upon record, the hero would not have been so calm if he had not had a good thing to say upon the subject. There is more, perhaps of sublimity than wit, in Sir Isaac Newton's exclamation after his dog had thrown down the candle which consumed the written labours of years, "Oh, Diamond Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" When one of the servants of Dr. Hough, Bishop of Worcester, happened to break a favourite weather glass of the bishop's, and spill all the quicksilver upon the ground, instead of being angry with the terrified servant, he merely turned round to the company and said he had never seen the mercury so low in his life. When Marshal Turenne was mistaken by one of his domestics for the cook, and when the servant came softly behind him as he was looking out of a window, and gave him in that capacity a violent slap on the breech, the Marshal instantly turned round, and the fellow, frightened out of his wits, dropped down on his knees and exclaimed, "Oh, my lord, I thought it was George." "And suppose it had been George," replied the marshal rubbing the irritated part, "you need not have struck so hard." And, indeed, the point of half the *bons mots* in the jest books depends upon the good humour with which affronts are unexpectedly parried.

now be called young; but their mental faculties are yet in full vigour. The former can look no higher, in his retirement from the profession, than to the station of a *puisne* judge; but an attorney generalship is usually regarded as the road to higher honours. Differing, as we do, from Sir Vicary Gibbs in politics, we cannot hope for his having to decide the law of libel upon publications similar to those which he has prosecuted for such; but of this we are sure, that to whatever station he is called upon to fill, he will carry a knowledge of his profession which would not have disgraced the greatest name in legal history.

I am happy to find that your opinion of *Mr. Park*, whom you say you have seen on the northern circuit, agrees with mine: he has more practice in York, I am told, than even here. I never hear him, but I wish he was there.

I omitted in my last letter the names of the three leading barristers of business behind the bar of the court of king's bench, Messrs. *Marryat*, *Laves*, and *Reader*. The first of these gentlemen is a lawyer, and nothing but a lawyer: he makes it his boast, that he never reads any book but a law book; and you may, therefore, judge of the extent of his ambition: he has hit his mark, and has acquired a fortune at the bar, gratefully bemotting his carriage—"Causes produce effects!" His voice is thick and disagreeable, and his manner cumbrous and unpleasing. The second gentleman is a special pleader, and the third colonel of a volunteer regiment. Ask me no more of them. *Mr. Dampier*, who has, I am afraid, less practice, is worth twenty such.

Since I last wrote to you, two of the eminent sergeants, to whom I promised to introduce you in this letter, Cockell and Williams, king's sergeants, are no more. *Mr. Sergeant Cockell* was a man of very considerable powers, principally of humour, and was particularly happy in his popular addresses to the jury. He always seemed in earnest, and was occasionally eloquent. In person he was corpulent, and bore a stronger resemblance to a well-fed monk than any other member of the profession: the coif and round gown greatly conduced to this likeness; and the sergeants' mutual appellation of *brother*, seemed to be applied to him with peculiar propriety. *Mr. Sergeant Williams* was one of the most learned men at the bar, and is the editor of the excellent *Reports* of Lord Chief Justice Saunders. His notes to this book condense all the learning, not only upon the leading points of the reporter's cases, but upon such as are collateral and incidental to them. "*Williams's Saunders*" is one of the first books that should be put into the hands of a law student. The reporter, Sir Edmund Saunders, was at the bar at the time of the decisions which he records; and the second justice of the court of king's bench appears at that time to have been Sir Thomas Twysden.

whose portrait adorns our hall, and whose name is *immortalized* in Twysden's Buildings, in the temple. He seems to have been a testy old gentleman in his time: it was he who said the court would hear no law on the last day of term; and Sir Edmund Saunders reports, that on a certain occasion the chief justice (Kelynge) being absent, "judgment was pronounced by Twysden with a *nisi*, &c.; but Saunders, of counsel with the defendant, prayed another day, whereupon, *in furore*, he gave judgment absolutely, without giving any further day. And I think, (adds Saunders dryly,) without *much* consideration, for the law is clear, that a bond, judgment, or statute, may be defeated by a defeasance made after, as is the common and usual practice."* The infuriate was palpably wrong. Upon many occasions, Saunders reports him to have opposed doctrines *totis viribus*. He seems, however, to have been a very able lawyer, with all his want of temper.

Mr. *Sergeant Shepherd* succeeded Mr. *Sergeant Cockell* as the king's Ancient Sergeant—a situation which was before filled by the late very learned Mr. *Sergeant Hill*. Mr. *Sergeant Shepherd* is not a very old man; but he labours under a most inveterate deafness, which is very prejudicial to his professional duties. His trumpet has an unseemly effect, and with all its assistance, he is often indebted to his neighbours for the repetition of those speeches, either of the witness or the court, which he fails to catch. It is understood that he is so sensible of this inconvenience that he would gladly retire from the bar into the situation even of a master in chancery. And yet, with all this disadvantage, Mr. *Sergeant Shepherd* shares with Mr. *Sergeant Best* the leading practice of the court of common pleas; and these two learned sergeants, with Mr. *Garrow*, engross nearly all the business of the home circuit. Mr. *Sergeant Shepherd* is a good lawyer and an impressive orator. His voice is somewhat thick, but greatly energetic, and he generally contrives to carry his hearers along with him. He made but little stand for Sir *Francis Burdett*, at the late trial at bar; but that was a very bad case, and the advocate did not advise the action, nor willingly conduct it, when determined upon. He did better when he was against the popular voice in the "*O. P.*" cause; but then he was on the right side, although it was his fate, in both cases, to lose the verdict. This learned sergeant, although his difficulty of hearing be a considerable drawback to his quickness, is, nevertheless, in every other point of view, a quick and able advocate.

Mr. *Sergeant Best*, on the other hand, is, as the old woman would say, *as sharp as a needle*. His eye is peculiarly brilliant,

* 2 Will. Saund. 48. a. c.

and he presses his lips together, and shakes his head with an air of determination, which makes his audience think he is sure of his verdict. He has also a peculiar manner of shaking the index finger of his right hand, when he wishes to enforce his remarks. His voice is extremely pleasing and melodious, and his eloquence fluent and unfatiguing. To all these accomplishments he unites a very competent knowledge of his profession; and a client's brief could not be in safer hands than in those of Mr. Sergeant Best. This gentleman must not be confounded with *Mr. Best* the barrister, who is generally called *Second Best*, but who, as a lawyer, in the opinion of some, ought rather to be designated *First Best*. There are jokes like this in every profession; and it is only for the sake of the pun, that *Mr. Scarlett* is called the *deepest red* man at the bar. I am, &c.

†††

PETITION OF THE CHEVALIER D'ENTRECASTEAUX.

[The following extraordinary petition, addressed to the Queen of Portugal, by the Chevalier Brunzi d'Entrecasteaux, formerly President of the Parliament of Provence, who fled from France to Portugal on account of murdering his wife, is extracted from the European Magazine, for January, 1785.]

YOUR majesty beholds at your feet a criminal imploring from your justice a punishment which to him will be a favour. He trembles while he lifts his mournful voice to your majesty; his crime would even render him unworthy of such honour, did not his remorse efface what he must call the indignity he offers to you; this reflection alone induces him to request of your majesty a death which, while it punishes his crime, will put an end to his misery.

I am the Frenchman who came into your dominions under the borrowed name of the Chevalier de Barral, and was taken into custody by your orders. I will conceal nothing from your majesty. My name is Brunzi d'Entrecasteaux, of a noble family in Provence, born with a disposition inclined to virtue and honour; but the too great impetuosity of my temper has made me guilty of assassination.

Hurried away by a violent passion, and (may I add) by a sentiment of honour, carried to excess, I found myself criminal at the moment I thought myself only virtuous. At the time when with blushes I make the humiliating confession to your majesty,

the stings of remorse grow sharper, the wounds of my heart bleed afresh, and the pain of them become more excruciating. I am sensible that this chastisement is not adequate to the enormity of my crime; all I request is, to obtain one capable of expiating it.

My father and mother married me when I was very young, being only eighteen years of age. I made one of those advantageous matches which parents inconsiderately accept, without adverting to what ought to be the first object of their attention, whether there does not exist a natural aversion between the parties who are to be united for life. Another reason determined them to oblige me to contract this marriage; it was done (they said) in order to secure me against the ill effects of the passions incident to youth. But they did not consider that mine were not yet awakened; this precaution, therefore, rather served to chain them down for a time, than free me from their dominion. Restraint made them break out with greater violence, and the consequences were more fatal. The time soon came which gave birth to the strongest passion; a seducing object made me forget what I owed to my spouse; my heart, naturally sensible, and hitherto unaccustomed to love, fell a prey to it in all its violence. The excellence of the object which inspired it appeared to me a sufficient justification; she could not resist the vehemence with which I expressed my sentiments; the flame which consumed me soon penetrated to her heart; this was the epocha of all her misfortune, and consequently of mine.

So powerful a passion, fostered by four years of the most familiar intercourse, had come to its greatest height, when my family discovered its object. This accident deprived my mistress of every hope of that happiness which she had a right to expect; and, in addition to her distress, she found herself on the point of losing her reputation, in consequence of the noise such an event would make. Filled with despair for having reduced her to a situation so dreadful, I resolved, as I could not extricate her, to share her misery. I proposed to her to elope with me, that being the more easy, as I was of an age which enabled me to dispose of my property, and it would have been no difficult matter to raise a sufficiency for our subsistence in some corner of the world where we should have found an asylum; but though she had ruined herself for me, she would not consent that I should ruin myself for her. My tears, my entreaties were fruitless. She remained inflexible. Her refusal, while it heightened my admiration, threw me into despair. I saw no remedy for her misfortune but what I could have given her had I been single. This idea caused my ruin. The frenzy of my passion having reduced me to the dreadful alternative of sacrificing the honour of the woman

whom I adored, or the life of her who had been given me for a companion ; I grew desperate ; my reason abandoned me ; and my hand became guilty. My strength fails me at the dreadful recollection, which oppresses and harrows up my soul. It is necessary (for I must give to truth the authenticity it requires) that I should still add to my shame, by confessing that I was the sole author of the atrocious crime. I was not seduced to the commission of it by the person for the love of whom it was perpetrated. Had she thought me capable of such a design, her virtue would have prevented my guilt.

This is the crime I confess to your majesty ; I demand vengeance against myself ; you will satisfy your justice by punishing me, and I shall bless your clemency which will free me from the tortures of my remorse. The moment that I committed the crime, I was struck with its enormity, without thinking on any measures proper to be taken. My family, dreading the disgrace affixed to the punishment which I had but too well deserved, obliged me to abscond. I took flight, without knowing whither I should go, to drag out the remainder of so guilty a life. Scarcely had my mind recovered its powers, when it became its own tormentor. Every day presented to me stronger pictures of horror. The calm, which sometimes succeeded these violent emotions, gave me pains of a different kind. My passion was not extinguished by the crime it had caused ; on the contrary, it seemed to have acquired new strength, and filled up the intervals of my despair.

In this excruciating situation I was several times tempted to put an end to my life ; but (can your majesty believe it, judge from this of the violence of my frenzy) the love which had made me guilty, and which doubled my misery, was the only obstacle which prevented me from suicide ; but the hope of once more seeing the object of my passion did not extinguish my remorse, which I still felt in all its horror.

Such was the state of my mind on my arrival in your majesty's dominions, where being taken into custody by your orders, I could not be ignorant of the cause of my detention. I am now deprived of the only hope that supported me ; I have nothing left but remorse and despair. The justice of France claims me. My family has had interest to obtain the commutation of my punishment into perpetual imprisonment ; my mind cannot bear either of those prospects. Certainly I dread not death, for I request it of your majesty as a favour. But ignominy is to me intolerable, and that would attend me from the moment of my arrival in my own country ; that would necessarily haunt me, and poison the last moments of my life. Alas ! if I must die, let it not be in my own country. The second prospect suggests ideas still more dreadful. What can be worse than to live in perpetual

imprisonment, a prey to my remorse, the stings of which become still more severe by the want of any object to dissipate my thoughts; and those torments, though long and horrible, would never efface my crime either in the sight of justice or of men; death, therefore, in whatever shape it may come, is a thousand times preferable.

In this sentiment I cast myself at your majesty's feet, humbly supplicating that you will be pleased to make me undergo in your dominions the punishment I have but too well deserved.

My heart was not naturally vitious; a moment of frenzy plunged it into the abyss where it is now sunk; yet, though not less guilty, nor less worthy of chastisement, if it cannot obtain pardon, it may deserve some pity. May your majesty, then, deign to listen to the voice of that pity, and spare me the shame of an execution in France, by putting me to death in Portugal. I know well that the prejudice of the French, even if I pay to justice the punishment to which I shall be condemned, will affix perpetual infamy to my memory. But surely, when justice is once satisfied, no trace of the crime remains, and prejudice ought to rest contented. I dare to hope, therefore, that by petitioning for, and voluntarily offering myself to the death I have deserved, I may deliver my soul from an ignominy for which it was not formed, but which it has notwithstanding incurred.

In my last moments I shall have the consolation of thinking that my name will no longer be held in horror, and when I bid a final adieu to the authors of my life, I shall be enabled to say to them, "Your son is still worthy of you; he has wiped off the shame with which he covered you; he has expiated the crime which he committed, and has regained a title to your compassion."

Should I have the good fortune to excite your majesty's pity, and your clemency induce you to grant such a petition, your majesty cannot apprehend that your justice, which interests itself for every object, will be liable to the least impeachment of violating the rights of nations, by punishing in your own dominions the subject of another monarchy, for a crime committed in his native country. On the contrary, I flatter myself I shall be able to demonstrate to your majesty, that justice even requires my punishment at your hands. I am not guilty as a Frenchman; it is not that nation I have offended; I am guilty as a man, and owe to all mankind an expiation of my crime. Wherever there are men, and laws to govern them, I hear about the mark of disapprobation with which I am stigmatized; wherever my crime is known, my blood may be lawfully shed; and in this country it is known by my confession to your majesty. I am at once the accuser, the witness, and the criminal; what more is wanting but the sentence of condemnation, which I supplicate your majesty to pronounce?

I venture to entertain the greatest hopes of obtaining a request which enables your majesty to unite justice with mercy. If the torments of a soul distracted by the most violent emotions on the recollection of a crime repugnant to its very essence, can deserve any pity, it is a favour I entreat from your majesty's clemency, when I ask for death to put an end to my miseries, and expiate a crime at which human nature shudders. If, on the contrary, my guilt be too atrocious for any favour to be shown, I call upon your justice, I inform against a criminal, and petition for his execution.

Had your majesty been engaged in war, before expiating my crime by the proper punishment, I would have petitioned for liberty to shed my guilty blood in your service, that my death might not be entirely useless; but your majesty having the happiness to enjoy profound peace, every drop of my blood is due to justice. If I obtain that favour, I shall be indebted to your majesty for the recovery of my virtue, the preservation of my honour, and the end of my miseries. If, on the contrary, you judge that, considering the enormity of my crime, my blood ought not to pollute your dominions, nothing remains for me but despair. In either case, I shall, with my last breath, offer up my prayers for the prosperity of your majesty's reign.

Waiting the decision which is to fix my fate, I am, with hope and fear, and with the most profound respect, your majesty's most humble and most obedient servant,

Brunzi d'Entrecasteaux.

POETRY.

For the Analectic Magazine.

THE TOMB OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Here, in this grave, filled up with roses,
Where beauty shall repair to weep,
A little humming-bird reposes,
Consigned to death's perpetual sleep.

The flowers whose sweets he stole away,
Though scatter'd by the stormy shower,
In spring new blossoms shall display,
To charm the tenants of the bower.

But thou no more with dazzling plume
Shalt hover o'er the sweet-brier tree ;
The roses dying in thy tomb
Is all the sweetness left for thee !

Oh no ! the tears which Harriet sheds
Haply shall bid new flowrets spring,
Bright violets here shall wave their heads,
And o'er thy grave fresh fragrance fling.

'Twas she that lur'd thee to thy fate ;
Her cheeks so blush'd like roses rare,
You fearless flew, but found, too late,
The living rose may prove a snare.
New-York, June, 1814.

DAYS OF YORE.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

Now bar the door, shut out the gale,
And fill the horn with foaming ale,
A cheerful cup, and rousing fire,
And ~~the~~ ^{my} harp, my soul inspire !

Dark rusted arms, of ancient proof,
 Hang clanging from the breezy roof,
 And tell of many a Welchman bold,
 And long remember'd deeds of old.

Come, mountain-maid, in Sunday gown,
 With healthy cheek of rosy brown,
 Here sit thou gayly by the while,
 And nod thy head, and sweetly smile.

Draw closer, friends, the table round,
 And cheerly greet the rising sound;
 Love, arms, and ale, and rousing fire,
 And thrilling harp my soul inspire!

ADDITIONAL VERSES,

BY A FRIEND OF MISS BAILLIE.

Return, ye joyful days of old,
 The christmas feasts of barons bold,
 The sparkling mead, the crowded hall,
 And beauty's smile, delighting all.

The hoary minstrel's chanted tale,
 Of valiant chiefs, or spectres pale,
 The brave Sir Morgan's generous board,
 With goblets crown'd, with dainties stor'd.

The well fed ox, when roasted whole,
 And plenty's form and pleasure's soul,
 The shining arms, the Saxon spoils,
 Rewarding valour's glorious toils.

While high-born dames, with lofty grace,
 Assign the youthful warrior's place;
 Or bid the broider'd searf display
 The victor of the festive day!

TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

BY DR. LEYDEN.

[These lines need no eulogium; they are warm from the heart, and must come home powerfully to the feelings of every reader. The author, a native of Scotland, had gone as an adventurer to India in search of fortune. When at last it was within his grasp, he found that he had gained his prize too late—health had forever fled. He died a few years ago, a victim to the peculiar diseases of that climate.]

Slave of the dark and dirty mine,
 What vanity hath brought thee here?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
 The tent rope's flapping lone I hear,
 For twilight converse, arm in arm;
 The Jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear,
 Whom mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chericut's dark wandering stream,
 Where cane tufts shadow all the wild,
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
 Of Teviot loved while still a child;
 Of castled rocks stupendous piled,
 By Esk, or Eden's classic wave,
 Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
 Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade day dreams sweet, from mem'ry fade!
 The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
 That once so bright on fancy played,
 Revives no more in after time.
 Far from my sacred natal clime
 I haste to an untimely grave;
 The daring thoughts that soared sublime
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
 Gleams baleful as the tombfire drear—
 A gentle vision comes by night
 My lonely, widowed heart to cheer;
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding stars to mine;
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear
 I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
 I left a heart that loved me true ;
 I crossed the tedious ocean wave,
 To roam in climes unkind and new.
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my withered heart—the grave,
 Dark and untimely, met my view ;
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave !

Ha ! com'st thou now, so late, to mock
 A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipt with death, has borne,
 From love, from friendship, country torn,
 To memory's fond regrets the prey ?
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn ;
 Go, mix thee with thy kindred clay.



VERSES,

BY MR. JAMES MONTGOMERY, ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. THOMAS SPENCER, OF LIVERPOOL,
 WHO WAS DROWNED, WHILE BATHING IN THE TIDE, ON THE 5th OF AUGUST, 1841, IN THE
 21st YEAR OF HIS AGE.

*“ Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters ; and thy footsteps
 are not known. ”*—Psaln 77. ver. 19.

On earth, in ocean, sky, and air,
 All that is excellent and fair,
 Seen, felt, or understood,
 From one eternal cause descends,
 To one eternal centre tends,
 With GOD begins, continues, ends,
 The source and stream of good.

Him through all nature I explore ;
 Him in his creatures I adore,
 Around, beneath, above :
 But clearest in the human mind,
 His bright resemblance when I find
 Grandeur with purity combined,
 I most admire and love.

Oh ! there was one—on earth awhile
 He dwelt ; but transient as a smile
 That turns into a tear,
 His beauteous image pass'd us by ;
 He came like lightning from the sky,
 As prompt to disappear.

Sweet in his undissembling mien
 Were genius, candour, meekness, secret,
 The lips that loved the truth;
 The single eye, whose glance sublime
 Look'd to eternity through time;
 The soul whose hopes were wont to climb
 Above the joys of youth.

Of old*—before the lamp grew dark,
 Reposing near the sacred ark,
 The child of Hannah's prayer
 Heard, through the temple's silent round,
 A living voice; nor knew the sound
 That thrice alarm'd him, ere he found
 The Lord who chose him there.

Thus early call'd, and strongly mov'd,
 A prophet from a child approv'd,
 SPENCER his course began;
 From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
 Swiftest and foremost in the race,
 He carried victory in his face,
 He triumph'd as he ran.

The loveliest star of evening's train
 Sets early in the western main,
 And leaves the world in night;
 The brightest star of morning's host,
 Scarcely risen, in brighter beams is lost:—
 Thus sunk his form on ocean's coast,
 Thus sprang his soul to light.

Revolving his mysterious lot,
 I mourn him, but I praise him not;
 To GOD the praise be given,
 Who sent him like the radiant bow,
 His covenant of peace to show,
 Athwart the passing storm to glow.
 Then vanish into heaven.

* 1 Samuel, 3. ver. 7.

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The New-York Historical Society have published a second volume of *Collections*, comprising four discourses delivered on the anniversary days of their institution, respectively by Dr. Hugh Williamson, Dewitt Clinton, Esq. Gouverneur Morris, Esq. and Dr. Mitchill; an account of De La Salle's expeditions and discoveries in North America, and an extract of a translation of the history of *New Suedland*, in North America. The first discourse, by Dr. Williamson, is a general dissertation on the uses and importance of history; that of Mr. Clinton contains an elaborate and comprehensive view of the history and character of the Five Nations, "the Romans of the west." Mr. Morris's is a brilliant, but rather immethodical, series of remarks on various points of our political history, and speculations on the formation of our national character. The last, by Dr. Mitchill, is a minute history of American botany, drawn up in chronological order. As a collection of facts it is every thing which could be desired on this subject; considered as a discourse, its plan is not so judicious. To the volume is annexed a very particular and well arranged catalogue of the books, tracts, pamphlets, maps, manuscripts, &c. in the library of the society.

It may, perhaps, be questioned by some, whether the contents of the present volume exactly correspond with the title of the work, from an idea that it should wholly consist of such rare and curious pieces of history as are only to be discovered by the most assiduous researches of the antiquary,

" Pick'd from the worm holes of long vanish'd days,
And from the dust of old oblivion rak'd."

As it appears, however, from the address of the society to the public, annexed to their constitution and by-laws, that it will be their business to seek for and procure such valuable manuscripts, papers, and documents relative to the history of our country as may be in the possession of individuals, and as such individuals have been solicited to favour the society with such articles, it ought to be inferred that the meagerness of the present volume is not owing to any want of attention or industry on the part of the publishers. The catalogue of the books, &c. though we think not in its proper place, thus tacked to the volume, exhibits evidence of the successful exertions of the institution in procuring, in so short a period, a collection so valuable and comprehensive, and, at the same time, by its minute description and methodical arrangement, reflects the highest credit on the judgment and skill of the *Rev. Mr. Alden*, the compiler.

The list of the members prefixed to the volume appears to occupy too much space; no less than nine broad pages being taken up with the insertion of about 270 names. When it is considered, however, that it was the plan of the publishing committee to make every member

" Shine in the dignity of F. R. S "

and that a learned society, lately established, which has done a great deal already towards the propagation of *letters*, has conferred its degrees on

many members of the Historical Society, and enables them, as Dr. Pangloss might say, to add to their names the decorative adjunct of F. L. P. S. N. Y., it might, perhaps, have been viewed as an omission of due respect, to have appeared in public without these new badges of honourable distinction. Some allowance, of paper at least, should be made on this account. Besides, the society boasts, in its list of members, of several learned gentlemen whose names have long shone in the firmament of literature with a train of titles at the end of them as long as the tail of a comet, and it would not have been altogether decorous to lop them of their fair proportions, and degrade them from these well-earned honours to the simple appellation of Dr. or Esquire.

A second edition has been published in Boston of a work by Mr. *Eustaphie*, the Russian consul, entitled "Reflections, Notes, and Original Anecdotes illustrating the character of Peter the Great, to which is added a tragedy in five acts, entitled *Alexis the Czarewicz*." The first part of the work consists of a very lofty, florid, and not ineloquent eulogium on the genius and character of Peter, and the notes and anecdotes subjoined are, for the most part, curious and interesting. The tragedy, though consisting of five acts, is very brief, the characters few, and the incidents simple. The subject is the death of the czar's profligate and rebellious son, Alexis, who, having been tried and condemned by a judicial tribunal, is pardoned by his father, but at too late an hour to save his life. The purpose of the piece is to vindicate Peter from the imputation of having poisoned Alexis, and the notes accompanying it are calculated to show that he was not capable of perpetrating a deed so monstrous and unnatural. The tragedy, we think, has no peculiar merit, and is deficient in many of those points that are necessary for producing dramatic effect. It is in blank verse, and though by no means harmonious, yet, considered as the composition of a foreigner, it discovers a great familiarity with our language, and a pretty intimate acquaintance with the style of the English dramatic writers in that species of verse. If it were not for the particular purpose of introducing the interesting matter contained in the notes, which occupy three fourths of the volume, there is no manner of doubt but that the tragedy might have been altogether dispensed with; and, indeed, it would seem that the author intended the one merely as the vehicle for the other.

Proposals have been lately issued in Boston for the publication of a monthly magazine, to be entitled the *New-England Magazine*. It is to be conducted by the late editors of the Cambridge Repository, a quarterly miscellany now discontinued, and will be in most respects similar to that publication. The Cambridge Repository contained a mixture of theological controversy and sacred criticism, with literary and critical articles. Its theology, which it defended with ability, and with very great learning, was that of Dr. Priestly, or at least very nearly so. Much talent was displayed in the literary part, and some of the original poetry had very great merit. We have, however, understood that its circulation was extremely limited. Whether this was caused by any radical defect of its plan, or by the unpopularity of any of its doctrines, we cannot undertake to decide; it certainly was not to be attributed to the want either of talents or learning.

The New-York Literary and Philosophical Society have in the press

the first half volume of their transactions. We have understood that it is to contain the constitution, laws, &c. of the society, the address delivered by the president, Mr. Clinton, upon the opening of the society, and several philosophical papers by Drs. Williamson, Mitchill, and Hosack.

Mr. Samuel R. Brown has lately published a small volume under the title of *Campaigns of the Western Army*, comprising sketches of the campaigns of Hull and Harrison, a minute account of the action on Lake Erie, military anecdotes, notices of abuses in the army, a plan of a military settlement, and a view of the lake coast from Sandusky to Detroit.



SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

From late British Publications.

MR. WESTALL'S exhibition of 312 of his own paintings and drawings in Pall Mall, has been a favourite rendezvous of all lovers of art in London. No other living artist could have presented so great a variety of performances in the superior branches of art, and few have displayed so much perfection in each. Whether we contemplate the richness of the design and colouring of his history, the delicacy and natural tints of his landscape, the spirit and ingenuity of his rustic life, or the accurate delineation of character in his portraits, we are alike filled with wonder at the genius and versatile powers of this gentleman. Those who paid their tribute of applause to the genius of Gainsborough and Wilson, in the adjoining exhibition of the British Gallery, will not be less delighted in the contemplation of the transcendent works of the living Westall, who, without being inferior to either of them, is the founder of a school of his own, distinguished for classic taste and for the highest powers of execution.

The French chemists propose calling *iode gas*, from *iodée*, *violaceous*, or *violaceous gas*. Its properties are singular; combined with hydrogen, with phosphorus, and with oxymuriate of silver, it forms a peculiar acid; it is a simple or uncompound gas, at a suitable temperature a permanently elastic fluid, but heavier than any known gas, 100 cubic inches weighing 95.5 grains; it is a non-conductor of electricity, experiences no change exposed to the action of the voltaic battery with charcoal, is not inflammable, and does not support combustion. As a simple substance it has many analogies with oxygen, chlorine, and the alkalis; like oxygen, it rapidly unites with the metals; mercury, tin, lead, zinc, and iron, are converted by it, in a moderate temperature, into salts of orange, yellow, and brown tints, which are soluble in spirits, ether, and water, and form beautiful pigments, and most probably may be equally serviceable in the dye-house. Exposed to a moderate cold it condenses into solid plumbeo-coloured crystals. Combined with hydrogen, it forms what the French call *hydroionic gas*. Like the alkalis, it unites with oxygen, from which it can be expelled by heat. The existence of this substance confirms the opinion that acidity and alkaliescence do not depend on any specific principle, but on certain modifications of matter.

Dr. Crichton conceives that there is a continual waste of vitality during life, and, therefore, that a regular supply is necessary. He thinks that this vitality is furnished by the food, and believes that the food contains particles endowed with vitality, and that this vitality is neither destroyed by the destruction of the organic texture, nor by the heat to which the food is exposed. He made decoctions of chamomile, feverfew, nutgalls, &c. in distilled water, put the decoctions into glass jars inverted over distilled mercury, and introduced into them oxygen gas obtained from black oxide of manganese. Numerous convulsas made their appearance in these decoctions, and considerable portions of the gas were absorbed. From these experiments he concludes that there are two kinds of particles of matter, namely, organic particles and inorganic particles; and that the vitality of the first is not destroyed by

boiling water. In general, he found that vegetation commenced soonest when the decoction of flowers is used, and latest when that of roots.

A method has been discovered by Mr. Turner, near Vauxhall, of fabricating very elegant and splendid embellishments for ball-rooms, supper-rooms, pillars, temples, &c. by a composition, to which the Society for the Encouragement of Arts have attached the name of *Imitative Scenite Granite*. It is capable of being applied either on wainscoting or bare walls, or on walls already papered, and while it may be made to resemble the most beautiful marble or granite, particularly when assisted by lights, its charge does not exceed that of other ornamental painting or papering.

The Rev. G. S. Faber, so well known in the literary world by his various works on the prophecies, has nearly finished for the press a work intended to form three 4to volumes, under the title of the *Origin of Pagan Idolatry*, ascertained from historical testimony and circumstantial evidence. It is announced by subscription.

The Rev. John Owen, gratuitous secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, proposes to publish, by subscription, in two vols. 8vo. *The History of the Origin, Progress, and Present State of that Institution*.

Mr. Swaine, a native of Russia, and author of the interesting account of the death of the lamented Moreau, has in the press a work entitled *Sketches in Russia*, containing fifteen engravings, chiefly illustrative of scenery and manners, including portraits of the Emperor Alexander, and the empress, from paintings very recently executed, and accompanied with original descriptions and anecdotes.

Mr. Sharon Turner is printing the first volume of his *History of England*. This will extend from the Roman conquest to the reign of Edward the Third, and comprise also the literary history of England during the same period. It is composed, like his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, from original and authentic documents, and will be published in December.

A voyage to the Isle of Elia, from the French of Mr. Arsenne Thiebaut de Berneaud, is in the press. It embraces a general view, not only of the geography and geology, but also of the natural history, antiquities, topography, agriculture, and commerce, and of the manners and habits of the population. It will be accompanied by an accurate map, laid down from actual observation; and is, in every particular, calculated to gratify the public curiosity concerning an island to which recent events have given such extraordinary interest.

The Ballantynes of Edinburgh have nearly completed Mr. Southey's poem of *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*.

Method of preserving vaccine matter.—The invention of Mr. Forman, an ingenious manufacturer upon the Wear, near Sunderland. It is in the form of a small glass ball with a tube issuing from it, very similar to a cracker, as it is called, which mischievous boys put into candles to cause an explosion. The pasture from which the virus is to be taken being punctured by a lancet in the usual manner, the small ball or bulb is to be heated at a candle so as to rarify the air within it, and after it is sufficiently warmed the end of the little tube is to be inserted where the lancet had made the puncture, and the virus will immediately be taken up, so as to fill the bulb. The end of the tube is now to be hermetically sealed by means of a common blow-pipe at the flame of the candle, which is a very simple process; and thus the virus may be preserved for any length of time, and sent to any distance. If for immediate use, the tube need not be sealed, but may be secured in any convenient manner. Any requisite number of these balls may be employed, and it is proper to remark that the virus is never heated much above blood heat.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1814.

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Travels in the Interior of Brazil, particularly in the Gold and Diamond Districts of that Country, by authority of the Prince Regent of Portugal; including a voyage to the Rio de la Plata, and an historical sketch of the Revolution of Buenos Ayres. Illustrated with engravings. By John Mawe, author of "The Mineralogy of Derbyshire." 4to. pp. 366. 1812.

[From the Monthly Review.]

ALMOST all narratives of travels are interesting, either as conveying amusement to the general reader, or as affording instruction to the man of science and the philosopher. In course, their interest will vary with the novelty or the importance of the district described, and with the intelligence and the enterprise of the traveller; but temporary circumstances often confer additional zest on the pursuit after information respecting particular regions. The country of Brazil may be said to possess at present a share of this contingent importance, in aid of its own natural recommendations as an object of curiosity, and of the consideration that the knowledge which we have hitherto gained of its interior is very imperfect. We are glad, therefore, to announce the volume before us, which in some respects

prefers but modest claims to distinction, but which in others, may be said to have sterling merit. It is the production of a traveller who neither lays claim to learning, nor boasts of intimacy with the great, but who went abroad for objects of personal utility, and gives the result of his observations in plain and unadorned language. In the year 1804, Mr. Mawe sailed from Spain to the Rio de la Plata, on a commercial speculation: but his ship and cargo were seized at Monte Video, in consequence, partly, of that antipathy which our recent capture of the Spanish frigates had excited against the name of Englishmen, and partly, through the treachery of certain individuals, who were interested in the confiscation. He was restored to liberty on the taking of Monte Video by Sir Samuel Auchmuty; and, sometime afterward, he was enabled to proceed to Brazil with an introduction to the Portuguese ministry from the Portuguese ambassador in London. This introduction intimated that Mr. Mawe was attached to mineralogical pursuits, and was desirous of exploring the ample field for investigation which was afforded by the interior of Brazil. He delivered his letters of credence at a moment in which an Englishman could scarcely fail to obtain any reasonable request; viz. on the arrival of the court of Portugal in their western capital, under the protection of a British squadron. Mr. M. had accordingly the satisfaction of receiving recommendations to the public functionaries in the inland-stations, with an order for escorts through those districts in which they were necessary. He was thus the first Englishman, perhaps the first foreigner, who visited the interior of Brazil with the sanction of government.

The course of Mr. Mawe's peregrinations would have been rendered considerably clearer by a map on a larger scale than that which he has given; and this defect is the more to be regretted from our unacquaintance with the inland geography of Brazil. To afford our readers an idea of the direction of the author's inland expeditions, it may be well to fix the attention on the situation of Rio de Janeiro in lat 22° 54", and to divide his travelling into three journeys; one, above one hundred miles N. E. of Rio, to a place called Canto Gallo; another, more than twice the distance, W. by N. of Rio, to the town of St. Paul's; and a third, considerably longer still, in a direction almost due north, through the country of the gold and diamond mines. These journeys are exclusive of his travels on the Spanish territory from Monte Video to Buenos Ayres; a tract of country which is already familiar to most general readers. We shall, therefore, pass over that part of the book which relates to it, as well as the description of the town of Rio de Janeiro, and direct our observations chiefly to the interior of Brazil. To begin with the manners of the Brazilians: One of the first towns visited by Mr. Mawe was St. Paul's, an in-

land place situated above two hundred miles westward of Rio de Janeiro. This being comparatively an old settlement, the inhabitants consider themselves as not a little superior to their fellow-subjects of the neighbouring towns.

“Our appearance at St. Paul’s excited considerable curiosity among all descriptions of people, who seemed by their manner never to have seen Englishmen before. Many of the good citizens invited us to their houses, and sent for their friends to come and look at us. It was gratifying to us to perceive that this general wonder subsided into a more social feeling; we met with civil treatment everywhere, and were frequently invited to dine with the inhabitants. At the public parties and balls of the governor we found both novelty and pleasure; novelty at being much more liberally received than we were in the Spanish settlements, and pleasure at being in much more refined and polished company.

“The dress of the ladies abroad, and especially at church, consists of a garment of black silk, with a long veil of the same material, trimmed with broad lace; in the cooler season, black cassimere or baize. At table they are extremely abstemious; their favourite amusement is dancing, in which they display much vivacity and grace. At balls and other public festivals they generally appear in elegant white dresses, with a profusion of gold chains about their necks, their hair tastefully disposed and fastened with combs. Their conversation, at all times sprightly, seems to derive additional life from music. Indeed, the whole range of their education appears to be confined to superficial accomplishments; they trouble themselves very little with domestic concerns, confiding whatever relates to the inferior departments of the household to the negro or negra cook, and leaving all other matters to the management of servants. Owing to this indifference, they are total strangers to the advantages of that order, neatness, and propriety, which reign in an English family; their time at home is mostly occupied in sewing, embroidery, and lace making. Another circumstance repugnant to delicacy, is, that they have no mantua-makers of their own sex; all articles of female drees here are made by tailors. An almost universal debility prevails among them, which is partly attributable to their abstemious living, but chiefly to want of exercise, and to the frequent warm bathings in which they indulge. They are extremely attentive to every means of improving the delicacy of their persons, perhaps to the injury of their health.

“The men in general, especially those of the higher rank, officers, and others, dress superbly; in company they are very polite and attentive, and show every disposition to oblige; they are great talkers, and prone to conviviality. The lower ranks, compared with those of other colonial towns, are in a very advanced state of civilization.

“We found very little difficulty in accommodating ourselves to the general mode of living at St. Paul’s. The bread is pretty good, and the butter tolerable, but rarely used except with coffee for breakfast,

or tea in the evening. A more common breakfast is a very pleasant sort of beans, called *feijões*, boiled or mixed with *mandioca*. Dinner, which is usually served up at noon or before, commonly consists of a quantity of greens boiled with a little fat pork or beef, a root of the potato kind, and a stewed fowl, with excellent salad, to which succeeds a great variety of delicious conserves and sweetmeats. Very little wine is taken at meals; the usual beverage is water.

"I may here observe, that neither in St. Paul's, nor in any other place which I visited, did I witness any instance of that levity in the females of Brazil, which some writers allege to be the leading trait in their character."

This detail is the more deserving of attention, because it is, in a great measure, applicable to the state of society in the larger city of Rio de Janeiro. The Portuguese are in general reserved in admitting a foreigner to their family parties: but when he is once received, they treat him with great openness and hospitality. Education is at almost as low an ebb in the capital as in St. Paul's: but several attempts at improvement have recently been made by the Prince Regent, of whom Mr. Mawe is disposed to speak in terms of great personal eulogy, while he admits that at his court most things are managed by intrigue. With regard to agriculture, we can scarcely conceive a country in a more backward state. The Prince Regent's farm, as it is called, is of the size of one of our average counties, and cultivated by fifteen hundred negroes, who are half starved in the midst of the richest resources. The land under culture is covered with weeds, and the coffee plantations are filled with wild shrubs, like a coppice wood. Such is the general condition of Portuguese Brazil, with partial exceptions in the neighbourhood of large towns. No soil can be more favourable to the growth of maize, beans, peas, and every species of pulse. Poultry are abundant and low-priced; and the cattle, notwithstanding continued neglect, are tolerably good, and sell on an average at 30s. each. The horses are very fine: but it is the custom of the country to prefer mules as beasts of burden. Goats of a large breed are sometimes found: but sheep are totally neglected, and mutton is rarely eaten. The diet of the inland settlers deserves to be mentioned: it consists generally of kidney-beans boiled and mixed with the flour of maize, for breakfast; for dinner, the same, boiled with pork; and for supper, boiled vegetables. Stewed fowls form likewise a variety at dinner; and fruits, particularly bananas and oranges, are used in great abundance.

"The half civilized Aborigines reside in the woods, in a most miserable condition; their dwellings, some of which I saw, are formed of

boughs of trees, bent so as to hold a thatch or tiling of palm leaves; their beds are made of dry grass. Having little idea of planting or tillage, they depend for subsistence almost entirely on their bows and arrows, and on the roots and wild fruits which they casually find in the woods. A chief brought about fifty of these Indians to pay me a visit. The dress of the men consisted of a waistcoat and a pair of drawers; that of the women, of a chemise and petticoat, with a handkerchief tied round the head after the fashion of the Portuguese females. They bore the general characteristics of their race, the copper-coloured skin, short and round visage, broad nose, lank black hair, and regular stature, inclining to the short and broad set. Being desirous to see a proof of their skill and precision in shooting, of which I had heard much, I placed an orange at thirty yards distance, which was pierced by an arrow from every one who drew his bow at it. I next pointed out a banana tree, about eight inches in circumference, at a distance of forty yards; not a single arrow missed its aim, though they all shot at an elevated range. Interested by these proofs of their archery, I went with some of them into a wood to see them shoot at birds; though there were very few they discovered them far more quickly than I could; and, cautiously creeping along until they were within bow-shot, never failed to bring down their game. The stillness and expedition with which they penetrated the thickets, and passed through the brush-wood, were truly surprising. Their bows are made of the tough fibrous wood of the Iri, six or seven feet long, and very stout; their arrows are full six feet long, and near an inch in diameter, pointed with a piece of cane cut to a feather edge, or with a bone, but of late more frequently with iron. They are loathsome in their persons, and in their habits but one remove from the anthropophagi; for they will devour almost any animal in the coarsest manner; for instance, a bird unplucked, half roasted, with the entrails remaining. Ere they departed, I saw an instance of that dangerous excess to which the passions of savages are liable when once excited; for, on presenting a few bottles of liquor there was a general strife for them, and the person, man or woman, who first obtained one, would have drank the whole of its contents, had it not been forcibly taken away. It is very unsafe to give them ardent spirits, for when intoxicated it is necessary to confine them. If preference is given to one, the rest are insolent and unruly until they obtain the same marks of favour. They are not of a shy or morose character, but have a great aversion to labour, and cannot be brought to submit to any regular employment. Rarely is an Indian to be found serving as a domestic, or working for hire, and to this circumstance may be ascribed the low state of agriculture in the district; for as the farmers, when they begin the world, have seldom funds sufficient to purchase negroes at Rio, their operations are for a long time very confined, and frequently languish for want of hands."

The mode of travelling in this country is nearly on a level with the manners of its inhabitants. Beds are an indispensable part of a traveller's equipage, and candles are scarcely less requisite, un-

less he be prepared to sit down contented with the cheerless gloom of a solitary lamp. As to snufflers, they are seldom seen, except as a curiosity. What else can be expected in a country which is cultivated only in small and distant spots? Here are no enclosures, no artificial grasses, no provision of fodder against the season of scarcity. The want of suitable buildings makes the settler frequently throw into promiscuous heaps products of a totally different nature; cotton, coffee, maize and beans, being frequently piled under the same shed. Their dairies, if such they may be called, are managed in a very slovenly manner; the little butter which they make becoming rancid in a few days. Pigs, which form the principal animal food of the inhabitants, are nourished on Indian corn in a crude state. Of this grain the average return is not less than two hundred for one, and it ripens in the course of four or five months. The *mandioca* is seldom ready to take up in less than eighteen or twenty months; by which time it produces, on a suitable soil, from six to twelve pounds weight per plant. To make it serve as a substitute for bread, little preparation is required, as it will keep a long time, and affords rich nourishment.

Abundant as are the gifts of nature in this favoured soil and climate, a striking contrast is afforded, at almost every step, by the state of artificial accommodations. The farm houses are miserable hovels, of a single story in height; the floor is neither paved nor boarded; and the walls and partitions are formed of wicker work, plastered with mud. The kitchen is generally a dirty apartment, having, on one side, pools of slop-water, and, on the other, fire-places rudely formed by three round stones put together in such a way as to hold the earthen pots used for boiling meat. Where they have no chimney, which is often the case, the smoke can find an issue only through the doors and other apertures. He who travels through Brazil must, therefore, be contented to look for his chief gratification from external objects.

From a region thus newly settled and thinly peopled, our countrymen, had they been well informed, would not have expected an extensive consumption of British manufactures. Yet, after the emigration of the royal family from Lisbon, our merchants poured in cargo on cargo, as if the market of Brazil knew no limits. Never was the exaggerated estimate, which we are apt to form of distant objects, more surprisingly exemplified. The civilized population of Brazil, which is fitted to use and able to pay for European goods, may amount to half a million, and the warehouses of Rio de Janeiro are adapted to the limited supply which they require: but our vessels succeeded each other with a rapidity which surpassed the means of accommodation both in the town and the custom-house, and made it necessary to pile our goods

along the beach. Prices fell forthwith one hundred per cent.; and the deceitful practice of selling goods, apparently damaged, on the account of the insurer, was often adopted. This fraud, so much dreaded at Lloyd's, and so little comprehended by persons out of business, becomes practicable to a great extent in a town which possesses few respectable merchants. The insurer being, by the terms of his contract, bound to make good all loss arising from damage, a fraudulent merchant can often, in the case of an unfavourable market, ascribe to damage the diminished price which was in fact produced by a very different cause. The safety of the underwriter consists chiefly in the respectability of the gentlemen who are called to examine the ostensible damage; and hence the disadvantage under which he labours in a country that is not likely to afford witnesses of undoubted character.

The immense loss on our shipments to Brazil arose from a double cause: the ridiculous excess of quantity, and the still more ridiculous unfitness of many of the articles for the intended market:

“One speculator, of wonderful foresight, sent large invoices of stays for ladies who never heard of such armour; another sent skates, for the use of a people who are totally uninformed that water can become ice; a third sent out a considerable assortment of the most elegant coffin furniture, not knowing that coffins are never used by the Brazilians, or in the Plata. To these absurd speculations may be added numerous others, particularly in articles of taste: elegant services of cut glass were little appreciated by men accustomed to drink out of a horn or a cocoa-nut shell; and brilliant chandeliers were still less valued in a country where only lamps that afforded a gloomy light were used. Superfine woollen cloths were equally ill suited to the market; no one thought them sufficiently strong. An immense quantity of high priced saddles, and thousands of whips, were sent out to a people as incapable of adopting them as they were of knowing their convenience. They were astonished to see Englishmen ride on such saddles; nor could they imagine any thing more insecure. Of the bridles scarcely any use could be made, as the bit was not calculated to keep the horse or mule in subordination: these articles were of course sacrificed. Great quantities of the nails and ironmongery were useless, as they were not calculated for the general purposes of the people. Large cargoes of Manchester goods were sent; and, in a few months, more arrived than had been consumed in the course of twenty years preceding. No discrimination was used in the assortment of these articles with respect either to quality or fineness, so that common prints were disposed of at less than a shilling a yard, and frequently in barter. Fish from Newfoundland met with a similar fate; also porter, large quantities of which, in barrels, arrived among a people of whom a few only had tasted that article as a luxury. How the shippers in London, and

other British ports, could imagine that porter would at once become a general beverage, it is difficult to conceive, especially when sent in barrels. These cargoes, being unsaleable, were of course warehoused, and of course spoiled. Many invoices of fancy goods, and such as do not constitute a staple trade, were sold at from sixty to seventy per cent. under costs and charges, and others were totally lost. What must have been the delusions of those traders who sent out tools, formed with a hatchet on one side and a hammer on the other, for the convenience of breaking the rocks, and cutting the precious metals from them, as if they imagined that a man had only to go into the mountains, and cut as much gold as would pay for the articles he wanted!"

This evil led to another of equal magnitude: a ruinous loss by the Brazil produce received in barter. The young men, who were sent out in such numbers from England as supercargoes, found themselves placed in a new sphere, and were obliged to take goods in return, of the quality of which they were unfitted to judge. Hides and Brazil-wood are principal articles of export from this part of the world: but, with regard to hides the English purchaser was ill qualified to discern the injury received in the drying; and as to wood, he learned when too late, that the kind growing around Rio de Janeiro is greatly inferior to that of Pernambuco, on which the favourable character of Brazil wood has been founded. Other objects of speculation proved still more unfavourable:

"Precious stones appeared to offer the most abundant source of riches; the general calculation was made upon the price at which they sold in London; but every trader brought them, more or less, at the price at which they were offered; invoices of goods were bartered for some, which in London would sell for, comparatively, a trifle, as they were taken without discrimination as to quality or perfection; tourmalines were sold for emeralds, crystals for topazes, and both common stones and vitreous paste have been bought as diamonds to a considerable amount. Both gold and diamonds were well known to be produced in Brazil; and their being by law contraband, was a sufficient temptation to eager speculators who had never before seen either in their native state. False diamonds were weighed with scrupulousness, and bought with avidity, to sell by the rules stated by Jefferies. Gold dust, as it is commonly called, appeared in no inconsiderable quantity, and, after being weighed with equal exactness, was bought or bartered for. But previous to this many samples underwent the following easy and ingenious process: The brass pans purchased of the English were filed, and mixed with the gold in the proportion of from five to ten per cent. according to the opinion which the seller formed of the sagacity of the person with whom he had to deal: and thus, by a simple contrivance, some of our countrymen repurchased at three or four guineas per ounce the very article which they had before sold at 2s. 6d. per pound."

Amid this scene of folly and misfortune, numerous litigations could not fail to arise; and it is a consolation to reflect that, as far as the interference of the Portuguese governor and the British ambassador could go, the evil was prevented from expanding in its course. A judge of great respectability was appointed for the determination of all cases concerning the English; and the latter, in consideration of being strangers, were allowed certain privileges, similar to those of the nobility of Portugal. They were permitted to claim the occupancy of such houses as could be spared, exempted from rise of rent, and indulged with long delay in cases of embarrassment in their affairs. Hence arose a current saying among the Portuguese, "that to live comfortably in Brazil it was necessary to become an Englishman."—So great was the overstock of British goods, and such the miserable fall in their value, that, 'for *one fourth part* of the quantity sent to Brazil, we should have obtained an equal return by keeping the market at a fair and steady rate.' A recurrence of this evil may be prevented by carefully attending to the articles which are adapted to the consumption of the country, and which may be thus enumerated: hard-ware, low-priced cotton goods, hats, boots, shoes, earthen-ware, glass, cheap furniture, shot, drugs, fancy articles, common woollen cloths, and salt either from Liverpool or the Cape de Verd islands. A time will arrive, and is probably fast approaching, when the intercourse of Rio de Janeiro with India will be greatly increased: it may become a kind of half-way station between Europe and Asia: and if Brazil on the one hand be freed from the colonial restrictions of the Portuguese, while India on the other is laid open to the enterprise of British merchants, we may safely conclude that the extension of trade would proceed with great rapidity.

Having thus adverted to the state of agriculture and of foreign trade in Brazil, we come next to a description of a branch of industry almost peculiar to that country, viz. the manner of working, or rather of washing, the gold mines. The soil containing particles of this treasure is generally a loose, gravel-like stratum, incumbent on granite. This ground is cut into steps twenty and thirty feet in length, two or three feet broad, and about one foot deep. At the bottom of what we might term a flight of such steps, a trench is cut to the depth of two or three feet: water is then let in from higher ground, and on each step are placed six or seven negroes, who, as the water flows gently down, keep the earth continually in motion with shovels. Amid the soil thus stirred and carried down as mud to the lower trench, the particles of gold descend, and are, by their weight, precipitated to the bottom. This operation continues for several days, workmen being in the meanwhile employed at the trench to re-

move the stones which are carried into it by the waters. The next step is to subject to a second clearance the matter that is precipitated into the trench. For this purpose, negroes provide wooden bowls shaped like a funnel, about two feet wide at the mouth, and five or six inches deep. Each workman takes into his bowl five or six pounds weight of sediment, and, standing in the stream, admits a certain quantity of water; which he stirs about, so that the precious metal, separating from the inferior and lighter substances, settles in the bottom and sides of the bowl. They next rinse the bowl in a larger vessel of clear water, in which they leave the gold, and begin again, each operation being performed in six or eight minutes. The particles of gold produced vary greatly both in number and size, some being hardly discernible to the eye, while others are as large as pease. The value at stake in this operation is such as to render it expedient that the negroes should be superintended by overseers.—The shining appearance of the refuse of old washings, lying in numberless heaps, at first dazzled Mr. Mawe's imagination, and made him fancy that they contained some of the finest mineral products: but it was in vain that he and some labourers, whom he had engaged, toiled for three days in the search: nothing had escaped the vigilant eye of the negroes.

Another mode of separating gold from the soil is called canoe-washing. The canoes are thus made: two planks, twelve or fifteen feet in length, are laid on the ground, forming a gentle slope, and then at a fall of six inches, two other planks are fixed in a similar direction. On their sides are boards placed edge-ways, and staked down to the ground, so as to form long shallow troughs, the bottoms of which are covered with hides tanned to a certain degree, but retaining the hairs. The water containing the lighter particles of gold being conveyed down these troughs, the gold sinks, and remains entangled in the hair. Every half hour the hides are taken up, stretched over a tank, and beaten repeatedly, so as to discharge all the gold into the tank. At night the tanks are locked up, and the sediment taken from them is carefully washed away by the hands.

Curious as these operations are, they sink into insignificance when compared with the bold manœuvre of diverting a river from its channel, for the purpose of searching its bed. This process takes place at the river Jigitonhonha, which flows through what is called the "diamond district;" a tract of country lying around the town of Tejuco, situated several hundred miles inland, north of Rio de Janeiro. At a spot called Mandanga, this river, formed by the junction of a number of streams in the diamond district, is as wide as the Thames at Windsor, and varies in depth from three to nine feet. The current is diverted into a canal cut across

a tongue of land round which the river winds, the water being arrested in its course at the head of the canal by an embankment formed of several thousand bags of sand. The channel being thus laid open, the water remaining in its pits is exhausted by machinery; a removal which is followed by carrying off the mud and digging up the *cascalhao*, or stratum, containing particles of gold. As the river admits of these labours during the dry season only, the miners calculate on gaining as much of the stratum as will give them occupation in the farther processes during the rainy months. Having laid the stratum in heaps of ten or twelve tons, they bring, by means of an aqueduct, a stream of water, and proceed to wash the heaps for diamonds in the following manner. They erect a long shed, consisting of upright posts supporting a roof thatched with long grass, to protect the workmen from the sun. Under this shed is placed a flooring of planks, divided into twenty compartments, or troughs. In each trough a negro stations himself, rakes into it a quantity of *cascalhao*, and admits water, more or less, into the trough. After the water has flowed through the trough for a quarter of an hour, it becomes clearer, having washed away the mud. The negro then throws away the stones remaining in the trough, and proceeds to examine the stratum with great care for diamonds. All this takes place under the eye of overseers; and when a negro finds a diamond, he rises upright, claps his hands, and delivers the gem to the overseers. The negro who is so fortunate as to discover a diamond weighing 17 1-2 carats is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and receives his freedom: but, if any one be detected in smuggling a diamond, he is chastised and imprisoned. They work about ten hours daily, generally in a stooping posture. At intervals they pause and take rest; when snuff, of which they are very fond, is handed about among them.—The approach to the diamond district is very scrupulously guarded by order of the Portuguese government.

With regard to the stratum already mentioned, the substances which are considered as indications of diamonds are bright bean-like iron ore; a slaty flint-like matter; black oxyde of iron; rounded bits of blue quartz; yellow crystal; and other materials entirely different from the soil of the mountains adjacent to this district. Diamonds are not peculiar to the beds of rivers, nor to deep ravines; they have been found in cavities, and in water-courses, on the summit of very high grounds. The flat tracts on each side of the river Jigitonhonha appeared to be equally rich throughout their extent; which enables the officers to calculate the value of an unexplored spot by a comparison with others which they have previously analyzed. "That piece of ground," said the intendant, (pointing to a flat by the side of the

river,) "will yield ten thousand carats of diamonds, whenever we shall be required to get them in the regular course of working, or when, on any particular occasion, there arrives a government order demanding an extraordinary and immediate supply." This river, and other streams in its vicinity, have been in a course of washing for many years, and have produced great quantities of diamonds; which differ very much in size, some being so small that eighteen or twenty are required to the carat; and at other times stones being found which weigh from seventeen to twenty carats each. In the course of years, the present district must be exhausted: but other grounds, not far off, may be considered as a source of supply. The following anecdote shows the vigilance with which smuggling is watched:

"A carrier, going to Rio de Janeiro with some loaded mules, was overtaken by two cavalry soldiers, who ordered him to surrender his fowling-piece; which being done, they bored the butt-end with a gimlet, and finding it hollow, took off the iron from the end, where they found a cavity, containing about three hundred carats of diamonds, which they immediately seized. The man was hurried away, and thrown into prison at Tejuco, where I afterwards saw him. The diamonds were confiscated, and the soldiers received half their value. The fate of this man is a dreadful instance of the rigour of the existing laws: he will forfeit all his property, and be confined, probably, for the remainder of his days in a loathsome prison, among felons and murderers.—Doubtless, the poor fellow owed his misfortune to some secret villain, in the shape of a confidential friend, who, having learned his mode of carrying diamonds concealed, had, for the sake of a paltry premium, or from some mean-spirited motive, given notice of it to government!"

In the diamond district, which, from its name, seems to convey the idea of opulence, unfortunately more paupers are found than in any other. This circumstance is owing to the neglect of agriculture; a neglect that is common to almost all quarters in which gold-washings are practised. One pleasing exception was found by Mr. Mawe in travelling through a remote part:

"I was received into a very respectable house, which had the appearance of former opulence. The owner, Captain Bom Jarden, a venerable old gentleman, came to welcome me: on entering into conversation, he informed me that he had emigrated hither from Oporto at the age of seventeen, and had lived here sixty-two years. He was tempted to settle here by the hope of participating in the rich treasures for which the country was then famed; but he arrived two or three years too late: the mines were already on the decline, and he was obliged to turn his attention to agricultural pursuits, in which he persevered with such success that he was enabled to realize a com-

fortable independency, and to bring up a numerous family in credit and respectability. It had been well if his neighbours had profited by so eminent an example, instead of deserting the country when the gold on its surface disappeared."

In these sequestered spots, the chief beast of prey is the ounce, which is commonly hunted with dogs.

"When the carcass of a worried animal has been found, or when an ounce has been seen prowling about, the news is soon proclaimed among the neighbours, two or three of whom take fire-arms loaded with heavy slugs, and go out with the dogs in quest of the animal, who generally lurks in some thicket, near the carcass he has killed, and leaves so strong a scent, that the dogs soon find. When disturbed he retreats to his den, if he has one, the dogs never attempting to fasten on him, or even to face him, but, on the contrary, endeavouring to get out of his way, which is not difficult, as the ounce is heavy and slow of motion. If he caves, the sport is at an end, and the hunters make up the entrance; but he more commonly has recourse to a large tree, which he climbs with great facility; here his fate is generally decided, for the hunters get near enough to take a steady aim, and seldom fail to bring him down, one of them reserving his fire to despatch him, if required, after he has fallen. It generally happens, that one or two of the dogs are killed in coming too near, for even in his dying struggles, a single stroke of his paw proves mortal. The skin is carried home as a trophy, and the neighbours meet and congratulate each other on the occasion."

If in this country we find room for almost annual improvements in machinery, we may safely take it for granted that the want of suitable implements causes the waste of much labour in the mines of Brazil. In many parts, neither carts nor wheel-barrows are in use; and the most cumbrous materials are carried on the heads of poor negroes, who have often to climb ascents on which inclined planes might be employed to great advantage. The best plan that the Portuguese could follow would be to encourage societies of arts, and to distribute models of useful machinery. Together with this object, the improvement of agriculture, of pasturage, and the care of the health of negroes, are of great importance; and an attention to such points as these would lead to a much more permanent kind of wealth than that which is derived from the excavation of mines. The precarious nature of the latter is strikingly exemplified in the town called Villa Rica, situated half way between Rio de Janeiro and the diamond-district. It is the capital of the province of Minas Geraes, and was long reputed the richest town in Brazil. Now, however, it exhibits many melancholy tokens of departed wealth, the houses being partly untenanted, and

the rents of those which are occupied being in a course of almost annual diminution. Such was at one time the produce of the neighbouring mines, that between 1730 and 1750, the king's fifth is said, during some years, to have amounted to half a million sterling. Since the decay of these mines, the inhabitants remain in a great measure in idleness, neglecting the cultivation of the fine country around, which would amply compensate the loss of metallic treasures. The credulity with which reports of new mines are circulated is surprising, and once occasioned Mr. Mawe a long and fatiguing journey. It is not uncommon for persons who wish to sell an estate, to resort to the expedient of mixing filings with the earth, and, after the process of washing, to produce them as samples, with the view of enhancing the value of the land. The prevalence of the passion for mining operates to delude the lower orders with the prospect of speedy wealth, and to create in them a disgust for regular labour: yet, if they would be taught by experience, they might observe that those of their countrymen who devote themselves to mining are in general ill clothed and ill fed; while the followers of agriculture are comparatively strangers to the want of comfort.

We conclude our extracts by a passage containing an account of the author's escape, at Cadiz, in the summer of 1804, from an attack of the dreadful contagion which most persons are agreed in considering to have been the plague.

"The effects of this awful scourge were visible in every social circle; almost in every family; and perhaps the despondency caused by witnessing them contributed to extend its fatal sway. I still shudder to remember, that of a party of strangers amounting to five, (myself included,) who took coffee together one saturday evening in perfect health, I, on monday-week following, was the sole survivor. The progress of the disorder was so rapid, that three of them died on the fourth day.

"The first symptoms I felt were extreme lassitude, heaviness, and tremor, accompanied with a considerable degree of fever, which I first observed while on my way to dine with a friend. I returned to my lodgings and took a grain of calomel, as had been my daily custom for some time. This precaution had been suggested to me by a skilful chemist in London, who furnished me with a quantity of that medicine, to be regularly taken whenever I was exposed to contagion of any kind. Believing, however, that my complaint was only a bad cold, I took some tea and retired to bed, but passed a restless night. In the morning while at breakfast, among the Spanish family with whom I lodged, my appearance, and aversion to food, excited the apprehensions of the lady of the house, a humane and (to use an expressive family phrase) a *motherly* woman, who assured me that I had the plague. Unwilling to believe her, though continually growing worse,

I increased my dose of calomel and took tea very copiously. In the afternoon of the day following I wrote to the worthy Mr. Duff, the consul-general, requesting him to send Dr. Fife, an English physician, who, on visiting me, confirmed what my hostess had said, adding, however, that the symptoms were favourable. He prescribed no medicines, but ordered me to take tamarinds and hot mint tea at intervals in large quantities. After a third restless night, I found my pulse was above 130, and the fourth day brought the crisis of my disorder. At night I was suddenly seized with extreme sickness, which lasted the longer, by reason of the great quantities of liquid I had taken; a profuse perspiration ensued, and did not abate until I was reduced from a robust habit of body to a state of extreme meagerness and debility. I now recovered rapidly, and in six days was enabled to visit my friends. Dr. Fife assured me that the favourable turn of my illness was owing to the calomel I had previously taken; and added, that if I had doubled the dose on the first appearance of the symptoms, there would, probably, have been no occasion for his attendance."

In estimating the merits of this work as a literary composition, we find no pretensions to reputation on the score of philosophical or historical reflection. Here are no attempts at general views, except in a few instances, when they are confined to the objects of the author's personal observation—trade, agriculture, and mineralogy, especially the last. The chief part of the volume is a plain narrative of local and individual occurrences; of the journey through a particular tract; of the situation of a certain town or village; and of the cultivation of a certain district or province. Though composed with care, and free from that repetition which we have so often occasion to censure, it might have been better had many of the humbler details been omitted or abridged. Mr. Mawe, as well as other writers of less modesty, has yet to learn how much may be gained by a discriminating selection of interesting circumstances; and by making a book consist of them, instead of aiming to incorporate with them a multiplicity of subordinate observations.

A Critical Examination of the Writings of Richard Cumberland, Esq. with an occasional literary Inquiry into the Age in which he lived, and the Contemporaries with whom he flourished. Also Memoirs of his Life, and an Appendix, containing Twenty-six original Letters, relating to a Transaction not mentioned in his Memoirs. A new and improved Edition. By William Mudford, 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 670.

(From the Monthly Review.)

AT the sale of the library of an eminent scholar of the last age, a book was put up by the auctioneer with this puff, that it contained the doctor's manuscript notes. Thus recommended, it obtained a high price; but, when the happy purchaser took home his lot, the only note which it contained was in these words—"This book is not worth reading." After having patiently proceeded through the present minute and elaborate examination of the numerous writings of Mr. Cumberland, within a page or two of the end we meet with a note by Mr. Mudford which is very similar in its purport to the above, and which ought to have saved him and the reader much trouble. In reference to the works of Cumberland which he has been so critically analyzing, he observes that "a very small portion of them will be required by posterity." What is the amount of this confession? It is a declaration that he had been wasting his talents in discussing the merits of writings which will never be sought.—Cumberland was a very voluminous author; as a play-wright "breeding every season," and in some seasons more than once: but it was not necessary that his biographer and critical examiner should now enter into a full discussion of the qualities of *all* his dramas, and dissect the several characters which they contain. After the public has been long apprised of the nature of an author's productions, and has decided on the life of some and the death of others, no good purpose seems likely to be answered by making the dead men pass a second time through the fire.

If we advert to these volumes as containing Memoirs of Cumberland's life, it is singular that Mr. M. should allege, as he does at p. 256., "his avowed purpose and design to be to produce an *original* work," when his narrative treads in the steps of the very Memoir which the deceased author had given of himself. Indeed, so largely had Mr. M. borrowed from the book on which his own is founded, that (as we are told in the second preface) "the publishers of Mr. Cumberland's *Memoirs* conceived that the extracts which he had selected from them had a tendency to diminish the

value of their property, and obtained therefore an injunction restraining the sale of this work :” an injunction which has obliged Mr. M., in the *new* and *improved* edition, to cut out long passages which he had borrowed from the Memoirs of Cumberland written by himself, and very dextrously to fill up the places thus made vacant by rehearsing the substance of the expunged extract, and by subjoining opposite observations ; so that the paging of the second edition exactly corresponds with that of the first, and the index at the end is adapted alike to both.

For undertaking a new life of Cumberland, perhaps little apology would be required from Mr. Mudford. He who sits down to compile memoirs of himself may be better acquainted with the subject of his book than any body else : but it is not very probable that he will tell all that he knows ; and it may be fairly suspected, without a violation of candour, that judgment will at times be blinded by self-love. Different motives may be assigned for the same action, and a different colouring given to the same train of facts. It is manifest from the letters published in the appendix to this edition, that Mr. Cumberland did not reveal all the material transactions of his life ; and that his ministerial patrons are not chargeable with *all* that *neglect* of him of which he so bitterly complains in his Memoirs. His case of the Spanish mission, as told by himself, appears hard in the extreme, and a mystery is thrown over the affair which it is now difficult to unravel. The perplexing circumstance is not only that the king of Spain, to whose court Cumberland was sent, should offer to pay him his expenses, and that our court should withhold them : but that the king of Spain should make the proposal through his minister, accompanied by the declaration of a belief that these expenses would not be liquidated by the court of which Mr. C. was an accredited agent.* It would hence appear that Cumberland did not execute his delicate business as a diplomatist to the satisfaction of his employers : but if the ministry refused him the remuneration which he sought on that ground, they had previously allowed him to sell the patent of his office of provost marshal in the province of South Carolina, for a larger sum than he had expended in Spain, though this circumstance is not noticed in the account which he gives of himself. It will be said that his profitable sale of the patent of provost marshal was in 1770, and that his letter of recall from Spain was in 1781 ; and that the advantage obtained in one instance could not be fairly deemed a consideration for his loss in the other : but however the case really stood, it is a fact that not even a memorial to Lord North obtained him any re-

* The expressions of the Spanish minister's letter to Mr. C. are remarkable : 'I have reason to apprehend you will find yourself abandoned and deceived by your employers.'

dress; and the singular assertion made by the king of Spain through his minister, on Cumberland's taking leave at Madrid, was verified. Will this curious affair be ever elucidated?

The facts which Mr. C. has related of himself afford ground for biographical comment, and may be considered as materials in the hands of a writer who undertakes a more finished representation of him than his own Memoirs afford. 'These,' says Mr. M., 'will always be regarded as an authentic history of his private and public life, as far as he has thought it proper to disclose the particulars of either; and they will always be esteemed for that fund of literary anecdote which they contain, and in the detail of which Cumberland peculiarly excels. A great chasm, however, they must leave in every thing relating to his writings, except the simple statement of their production, or of the events connected with their success or failure: and this chasm it has been my object to fill up in the present work' We must allow that, in the filling up of this chasm, we find much to applaud; and, if Mr. M. had not descended to that minuteness of criticism in noticing many of his hero's inferior performances, to which we have already alluded, we should have been still better pleased. His opinion of Cumberland and of his literary productions is offered with great freedom; and he gives us to understand that, had his conduct as a critic been less unfettered, the proprietors of Mr. Cumberland's works would not have applied for an injunction restraining the sale of the first edition. With this business, however, we have no concern. As little are we interested in the misunderstanding between Sir James Bland Burgess and the author. Mr. Mudford has shown a high spirit, and from the beginning of his work to the end manifests a determination to think and speak for himself. Regarding the incidents of Cumberland's life as so many pegs on which he might hang his remarks, Mr. M. digresses on every occasion into reflections, with the propriety and justice of which we have often been pleased. Blame as well as praise is applied to his hero; and sometimes he artfully contrives to lash other authors over that gentleman's shoulders, of which practice Dr. Drake and Mrs. Inchbald may probably complain.

The work commences with some notice of Mr. Cumberland's literary ancestors, and particularly of Dr. Bentley, his maternal grandfather; and at the end of the first chapter we are directed to what is called a curious coincidence between a passage in one of Bentley's Boyle's Lecture Sermons and some lines in Pope's Essay on Man: but with this coincidence we are not so much impressed as Mr. M. seems to be; and we are surprised that he should object to Mr. Pope's introduction of the fiction of the "music of the spheres." This was allowable in a poet, though

not in a preacher. The beautiful line, so often quoted, "Die of a rose in aromatic pain," has no counterpart in Bentley's prose.

Having dismissed Mr. Cumberland's descent, the biographer comes, in the second chapter, to the professed object of his undertaking, which is 'to write something about him, his works, his associates, and his friends, which he could not have written if he had wished, and which, perhaps, he would not have wished to have written if he could.' Mr. C.'s parental and school education pass in review. The advantages which he drew from having a mother who possessed a cultivated mind are not passed over in silence; and Mr. M. contends for rendering our women so far accomplished that they may be proper companions for sensible husbands, and capable of instructing their children. He is averse to the plan of making 'household cares and domestic management the chief business of a woman's life, to the utter exclusion of all ornamental, of all elegant, and of all useful acquirements.' It is his opinion, also, that the business of the education of youth should be conducted more at home than it is at the present day; and, weighing the advantages and disadvantages of a public education, he decides against it.

"The opportunities thus presented of laying the foundation of intimacies with men capable and likely to advance our fortunes in after life, are among the strongest arguments which the supporters of a public system of education have to advance. They are indeed arguments of great weight and importance; but I fear the instances are fewer than might be hoped where school connexions have ripened into those of manhood; or where the noble playmate has remembered his fellow when the lapse of years has led him to the possession of honours, wealth, and influence. Some cases, no doubt, may be adduced, in opposition to this, proving the ultimate benefit of friendships formed at so early a period of life between boys of elevated and inferior conditions: and I wish, indeed, that they may be numerous, for I am afraid they are the only advantages which can be plausibly urged against the many evils attendant upon public education. The almost certain ruin of the moral character, the contagion of vice, the destruction of that simplicity of manners which is at once the offspring and the defence of virtue, the assumption of rude and boisterous habits which deform the outward man and corrupt his general demeanor, and the gradual relaxation of those ties of kindred by which social life is supported and adorned, are some of the evils to be expected from public education; while they may all be avoided, and every certain benefit secured (for that which may arise from serviceable connexions, is but contingent) by private instruction."

Women, whose natural duties are domestic, need not and ought not to be educated in crowds, or in public seminaries; a situation

which is very likely to make them assured and masculine: but men, who are to go out into the world, and particularly those who are intended for any of the public professions, require more or less of a public education. The present fault seems to consist in their being sent too early to the public seminary, before their minds are sufficiently imbued with those moral and religious principles and habits, on the presence or absence of which depends their destiny. Solomon says, "Train up a child in the way he should go:" but how many children are sent from home to be, in a great measure, their own masters *before they are trained*? What mere boys go to our public universities! What sums do they squander there, and how do they squander them? Is this education?—All, however, who go to college have not the means of being profuse spendthrifts: but a few examples of profusion in our universities have a bad influence, which reaches much farther than it is commonly supposed to extend. Mr. C. and Mr. M. are at variance on the subject of academical education. We refer the reader to p. 64. *et seq.*

We must not, we cannot, follow Mr. M. over the ground which we have already traversed with Mr. C. in his account of himself in his own *Memoirs*; nor can we even glance at every digression or episode by which the present critical narrative is diversified. Enough, we think, will be effected by us in this article, if by a few selections we enable the reader to form some idea of the nature of Mr. M.'s undertaking, and of his merit in the execution of it.

It is well known that Mr. Cumberland's success as a dramatist, especially the fame which he acquired by "*The West Indian*," introduced him to the society of Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds, &c. and other wits of the last age. When Mr. M. arrives at this period of his hero's life, he enters into a eulogy on Dr. Johnson's style, which is very natural for one who certainly strives to copy it. He says,

"It has been the fashion, I know, to decry, in particular, the style of his *Ramblers*; but repeated perusals of that work have convinced me that though a uniformity in the construction of its sentences may sometimes prevail, yet it exhibits a continued and unbroken splendour of composition which no other work in the English language can produce in the same degree. That concentrated energy which belongs to it, that vigorous application of terms not then familiarized to the public ear but most expressive and most desirable, and that sedulous rejection of expletives, from which none of the writings of his predecessors were free, together with the melodious collocation of the sentences, present a dazzling accumulation of excellencies which have outlived, and will continue to outlive, every attempt to obscure them, descending to posterity with increased and increasing lustre. I am not insensible to the few blemishes which may be justly said to pollute this perfection;

but they are so trivial, and are so nobly redeemed by the greatness of surrounding beauties, that I could never pause to dwell upon them, nor will I now stop to specify them. I am aware that the latter productions of Johnson advance a step, and but a small step, beyond this excellence; and that advance arises solely from his having, towards the close of his career, disencumbered his style from the few spots that disfigured it, and presented what may be pronounced a pure and perfect model of writing."

On the living as well as on the dead, this critic lavishes his strictures. Poor Miss Seward is handled rather roughly in a long note; and Mr. Walter Scott will, perhaps, think that Mr. M.'s appreciation of his merit will be of no service to his fame.

Many other persons and subjects will be found in this miscellaneous work, which the reader little expects. *Inter alia*, here are anecdotes of Lord Rodney, and a full account of that important improvement in naval tactics by which we have obtained very signal victories, viz. *breaking the enemy's line*; an idea which, it is well known, was first suggested by Mr. Clerk in his Essay on Naval Tactics, in 1782, and first practised by the admiral just mentioned.

When Mr. Cumberland returned from his Spanish mission, and found the surmise of Count Florida Blanca verified, by our ministry refusing to refund his expenses, which amounted to 4,500*l.* he was thrown into great difficulties, and obliged to sell his estate and retire from the capital. In this emergency, he chose Tunbridge Wells for the place of his residence, and sought refuge from the world in his library. In the poem called *Retrospection*, which he published not long before his death, he alludes to these circumstances:

"Hail to thee, Tunbridge! Hail Hygeian fount;
Still as thy waters flow, may they dispense
Health to the sick, and comfort to the sad!
Sad I came to thee, comfortless and sick
Of many sorrows: still th' envenom'd shaft
Of base injustice rankled in my breast;
Still on my haggard cheek the fever hung—
'My only recompense'—Thirty long years
Have blanch'd my temples since I first was taught
The painful truth, that I but mock'd my hopes,
And fool'd my senses, whilst I went astray
To palaces and courts to search for that
Which dwells not in them. No: to you, my books!
To you, the dear companions of my youth,
Still my best comforters, I turn'd for peace:
To you at morning break I came, with you
Again I commun'd o'er the midnight lamp,

And haply rescu'd from the abyss of time
 Some precious relics of the Grecian muse,
 Which else had perish'd: these were pleasing toils,
 For these some learned men, who knew how deep
 I delv'd to fetch them up, have giv'n me praise,
 And I am largely paid; of this no court,
 No craft can rob me, and I boldly trust
 The treasure will not perish at my death."

An opportunity, so fairly presented, of commenting on the advantages of literary pursuits, is not lost on Mr. M., who continues the subject in prose, offering remarks which are at once pertinent and well expressed:

"One part of the preceding extract (that where he commemorates the many hours of unalloyed happiness which he derived from his books) will be read by every literary man with a pleasing consciousness of its truth. How few reflections upon the employment of time, indeed, can equal those which a scholar feels when he retraces in his imagination the hours he has devoted to voluntary and secluded study! The remembrance of past actions, on which virtue has fixed her approving stamp, may equal, but certainly cannot surpass them. In a mind tinctured with the love of knowledge, every pleasing idea is associated, as it contemplates those moments of placid enjoyment when instruction was silently insinuating itself, and when every day opened new stores of intellectual wealth, which the eager pupil of wisdom panted to possess. Inanimate objects become connected with our progress, and we remember, with delight, the shady walk, the silent grove, or the beauteous landscape, where we first opened some favourite volume, or first dwelt upon some matchless effusion of the muse still cherished by the memory. These are emotions familiar to the bosom of every student, and they are such as ever come with welcome, for they revive the recollection of a period which is endeared to him by the most pleasing images of past felicity. Our advancement in knowledge, or our completion of what we wish to know, is attended by few of those gay and inspiring sensations which accompany our initiation, when all before us is new and untried, and hope promises, with flattering delusion, all that we wish, and more than we find.

"Books are companions which accommodate themselves, with un-reproaching willingness, to all our humours. If we are jocund, or if we are sad, if we are studious to learn, or desirous only to be amused, he that has a relish for reading, will find the ready means of supplying all his intellectual wants in the silence of his library. They are friends whom no estimation can overvalue; they are always at our call, and ready to offer their aid and consolation; nor need we overstrain our desires by courtesy, for the moment they cease to be welcome we may dismiss them from our society without fear of reproach or offence. Of what other friends can we say as much?"

Having been led, in the course of this critical narrative, to notice the appearance of Cumberland's comedy of the *Walloons*, in 1782, in which the character of *Father Sullivan* was written for Henderson, Mr. Mudford takes occasion to reprobate the practice current among dramatic writers, of drawing characters for particular actors. In the succeeding chapter, he speaks, and properly, with greater displeasure, of a hint thrown out in one of the papers of Mr. C.'s *Observer*, viz. that "the right of publishing parliamentary debates is replete with mischief." Mr. M. combats this idea with the boldness of a true constitutionalist:

"In my opinion, whenever the day comes that the British legislature deliberates with closed doors, that day will be the signal for the extinction of British liberty. The great moral engine of public opinion, that tribunal to which every public man should be amenable, will be destroyed, and on its ruins will be erected a mysterious tyranny which will bow down the necks of my countrymen to the dust, without, perhaps, perpetrating any overt act of despotism flagrant enough to rouse them to resistance. The most dangerous, indeed, of all attacks on freedom, are those which imperceptibly sap its foundations; where nothing is seen to fail till the last support is silently undermined, and the whole fabric rushes to instantaneous destruction."

Of all Mr. C.'s publications, the *Observer* has been, and will, perhaps, continue to be, most read and approved. We, therefore, select some parts of Mr. Mudford's criticisms on that work, as interesting exemplifications of his reviewing powers:

"Johnson produced his *Ramblers* with very little assistance from contemporary wits; but Cumberland wrote his *Observer* without any. The different powers of the two writers, however, may be easily ascertained from a very slight inspection of their topics. Johnson drew solely from the stores of his own mind. His imagination quickened into perpetual growth objects of discussion; he seized upon an ordinary subject, and by the energy of his language, the richness of his fancy, the fertility of his allusions, and, above all, by the deep insight into human nature which he possessed, he so decorated and enforced it, that had novelty lent her aid, she could scarcely have added another attraction. He derived little help from books, and seldom extended his essays by quotation. They were short, also, and it did not often happen that the topic was pursued through successive numbers, for the quickness of his invention was such that he seldom needed to protract a disquisition by a languid iteration of ideas. His *Rambler* consists of two hundred and eight papers, and he discharges all the favour he received by the acknowledgement of six out of this number.

"Cumberland's *Observer* contains as great, if not a greater, quantity of matter, and it comprises only one hundred and fifty-two papers. Of these more than one third is compiled from other books. They

consist of critical researches into ancient writers, accompanied with copious extracts; of brief accounts of philosophers and poets, derived from sources familiar to the learned; and of historical relations which require little other labour than that of writing down the facts retained in the memory. These papers which are original are expanded into unusual copiousness, and are sometimes pursued through several successive essays. They were written, too, at distant intervals of time, while Johnson's were produced by the necessity of stated and periodical labour within the space of two years.

"From this comparison, (honourable, indeed, to Cumberland, for with him alone can it be made, all our other essayists having been associated together in their respective labours.) two conclusions may be inferred; one, that Johnson possessed an extraordinary rapidity of conception, accompanied with a rapidity of execution as extraordinary: the other, that Cumberland, though he had, perhaps, no less rapidity of execution than Johnson, was far beneath him in that intellectual fruitfulness by which topics are not only elicited, but afterwards pursued and embellished with all the brightest ornaments of fancy, or enforced with all the weightiest arguments of reason.

"The most conspicuous part of these papers, and that which Cumberland seems to have regarded as his happiest effort, is the inquiry instituted into the history of the Greek writers, particularly of the comic poets now lost. 'I am vain enough,' says he, 'to believe no such collection of the scattered extracts, anecdotes, and remains of those dramatists is any where else to be found;' and in another part of his Memoirs he quotes, with manifest exultation, the following panegyric from the pen of Mr. Walpole, of Trinity College, Cambridge:

"Aliunde quoque haud exiguum ornamentum huic volumini accessit, siquidem Cumberlandius nostras amice benevolèque permisit, ut versiones suas quorundam fragmentorum, exquisitis sane illas, miràque elegantia conditas et commendatas huc transferrem."

"In writing these erudite papers, he was greatly assisted by the marginal annotations upon the authors by his grandfather Bentley, some of whose books he received from his uncle, (Dr. Richard Bentley,) and among them many of the writers whose works he afterwards illustrated in the Observer. That these essays, indeed, deserve every praise which so much diligence, learning, and skillful criticism can obtain, I will not deny; but they will oftener be commended than read.

"It is deemed unlucky to stumble on the threshold, but Cumberland has done so. I do not believe, indeed, that it would be possible to produce, from any writer of the last century, a paragraph so feebly involved as that with which the first number of the Observer commences. The reader wanders through it as in a maze; he finds himself at the end, at last, but wonders how he came there; he attempts to look back and disentangle the path he pursued, and beholds only inextricable confusion. I know nothing that resembles this initial

paragraph, except it be some of the prolixly concatenated sentences of Gauden; but his involutions are amply redeemed by a richness of imagination which scatters the brightest flowers over the palpable conclusion.

"The purport of his undertaking was, as he informs us, "to tell his readers what he had observed of men and books in the most amusing manner he was able." This, indeed, was an unambitious claim, and to which, I think, he established a sufficient right in the progress of his labours."

"If the Observer be considered as a body of Essays, upon life, upon manners, and upon literature, it will shrink in comparison with those produced by Steele, by Addison, and by Johnson. Cumberland was capable of imagining characters; but he does not seem to have had much power of observing those qualities in individuals of which character is compounded. That which was obtrusively visible in a man, he could seize and portray; but the less obvious modes of thought, the secret bias, the prevailing but obscure motives to conduct, were seldom within his reach. He could invent, and give the invention an air of reality; upon a slender basis of truth he could engraft an agreeable fiction, in which, however, the traces of fancy would still be so discernible that the reader never mistook them.

"In this respect, therefore, he was greatly inferior to either Steele, Addison, or Johnson. They had a quick perception of the follies of mankind, and exhibited, without exaggeration, such a picture of them as none could mistake, and none could view without conviction of its truth. They looked abroad upon life, and observed all its various combinations: they studied man, and knew the artifices by which his conduct was obscured. They penetrated through that veil which necessity sometimes, and custom always, impels us to throw round our actions, and they disclosed those hidden qualities which escape the notice of ordinary observation, but which are recognized with instantaneous acquiescence when displayed.

"The want of this power in Cumberland is greatly felt by him who reads his essays consecutively; for, being restricted in the limits of his excursions, by inability to avail himself of what wider research would have offered, he is too diffuse upon single incidents and characters, as a man who has not many guineas applies one to its utmost variety of purposes.

"In his literary disquisitions, though always inferior to Johnson as a critic, he is often very pleasing, and often equal to Addison. His learning, perhaps, sometimes degenerates into pedantry, but he who is rich is apt to display his wealth. His critical papers are among the most amusing, and he has instituted an ingenious comparison between Massinger's Fatal Dowry and Rowe's Fair Penitent, in which the brief opinions of Mr. M. Mason (Massinger's editor) are enforced by examples pertinently selected. I wish, however, that his admiration of Cowper had not excited him to an imitation of that nervous and original writer.

"In his characters he sometimes exhibited living individuals. I have already alluded to his introduction of Johnson; and in the same

number, I imagine his actress to be Mrs. Siddons. Gorgon, the self-conceited painter of the deformed and terrible, (No 98.) was probably meant for Fuseli: but if so, there is more willingness to wound than power.

There is nothing in these papers by which the most delicate reader can be displeased, which is a praise that cannot be wholly given either to the Spectator or Guardian, whose zeal to reform certain exposures of the female person often led them to illustrations not exactly within the limits of decency. This commendation I bestow the more willingly upon Cumberland, because the practice of such decorum was not habitual in him, for in some of his writings he only needed to employ a corresponding licentiousness of expression to rank with the corrupters of public morals."

We shall not quote this writer's strictures on the Society for the Suppression of Vice, at p. 450. *et seq.*: but we recommend them to the consideration of its zealous members.

A large portion of these pages is dedicated to the drama; and the author will not be said to have gone out of his way by animadverting on the extreme folly of the town in its idolatry of the talents of Master Betty. At the zenith of his popularity, we endeavoured to correct this mania, by suggesting the impossibility of those perfections which the public voice attributed to that youth, and has itself since refused to recognize.

Of the novels of his hero, Mr. M. speaks in terms of moral disapprobation; and of his scheme to establish a Review, with no applause. The following is his short account of Mr. C.'s death and character.

"Cumberland's death was not preceded by any tedious or painful illness. The uniform temperance of his life was such that he might justly hope a calm and gentle dismission to another state; that euthanasia for which Arbuthnot so tenderly sighed, for which every man must devoutly wish, and which, indeed, as I have heard, was vouchsafed to Cumberland. He was indisposed only a few days previously, and quietly resigned his soul to its Maker at the house of his friend, Mr. Henry Fry, in Bedford Place, Russel Square, a gentleman whom he mentions with great kindness in his Memoirs. This melancholy event took place on the 7th of May, 1811.

"When his death was known, it excited a very general sensation in the literary world. He had, indeed, lived through so long a period, had written so much, had acquired so general a reputation as an elegant scholar and author, and had been connected so intimately with the most eminent men of the last half century, that his loss seemed to dis sever from us the only remaining link of that illustrious circle by which the individuals who composed it were still held to us.

"He was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 14th of May. His remains were interred in Poet's Corner, near the shrine of his friend Garrick. The funeral was attended by a numerous procession, which

reached the abbey about one o'clock, where they were met by Dr. Vincent, Dean of Westminster, the long-remembered friend and early school-fellow of Cumberland. His office must, therefore, have been an affecting one. When the body was placed in the grave, he pronounced the following oration, for a correct copy of which I am indebted to the kindness of his daughter, Mrs. Jansen :

“ ‘ Good People, we have committed to the dust the body of Richard Cumberland, a man well entitled, by his virtues and his talents, to repose among the illustrious dead by which, in this place, he is surrounded. No author has written more ; few have written better. His talents were chiefly devoted to the stage : his dramas were pure and classical, the characters drawn from high life as well as low life, but all invariably dealt with according to the strict rules of poetical justice ; and we may say of him what we can say of few dramatists, that his plays were not contaminated by oaths or libidinous allusions, such as have disgraced the stage in all ages of the drama, and greatly, nay abominably, so at the present day. He was of opinion that the theatre was not merely a place of amusement, but a school of manners. In his prose works he was a moralist of the highest order. In his two great poems, drawn from holy writ, he well sustained the dignified character of our sacred religion, approved himself a worthy teacher of gospel morality, and a faithful servant of his blessed Redeemer. He was not exempt from the failings and infirmities of human nature ; but let us remember, that his talents were never prostituted to the cause of vice or immorality ; let us contemplate his long and useful labours in the service of God and his country ; and may the God of all mercy pardon his sins, and in the resurrection of the just receive him into everlasting peace and glory ! ’ ”

To the correctness of this character, given of the deceased by Dr. Vincent, Mr. M. demurs, denying him the praise of a strictly moral writer, and refusing to allow that his plays are free from oaths ; but the passages which are adduced in Mr. M.'s first edition, and suppressed in the second, are not quite in point, if by oaths we mean impious appeals to the Divine Being. The practice, too common in the present day, of profane execration or cursing, is in-leed exemplified in Cumberland's dramas.

Throughout this work, Mr. M. has aimed at producing a nervous composition, and on the whole he has succeeded ; but, as he is a *martinet* in style, we were surprised to meet in p. 469. with the following language : “ he affords too many glimpses in the progress of the action, *of how* it is to terminate ;” and in p. 451. the sentence is not much better, in which he speaks of “negligences which he had already unadverted *on in* examining the *West Indian*.” He has written on Cumberland's works more than was necessary : but he has in general written well, and in the spirit of sound criticism.

ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

BRIGADIER GENERAL ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE.

ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE was born at Lamberton,* in the state of New-Jersey, January 5th, 1779. His father was a respectable officer in the army of the United States. His family had for several generations resided in New-Jersey, and were descended from a Captain John Pike, whose name is preserved by tradition as having been a gallant and distinguished soldier in the early Indian wars of the colony. He entered the army while yet a boy, and served for some time as a cadet in his father's company, which was then stationed on the western frontiers of the United States. At an early age he obtained the commission of ensign, and some time after, that of lieutenant in the 1st regiment of infantry. He was thus almost from his cradle trained to the habits of a military life; but he did not, like most of the peaceful veterans of the barracks and the parade, while away his days in inactivity, contented with the mechanical routine of military duty. By a life of constant activity and exposure, he invigorated his constitution, and prepared himself for deeds of hardihood and adventure. At the same time, he endeavoured to supply the deficiency of his early education by most ardent, though, probably, often desultory and ill-regulated application to every branch of useful knowledge. He had entered the army with no other education than such as is afforded by the most ordinary village school—reading, writing, and a little arithmetic. By his own solitary exertions he acquired, almost without the aid of a master, the

* This name is a curious instance of the mode in which many of our Indian names have been changed. It is a corruption of Lamaton, which was formerly pronounced and spelt Alamanank, that being the original Indian name.

French and Latin languages, the former of which, it appears from his journal, he was able to write and speak with sufficient accuracy for all the purposes of business; to these he afterwards added a competent knowledge of the Spanish. He also studied the elementary branches of mathematics, and became very conversant and even skilful in all the ordinary practical applications of that science. He seems, besides, to have had a general curiosity, to which no kind of knowledge was without interest; he read with avidity every book which fell in his way, and thus, without any regular plan of study, acquired a considerable stock of various information, and some tincture of popular English literature. In most of these literary acquirements, Pike scarcely attained to the accuracy of the scholar, but they were such as became the gentleman, and elevated and adorned the character of the soldier. Nor were these studies directed solely to the improvement of the mind; he endeavoured to make them subservient to a much higher end. From his youth he sedulously cultivated in himself a generous spirit of chivalry; not that punctilious and barren honour which cheaply satisfies itself with the reputation of personal courage and freedom from disreputable vice, but the chivalry of the ancient school of European honour—that habit of manly and virtuous sentiment, that spirit of patriotism and self-devotion, which, while it roots out from the heart every other weakness of our nature, spares and cherishes “that last infirmity of noble minds,” the love of glory, and in every great emergency in which man may be called upon to act, sends him forth into the service of his country or his kind, at once obeying the commands of duty, and elevated and animated by the warm impulse of enthusiastic feeling.

Among other habits of mental discipline by which Pike was accustomed to cherish these principles and feelings, was a constant practice of inserting upon the blank pages of some favourite volume, such striking maxims of morality, or sentiments of honour, as occurred in his reading, or were suggested by his own reflections. He had been in the practice of making use of a small edition of Dodsley’s “Economy of Human Life,” for this purpose. Soon after his marriage, he presented this volume to his wife, who still preserves it as one of the most precious memorials of her husband’s

virtues. An extract from one of the manuscript pages of this volume was published in a periodical work soon after his death. It was written as a continuation of the article "Sincerity," and is strongly characteristic of the author.

"Should my country call for the sacrifice of that life which has been devoted to her service from early youth, most willingly shall she receive it. The sod which covers the brave shall be moistened by the tears of love and friendship; but if I fall far from my friends and from you, my Clara, remember that 'the choicest tears which are ever shed, are those which bedew the unburied head of a soldier,' and when these lines shall meet the eyes of our young ———— let the pages of this little book be impressed on his mind as the gift of a father who had nothing to bequeath but his honour, and let these maxims be ever present to his mind as he rises from youth to manhood :

" 1. Preserve your honour free from blemish.

" 2. Be always ready to die for your country.

" Z. M. Pike.

" Kaskaskias, Indiana Territory."

Thus gifted with a lofty spirit of honour, and an iron constitution, Pike presents to the imagination no imperfect resemblance of one of the cavaliers of the sixteenth century, the hardy, steel-clad companions of Bayard and Sidney.

In March, 1801, he married Miss Clarissa Brown, of Cincinnati, in the state of Kentucky. By this marriage he had several children, only one of whom, a daughter, survives him.

On the old peace establishment of our army, then composed only of a few regiments, and employed altogether in garrisoning a few frontier posts, promotion was slow, and the field of action limited and obscure. For several years Lieutenant Pike panted in vain for an opportunity of gratifying that "all-ruling passion," which, to use his own words, "swayed him irresistibly to the profession of arms, and the pursuits of military glory."

At length, in 1805, a new career of honourable distinction was opened to this active and aspiring youth. Soon after the purchase of Louisiana, the government of the United States determined upon taking measures to explore their new territory, and that immense tract of wilderness included within its limits. Besides as-

certaining its geographical boundaries, it was wished to acquire some knowledge of its soil and natural productions, of the course of its rivers, and their fitness for the purposes of navigation and other uses of civilized life, and also to gain particular information of the numbers, character, and power of the tribes of Indians who inhabited this territory, and their several dispositions towards the United States. With these views, while Captains Lewis and Clarke were sent to explore the unknown sources of the Missouri, Pike was despatched on a similar expedition for the purpose of tracing the Mississippi to its head.

On the 9th of August, 1805, Pike accordingly embarked at St. Louis, and proceeded up the Mississippi, with twenty men, in a stout boat, provisioned for four months, but they were soon obliged to leave their boats and proceed on their journey by land, or in canoes, which they built after leaving their large boat, and carried with them on their march. Pike's own journal has been for some time before the public, and affords a much more satisfactory narrative of the expedition than the narrow limits of a magazine article can allow. For eight months and twenty days this adventurous soldier and his faithful band were almost continually exposed to hardship and peril, depending for provisions upon the precarious fortunes of the chase, enduring the most piercing cold, and cheerfully submitting to the most constant and harassing toils. They were sometimes for days together without food, and they frequently slept without cover upon the bare earth, or the snow, during the bitterest inclemency of a northern winter. During this voyage, Pike had no intelligent companion upon whom he could rely for any sort of advice or aid, and he literally performed the duties of astronomer, surveyor, commanding officer, clerk, spy, guide, and hunter, frequently preceding the party for many miles in order to reconnoitre, or rambling for whole days in search of deer or other game for provision, and then returning to his men in the evening hungry and fatigued, he would sit down in the open air to copy by the light of a fire the notes of his journey, and to plot out the courses of the next day.

His conduct towards the Indians was marked with equal good sense, firmness, and humanity; he everywhere, without violence or fraud, induced them to submit to the government of the United

States, and he made use of the authority of his country to put an end to a savage warfare which had for many years been carried on with the utmost cruelty and rancour between the Sioux and the Chippeways, two of the most powerful nations of Aborigines remaining on the North American continent. He also everywhere enforced with effect the laws of the United States against supplying the savages with spirituous liquors. Thus, while he wrested their tomahawks from their hands, and compelled them to bury the hatchet, he defended them from their own vices, and in the true spirit of humanity and honour, rejected with disdain that cruel and dastardly policy which seeks the security of the civilized man in the debasement of the savage.

In addition to the other objects of Pike's mission, as specifically detailed in his instructions, he conceived that his duty as a soldier required of him an investigation of the views and conduct of the British traders, within the limits of our jurisdiction, and an inquiry into the exact limits of the territories of the United States and Great Britain. This duty he performed, says the author of a former sketch of his biography,* with the boldness of a soldier and the politeness of a gentleman; he might have justly added, with the disinterestedness of a man of honour, and the ability and discretion of an enlightened politician. He found that the North-west Company, by extending their establishments and commerce far within the bounds of the United States, and even into the very centre of Louisiana, were thus enabled to introduce their goods without duty or license into our territories, to the very great injury of the revenue, as well as to the complete exclusion of our own countrymen from all competition in this trade. He perceived, besides, that these establishments were made subservient to the purposes of obtaining an influence over the savages dangerous to the peace and injurious to the honour and character of our government, and he thought it evident that in case of a rupture between the two powers, all these posts would be used as rallying points for the enemy, and as places of deposite for arms to be distributed to the Indians, to the infinite annoyance, if not total ruin, of all the adjoining territories.

* In the Monthly Recorder for July 1813. to which sketch together with Pike's own journal and Nile's Weekly Register, the writer is indebted for most of the facts of General Pike's biography.

An opportunity was now presented to him of enriching himself for life, by merely using the power vested in him by law, and seizing upon the immense property of the company which he found illegally introduced within our territory. But having been hospitably received at one of their principal posts, his high sense of honour would not permit him to requite their hospitality by a rigorous execution of the laws. It is probable, too, that he thought so violent a measure might lead to collisions between the two governments, without tending to produce any permanent beneficial effect, and he cheerfully sacrificed all views of personal interest to what he conceived to be the true interest and honour of his country. By means of reprimands and threats to the inferior traders, and a frank and spirited remonstrance to the director of the Fond du Lac department, he succeeded in procuring a stipulation, that in future no attempt should be made to influence any Indian on political affairs, or any subjects foreign to trade, and that measures should be immediately taken to prevent the display of the British flag, or any other mark of power, within our dominion; together with a promise that such representations should be immediately made to the company, and such an arrangement effected with regard to duties, as would hereafter set that question at rest.

His conduct with regard to this subject was, at the time, viewed with cold approbation, but the events of the present war have borne ample testimony to his sagacity and foresight.

Within two months after his return from this expedition, Pike was selected by General Wilkinson for a second perilous journey of hardship and adventure. The principal purpose of this expedition was, like that of the former, to explore the interior of Louisiana. He was directed to embark at St. Louis with the Osage captives, (about forty in number,) who had been rescued from their enemies, the Potowatomies, by the interference of our government, and to transport them to the principal village of their nation; and he was instructed to take this opportunity to bring about interviews between the different savage nations, and to endeavour to assuage animosities, and establish a permanent peace among them. He was, after accomplishing these objects, to continue his route into the interior, and to explore the Mississippi and its tributary streams, especially the Arkansaw and the Red River,

and thus to acquire such geographical information as might enable government to enter into definitive arrangements for a boundary line between our newly acquired territory and North Mexico.

In the course of this second journey, our adventurous soldier, after leaving the Osage village, encountered hardships, in comparison of which the severities of his former journey seemed to him ease and luxury.

Winter overtook the party unprovided with any clothing fit to protect them from cold and storms. Their horses died, and for weeks they were obliged to explore their way on foot through the wilderness, carrying packs of sixty or seventy pounds weight, beside their arms, exposed to the bitterest severity of the cold, relying solely on the produce of the chase for subsistence, and often for two or three days altogether without food. This part of his journal contains a narrative of a series of sufferings sufficient to make the "superfluous and lust-dieted" son of luxury shudder at the bare recital. Several of the men had their feet frozen, and all, except Pike and one other, were in some degree injured by the intensity of the cold. He thus relates the history of two of these dreary days:

"18th *January, Sunday*.—The doctor and myself, who fortunately were untouched by the frost, went out to hunt something to preserve existence; near evening we wounded a buffalo with three balls, but had the mortification to see him run off notwithstanding. We concluded it was useless to go home to add to the general gloom, and went amongst some rocks, where we encamped, and sat up all night; from the intense cold it was impossible to sleep. Hungry and without cover.

"19th *January, Monday*.—We again took the field, and after crawling about one mile in the snow, got near enough to shoot eight times among a gang of buffaloes, and could plainly perceive two or three to be badly wounded, but by accident they took the wind of us, and, to our great mortification, all were able to run off. By this time I had become extremely weak and faint, it being the fourth day since we had received sustenance, all of which we were marching hard, and the last night had scarcely closed our eyes to sleep. We were inclining our course to a point of woods, determined to remain absent and die by ourselves, rather than to return to our camp and behold the misery of our poor lads, when we discovered a gang of buffaloes coming along at some distance. With great

exertions I made out to run and place myself behind some cedars, and by the greatest good luck the first shot stopped one, which we killed in three more shots, and by the dusk had cut each of us a heavy load, with which we determined immediately to proceed to the camp, in order to relieve the anxiety of our men, and carry the poor fellows some food. We arrived there about 12 o'clock and when I threw my load down, it was with difficulty I prevented myself from falling; I was attacked with a giddiness of the head, which lasted for some minutes. On the countenances of the men was not a frown, nor a desponding eye, but all seemed happy to hail their officer and companions, yet not a mouthful had they eat for four days. On demanding what were their thoughts, the serjeant replied, the most robust had determined to set out in search of us on the morrow, and not return unless they found us, or had killed something to preserve the lives of their starving companions."

In the course of this long, toilsome, and perilous march, Pike displayed a degree of personal heroism and hardihood, united with a prudence and sagacity which, had they been exerted on some wider theatre of action, would have done honour to the most renowned general. The reader may, perhaps, smile at this remark, as one of the wild exaggerations of a biographer anxious to dignify the character of his hero, but the truth is, that great men owe much of their splendour to external circumstances, and if Hannibal had made his famous march across the Alps at the head of a company of foot, instead of an army, his name, if it had reached us, would have come down to posterity with much less dignity than that of our hardy countryman. There are passages in Pike's journal of his second expedition which, had they been found, with proper alterations of place and circumstance, related by Plutarch or Livy of one of their heroes, would have been cited by every schoolboy as examples of military and heroic virtue. Take, for instance, the account of Pike's firm and prudent conduct in repressing the first symptoms of discontent in his little band, and his address upon this occasion to the mutineer, and they will be found to need but little of the usual embellishments of an eloquent historian, to be made worthy of Hannibal himself.

"24th January, Saturday.—We sallied out in the morning, and

shortly after perceived our little band, marching through the snow, (about two and a half feet deep,) silent, and with downcast countenances. We joined them, and learnt that they, finding the snow to fall so thickly that it was impossible to proceed, had encamped about one o'clock the preceding day. As I found all the buffaloes had quitted the plains, I determined to attempt the traverse of the mountain, in which we persevered until the snow became so deep it was impossible to proceed, when I again turned my face to the plain, and for the first time in the voyage found myself discouraged, and for the first time I heard a man express himself in a seditious manner; he exclaimed, 'that it was more than human nature could bear, to march three days without sustenance, through snows three feet deep, and carry burdens only fit for horses,' &c. &c.

"As I knew very well the fidelity and attachment of the majority of the men, and even of this poor fellow, and that it was in my power to chastise him when I thought proper, I passed it by for the moment, determined to notice it at a more auspicious time. We dragged our weary and emaciated limbs along until about 10 o'clock. The doctor and myself, who were in advance, discovered some buffaloes on the plain, when we left our loads and orders written on the snow, to proceed to the nearest woods to encamp. We went in pursuit of the buffaloes, which were on the move.

"The doctor, who was then less reduced than myself, ran and got behind a hill, and shot one down, which stopped the remainder. We crawled up to the dead one, and shot from him as many as twelve or fourteen times among the gang, when they removed out of sight. We then proceeded to cut up the one we had shot, and after procuring each of us a load of the meat, we marched for the camp, the smoke of which was in view. We arrived at the camp to the great joy of our brave lads, who immediately feasted sumptuously. After our repast, I sent for the lad who had presumed to speak discontentedly in the course of the day, and addressed him to the following effect: 'Brown, you this day presumed to make use of language which was seditious and mutinous; I then passed it over, pitying your situation, and attributing it to your distress, rather than to your inclination to sow discontent amongst the party. Had I reserved provisions for ourselves, whilst you were starving; had we been marching along light and at our ease, whilst you were weighed down with your barden, then you would have had some pretext for your observations; but when we were equally hungry, weary, emaciated, and charged with burden, which I believe my natural strength is less able to bear than any man's in the party; when

we are always foremost in breaking the road, reconnoitering, and the fatigues of the chase, it was the height of ingratitude in you to let an expression escape which was indicative of discontent; your ready compliance and firm perseverance I had reason to expect, as the leader of men, and my companions in miseries and dangers. But your duty as a soldier demanded your obedience to your officer, and a prohibition of such language, which, for this time, I will pardon, but assure you, should it ever be repeated, I will revenge your ingratitude and punish your disobedience by instant *death*. I take this opportunity, likewise, to assure you, soldiers, of my thanks for the obedience, perseverance, and ready contempt of every danger which you have generally evinced; I assure you, nothing shall be wanting on my part to procure you the rewards of our government, and gratitude of your countrymen.'

"They all appeared very much affected, and retired with assurances of perseverance in duty."

Amidst these distresses, after a three months' winter's march, they explored their way to what they supposed to be the Red River. Here they were met by a party of Spanish cavalry, by whom Pike was informed, to his great astonishment, that they were not on the Red River, but on the Rio del Norte, and in the Spanish territory. All opposition to this force would have been idle, and he reluctantly submitted to accompany the Spaniards to Santa Fe, to appear before the governor. Though, to his great mortification, his expedition was thus broken off, all hardship was now at an end. He was treated on the road with great respect and hospitality, though watched and guarded with much jealousy; but he still insisted on wearing his sword, and that his men should retain their arms. Indeed, it was his resolution, had he or any of his people been ill used, to surprise the guard, carry off their horses, and make the best of their way to Apaches.

When he arrived at Santa Fe, his whole dress was a blanket-coat, blue trowsers, mocasons, and a scarlet cloth cap lined with a fox skin; his men were in leather coats, with leggings, &c. and not a hat in the whole party. But he appeared before the governor with his usual spirit, and insisted on being treated with the respect due to an American officer. From Santa Fe he was sent to the capital of the province of Biscay, to be examined by

the commandant general, where he was well received and entertained for some time, after which he was sent on his way home, under the escort of a strong party of horse. He arrived with his little band at Natchitoches on the 1st of July, 1807.

The most vexatious circumstance attending this unexpected sequel to his expedition was the seizure of all his papers, except his private journal, by the Spanish government. He had been fitted out with a complete set of mathematical and astronomical instruments, and had made frequent and accurate observations. He had thus ascertained the geographical situation of the most important points with much precision, and had collected materials for an accurate map of a great part of the country which he traversed. The seizure of these papers is a real loss to the cause of science. It is, however, in perfect conformity to that narrow and purblind policy which the old Spanish government uniformly manifested in the administration of its colonies.

Pike, upon his return, received the thanks of the government; a committee of the house of representatives expressed their high sense of his "zeal, perseverance, and intelligence," and the administration, much to its honour, bestowed upon him a more solid testimony of approbation, by a rapid promotion in the army. He was immediately appointed captain, shortly after a major, and, upon the further enlargement of the army in 1810, a colonel of infantry.

During the intervals of his military duties, he prepared for the press a narrative of his two expeditions, accompanied by several valuable original maps and charts. This was published in 8vo. in 1810. The work is rather overloaded with unnecessary detail, and the language is careless and often inaccurate; the last fault is, however, in a great measure to be attributed to several disadvantageous circumstances under which the work went to press, while the author was at a distance, engaged in public service. Still it is sufficiently evident that the volume is not the composition of a scholar. But it bears the strongest marks of an acute, active, busy mind, unaccustomed to scientific arrangement or speculation, but filled with a variety of knowledge, all of a useful, practical kind. Though entirely unacquainted with botany, zoölogy, and mineralogy, as sciences, Pike had a liberal curiosity, which taught

him to look upon every object with the eye of an observer, and to despise no sort of knowledge, though he might not himself perceive its immediate utility. Above all, the narrative has that unstudied air of truth which is so apt to evaporate away in the processes of the book-making traveller; it retains all the clearness and freshness of first impressions, and we are never for a moment left in doubt whether or no the writer and the traveller are the same person.

Immediately after the declaration of war, Pike was stationed with his regiment upon the northern frontier, and upon the commencement of the campaign of 1813, was appointed a brigadier general.

There was a tincture of enthusiasm in Pike's character which communicated itself to his whole conduct; in whatsoever pursuit he engaged, he entered upon it with his whole soul. But the profession of arms had been always his favourite study—his "life's employment, and his leisure's charm." Having served through every gradation of rank, almost from a private, up to a general, and very often employed in separate and independent commands, he was intimately acquainted with all the minutiae of discipline. The veteran of a peace establishment is too apt, from the want of greater objects, to narrow his mind down to the little details of a military life, until, at length, every trifle swells up into ideal importance, and the cut of a coat or the tying of a neckcloth, seems big with the fate of nations. Pike was extremely attentive to all the particulars, even to the most minute points, of discipline and dress, yet he gave them their due importance, and no more. He did not wish to degrade the soldier into a mere living machine, and while he kept up the strictest discipline, he laboured to make his men feel that this severity arose not from caprice or ill temper, but from principle, and that it had for its sole object their own glory, their ease, their health, and safety. Careless of popularity, and negligent of the arts by which good will is often conciliated where there is no real esteem, by the unassuming simplicity and frankness of his manners, and the undeviating honour of his conduct, he bound to himself the hearts of all around with the strong ties of respect and affection.

Thus self-formed, and thus situated, the eyes of the army were anxiously cast towards him as the chosen champion who was to redeem their reputation from that disgrace with which it had been stained by a long series of disasters. The day for which his heart had long panted at length arrived—a bright day of glory for the hero, of gloom and sorrow to his country. He was selected for the command of the land forces in an expedition against York, the capital of Upper Canada, and on the 25th of April sailed from Sackett's Harbour in the squadron commanded by Commodore Chauncey. The day before the expedition sailed, he wrote a letter to his father, which contains these prophetic words:

“I embark to-morrow in the fleet at Sackett's Harbour, at the head of a column of 1,500 choice troops, on a secret expedition. If success attends my steps, honour and glory await my name; if defeat, still shall it be said that we died like brave men, and conferred honour, even in death, on the American name.

“Should I be the happy mortal destined to turn the scale of war, will you not rejoice, O my father? May heaven be propitious, and smile on the cause of my country! But if we are destined to fall, may my fall be like Wolfe's—to sleep in the arms of victory.”

On the 27th of April General Pike arrived at York, with about seventeen hundred chosen men, and immediately prepared to land. The spot which was selected for landing, was the site of an old French fort called Toronto, of which scarcely any vestiges now remain. The plan of attack was formed by General Pike himself, and clearly and minutely detailed in his general orders, which were directed to be read at the head of every corps; every field officer was also directed to carry a copy of them in order that he might at any moment refer to them, and give explanations to his subordinates. Every thing was arranged, and every probable exigency provided for, with admirable method and precision.

There is one paragraph of these orders which breathes so much of his own spirit, that I cannot forbear from extracting it. It is deeply stamped with that unity of character which was visible

throughout all his actions, and which is, in truth, one of the strongest marks of a powerful and original mind.

“No man will load until ordered, except the light troops in front, until within a short distance of the enemy, and then charge bayonets; thus letting the enemy see that we can meet them with their own weapons. Any man firing or quitting his post without orders must be put to instant death, as an example may be necessary. Platoon officers will pay the greatest attention to the coolness and aim of their men in the fire; their regularity and dressing in the charge. The field officers will watch over the conduct of the whole. Courage and bravery in the field do not more distinguish the soldier than humanity after victory; and whatever examples the savage allies of our enemies may have given us, the general confidently hopes, that the blood of an unresisting or yielding enemy will never stain the weapons of the soldiers of his column. Property must be held sacred; and any soldier who shall so far neglect the honour of his profession as to be guilty of plundering the inhabitants shall, if convicted, be punished with death. But the commanding general assures the troops, that should they capture a large quantity of public stores, he will use his best endeavours to procure them a reward from his government.”

As soon as the debarkation commenced, a body of British grenadiers was paraded on the shore, and the Glengary Fencibles, a local force which had been disciplined with great care, and has repeatedly proved itself fully equal to any regular force, appeared at another point. Large bodies of Indians were also seen in different directions, while others filled the woods which skirted the shore. General Sheaffe commanded in person.

Forsythe's riflemen were the first to land, which they effected under a heavy fire of musketry and rifles from the Indians and British. As soon as the fire from the shore commenced, Major Forsythe had ordered his men to rest for a few moments upon their oars, and return the fire. At this moment Pike was standing upon the deck of his ship. He saw the pause of his first division, and, impatient at the delay, exclaimed, “I can stay here no longer, come, jump into the boat;” and, springing into it, followed by his staff, was immediately rowed into the thickest of the fire.

The infantry had followed the riflemen, and formed in platoons as soon as they reached the shore. General Pike took the command of the first platoon which he reached, and ordered the whole to prepare for a charge. They mounted the bank, and the enemy, after a short conflict, broke at once, and fled in disorder towards the works. At that moment the sound of Forsythe's bugles was heard, announcing his success at another point. Its effect upon the Indians was almost electrical; they gave a horrible yell, and fled in every direction.

The whole force, being now landed and collected, was again formed and led on by General Pike in person to attack the enemy's works. They advanced through the woods, and after carrying one battery by assault, in the most gallant manner, moved on in columns towards the main work. The fire of the enemy was soon silenced by our artillery, and a flag of surrender was expected, when a terrible explosion suddenly took place from the British magazine, which had been previously prepared for this purpose. Pike, after aiding in removing a wounded man with his own hands, had sat down on the stump of a tree with a British serjeant, who had been taken, and was employed with Captain Nicholson and one of his aids in examining the prisoner. The explosion was tremendous; an immense quantity of large stones were thrown in every direction with terrible force, and scattered destruction and confusion around among our troops. The general, his aid, Captain Nicholson, and the prisoner, fell together, all, except the aid, mortally wounded. General Pike had been struck on the breast by a heavy stone. Shortly after he received the blow, he said to his wounded aid, "I am mortally wounded—write to my friend D——, and tell him what you know of the battle, and to comfort my ——." In the same broken manner, he afterwards added several other requests relating to his private affairs.

The troops were instantly formed again; as a body of them passed by their wounded general, he said, "Push on, brave fellows, and avenge your general." While the surgeons were carrying him out of the field, a tumultuous huzza was heard from our troops; Pike turned his head with an anxious look of inquiry; he was told by a serjeant, "The British union jack is coming down,

general—the stars are going up.” He heaved a heavy sigh, and smiled. He was then carried on board the commodore’s ship, where he lingered for a few hours. Just before he breathed his last, the British standard was brought to him; he made a sign to have it placed under his head, and expired without a groan.

The death of General Pike, at such a period, was a great public misfortune; his countrymen did not know half the extent of their loss. Pike was plain and unimposing in his appearance and manners, and to the world seemed little more than an active and intelligent soldier; but it is not easy to say what height of military excellence may not have been reached by a mind like his, stimulated by high-soaring ambition, braced up by principle to habitual dignity of thought, and constantly expanding its views, enlarging its resources, and unfolding its powers, by its own native and unwearied energy.

Gallant spirit! It was thine to wash out with thy life-blood the foul remembrance of our country’s shame—of those disgraces which had blasted her honour, and tarnished the ancient glories of her arms. It was thine, in life, in death, to give to your companions in arms a great example of chivalrous honour and heroic courage;—it was thine to lead them to the threshold of the temple of fame, and bid them enter on a long career of glory.

Gallant spirit! Thy country will not forget thee—thou shalt have a noble memory. When a grateful nation confers upon the heroes of Niagara and Erie the laurels they have so nobly earned, she will bid them remember that those laurels were first gathered on the shores of York, and were watered by the blood of a hero; and hereafter, when our children and our children’s children shall read the story of patriots and heroes who have greatly fallen in the arms of victory, when their eyes glisten, and their young hearts throb wildly at the kindling theme, they will close the volume which tells of Epaminondas, of Sidney, or of Wolfe, and proudly exclaim, “And we, too, had our Montgomery and our Pike.”

PORTER'S JOURNAL.

[Concluded from p. 301.]

About 11 o'clock we perceived that our people had gained the mountains, and were driving the Happahs from height to height, who fought as they retreated, and daring our men to follow them, with threatening gesticulations. A native, who bore the American flag, waved it in triumph as he skipped along the mountains. They were attended by a large concourse of friendly natives, armed as usual, who generally kept in the rear of our men. Mauna alone was seen in the advance of the whole, and was well known by his scarlet cloak and waving plumes; in about an hour we lost sight of the combatants, and saw no more of them until about 4 o'clock, when they were discovered descending the mountains on their return, the natives bearing five dead bodies slung on poles. Mr. Downes and his men soon afterwards arrived at the camp, overcome with the fatigue of an exercise to which they had been so little accustomed. He informed me that on his arrival near the tops of the mountains, the Happahs, stationed on the summit, had assailed him and his men with stones and spears; that he had driven them from place to place until they had taken refuge in a fortress erected in the manner described, on the brow of a steep hill; here they all made a stand, to the number of between three and four thousand; they dared our people to ascend this hill, at the foot of which they had made a halt to take breath, when the word was given by Mr. Downes to rush up the hill; at that instant a stone struck him in the belly, and laid him breathless on the ground, and at the same time one of our people was pierced with a spear through his neck. This occasioned a halt, and they were about abandoning

any further attempt on the place, but Mr. Downes soon recovered, and finding himself able to walk, gave orders for a charge. Hitherto our party had done nothing, not one of the enemy had to their knowledge been wounded; they scoffed at our men, exposed to them their posteriors, and treated them with the utmost contempt and derision. Our friendly natives also began to think we were not so formidable as we pretended; it became, therefore, absolutely necessary that the fort should be taken at all hazards. Our people gave three cheers, and rushed on through a shower of spears and stones, which the natives threw from behind their strong barrier, and it was not until our people entered the fort that they thought of retreating; five were at this instant shot dead, and one in particular fought until the muzzle of the gun was presented to his forehead, when the top of his head was entirely blown off. As soon as this place was taken, all further resistance was at an end; the friendly natives collected the dead, while many ran down in a village situated in the valley for the purpose of securing the plunder, large quantities of which, consisting of drums, mats, calabashes, and other household utensils, as well as hogs, cocoanuts, and other fruits; they also brought with them large quantities of that plant with which they make their finest cloth, which grows nearly as large as the wrist, and is highly esteemed by them. They came also laden with plunder, which the enemy had not time to remove; for they could not be made to believe that a handful of men could drive them. It was shocking to see the manner they treated such as were knocked over with a shot; they rushed on them with their war clubs, and soon despatched them; then each seemed anxious to dip his spear in his blood, which nothing whatever could induce him to wipe off; the spear from that time bore the name of the dead warrior, and its value, in consequence of that trophy, was greatly enhanced.

The Typee War.

The Tayeehs, the Happahs, and Shaunees, now made fresh complaints of the insults and aggressions of the Typees. One they had threatened to drive off the land: they had thrown stones at, and otherwise insulted individuals of the other tribes. The

Tayeeks and Happahs became very solicitous for war, and began to utter loud complaints, that, as all the other tribes in the island had formed an alliance with us, they should be tolerated in their insolence, and excused from supplying us as the rest had done; the more distant had now discontinued bringing in their supplies, and the other tribes had fallen off considerably, complaining that we had nearly exhausted all their stock, while the Typees were enjoying abundance; lead us to the Typees, said they, and we shall be enabled to furnish you from their valley; you have long threatened them, and yet permit them to offer violence to us; and while you have rendered every other tribe tributary to you, you permit them to triumph with impunity. Our canoes are in readiness, our warriors impatient, and for less provocations, had you not been here, we should have been engaged in hostilities. Let us punish those Typees, bring them on the same terms to which we have agreed, and the whole island will then be at peace, a thing hitherto unknown, but the advantage of which we can readily conceive. These were the sentiments expressed by the chiefs and warriors of the Tayeeks and Happahs. Tavee seemed determined to keep aloof from all quarrels; he was separated from us by the valley of the Typees, and they had it in their power to retort on him at pleasure; he and his people concluded it, therefore, the wisest to bear their insults and dodge their stones in the best manner they could, not, however, without complaining occasionally to me on the subject; but they seemed determined to take no active part with us in the war.

Finding that it was absolutely necessary to bring the Typees to terms, or endanger our good understanding with the other tribes, I resolved to endeavour to bring about a negotiation with them, and to back it with a force sufficient to intimidate them.

On the 27th of November I informed the Tayeeks and Happahs that I should next day go to war with the Typees, agreeably to my original plans, and directed Gattaneuah to proceed on board the *Essex Junior*, with two persons, who were to perform the office of ambassadors, and on the arrival of the ship in their bay, were to be sent to the Typees, offering the same terms of peace as were accepted by the others.

The *Essex Junior* sailed in the afternoon, and I proceeded next

morning at 3 o'clock with five boats, accompanied by ten war canoes, blowing their conchs as a signal by which they could be kept together. One of our boats separated from the others, passed the bay, and did not rejoin us again till the middle of the day. We arrived at the Typee landing at sunrise, and were joined by ten war canoes from the Happahs. The Essex Junior soon after arrived and anchored, and the tops of all the neighbouring mountains were covered with the Tayeeh and Happah warriors, armed with their clubs, spears, and slings: the beach was covered with the warriors who came with the canoes, and who joined us from the hills. Our force did not amount to a less number than 5,000 men, but not a Typee, or any of their dwellings, were to be seen, for the whole length of the beach, extending upwards of a quarter of a mile, was a clear level plain, which extended back about 100 yards; a high and almost impenetrable thicket bordered on this plain, and the only trace we could perceive, which we were informed led to the habitations, was a narrow pathway which wound through the swamp. The canoes were all hauled on the beach: the Tayeehs on the right, the Happahs on the left, and our four boats in the centre. We only waited for reinforcements from the Essex Junior; our interpreter, our ambassadors, and Gattaneuah, landed on the ship's anchoring: I went on board to hasten them on shore, directing Lieutenant Downes to bring with him 15 men; these, with the 28 on shore, I supposed would be fully sufficient to bring them to terms. On my return to the beach I found every one in arms. The Typees had appeared in the bushes, and had pelted our people with stones while quietly eating their breakfast; they, as well as the Tayeehs and Happahs, were all on their guard, but no hostilities had been offered on our part. I had brought with me one of those I had intended to employ as ambassadors; he had intermarried with the Typees, and was privileged to go among them; I furnished him with a white flag, and sent him to inform the Typees that I had come to offer them peace, but was prepared for war; that I only required that they should submit to the same terms as those entered into by the other tribes, and that terms of friendship would be much more pleasing to us than any satisfaction which I expected to derive from chastising them. In a few minutes after the departure of my messenger, he came running back the picture of

terror, and informed me he had met in the bushes an ambuscade of 'Typees, who, regardless of his flag of truce, which he displayed to them, had driven him back with blows, and had threatened to put him to death if he again ventured among them; and in an instant afterwards we had a confirmation of his statement in a shower of stones which came from the bushes; at the same moment one of them darted across the pathway and was shot through the leg, but was carried off by his friends. Hostilities had now commenced. Lieutenant Downes had arrived with his men, and I gave the orders to march. Manina, as having forgot the difference which had taken place between us, placed himself, as usual, in advance; we entered the bushes, and were at every instant assailed by spears and stones which came from the different parties of the enemy in ambuscade: we could hear the snapping of the slings, the whistling of the stones; the spears came quivering by us, but we could not perceive from whom they came—no enemy was to be seen—not a whisper was to be heard among them. To have remained still would have proved fatal to us, to have retreated would have convinced them of our fears and our incapacity to injure them; our only safety lay in advancing and endeavouring to clear the thicket, which I had been informed was of no great extent.

We had advanced about a mile and received no injury, nor had we reason to believe we had done any to the enemy, (who we could only get a glimpse of as they darted from tree to tree,) although we had kept up a scattering fire on them; we at length came to a small opening on the bank of a river, from the thicket on the opposite side of which we were assailed with a shower of stones, when Lieutenant Downes received a blow which shattered the bone of his left leg, and he fell. We had left parties in ambush in our rear, which we had not been able to dislodge, and to trust him to the Indians alone to take back was hazarding too much; I was fearful of weakening my force by sending a party to escort him back, and to have returned would have been construed by the allied tribes into a defeat. They had taken no active part; they sat as silent observers of our operations; the sides of the mountains were still covered with them, and myself,

as well as the Tayeehs had no slight grounds to doubt the fidelity of the Happahs; a defeat would no doubt have sealed our destruction. I had come with a force very inadequate to reduce them to terms, as I had received wrong impressions as to the country through which we had to pass; but since we had come, it was necessary something should be done to convince them of our superiority. The Indians all began to leave us; all depended upon our own exertions, and no time was to be lost in deliberation. I therefore directed Mr. Shaw, with four men, to escort him to the beach; this, with the party I had left for the protection of the boats, reduced my number to 24 men. As we continued our march the number of our allies became reduced, and even the brave Mauina, the first to expose himself, began to hang back. While he had kept in advance he had, by the quickness of his sight, which was astonishing, put us on our guard as the stones and spears came, and enabled us to elude them; but now they came too thick even for him to withstand. We soon came to the place for fording the river, in the thick bushes of the opposite banks of which the Typees, who were here very numerous, made a bold stand, and showered on us their spears and other missiles; here our advance was for a few minutes checked; the banks of the river were remarkably steep, but particularly on the side where we were, which would render our retreat difficult and dangerous in case of a repulse; the stream was rapid, the water deep, and the fording difficult and hazardous, on account of the exposed situation we should be in while crossing; we endeavoured in vain to clear the bushes of the opposite banks with our musketry, but the stones and spears flew with augmented force and numbers; finding that we could not dislodge them, I directed a volley to be fired, three cheers to be given, and to dash across the river; we soon gained the opposite bank, and continued our march, rendered still more difficult by the underwood which was here interlaced to that degree as to make it necessary sometimes to crawl on our hands and knees to get along; we were harassed as usual by the Typees for about a quarter of a mile through a thicket, which at almost any other time I should have considered impassable. Mauina and two or three others of the natives had kept with us, the others had not crossed the river. We soon came to a small space cleared of the

small trees and the underwood; the natives had ceased to annoy us, and we had hoped soon to have arrived at their village, which I had been informed was at no great distance, and on emerging from the swamp we felt new life and spirits; but this joy was of short duration, for on casting up our eyes we perceived a strong and extensive wall of 7 feet in height, raised on an eminence crossing our road, and flanked on each side by an impenetrable thicket, and in an instant afterwards we were assailed by a shower of stones, accompanied by the most horrid yells, which left no doubt in our minds that we had here to encounter their principal strength, and that we should here meet with much resistance in passing this barrier. It fortunately happened that a tree which afforded me shelter from their stones, enabled me, accompanied by Lieutenant Gamble, to annoy them as they would raise above the wall to throw them. These were the only muskets which could be employed to any advantage, others kept up a scattering fire without effect; finding we could not dislodge them, I gave orders for pushing on and endeavouring to take it by storm, but some of my men had by this time expended all their cartridges, and there were but few who had more than three or four remaining. This discouraging news threw a damp on the spirits of the whole of us; without ammunition our muskets were rendered inferior to the weapons of the Typees, and if we could not advance there could be no doubt we should be under the necessity of fighting our way back; and to attempt this with our few remaining cartridges would be hazarding too much: our only safety now depended on holding our ground until we could procure a fresh supply of ammunition, and in reserving the few charges on hand until it could be brought to us. I mentioned my intentions to my people, exhorted them to save their ammunition as much as possible, and despatched Lieutenant Gamble with a detachment of four men to the beach, there to take a boat and proceed to the Essex Junior for a fresh supply.

We were from the time of his departure chiefly occupied in dodging the stones, which came with redoubled force and numbers. Our fire had become slackened, a few muskets only occasionally were fired to convince them we were not disposed to retreat. My number was now reduced to 19 men, there was no

officer but myself, the Indians had all deserted me except Mauina, and to add to our critical and dangerous situation, three of the men remaining with me were knocked down with stones. Mauina begged me to retreat, crying, "Mattee! Mattee!" The wounded entreated me to permit the others to carry them to the beach, but I had none to spare to accompany them; I saw no hopes of succeeding against them so long as they kept their strong hold, and determined to endeavour to draw them out by a feigned retreat, and by this means to gain some advantage, for to return without gaining some advantage, would, I believed, have rendered an attack from the Happs certain. I communicated my intentions, directed the wounded to be taken care of, gave orders for all to run until we were concealed by the bushes, and then halt; we retreated for a few paces, and in an instant the Typees rushed on us with hideous yells; the first and second which advanced were killed at the distance of a few paces, and those who attempted to carry them off were wounded; this checked them; they abandoned their dead, and precipitately retreated to their fort. Not a moment was now to be lost in gaining the opposite side of the river, and taking advantage of the terror they were thrown into: we marched off with our wounded. Scarcely had we crossed the river before we were attacked with stones, but here they halted, and I returned to the beach much fatigued and harassed by marching and fighting, and with no contemptible opinion of the enemy we had to encounter, or the difficulties we should have to surmount in conquering them.

Second Battle of the Typees.

A large assemblage of Typee warriors were posted at the foot of the mountain, and dared us to descend. In the rear was a fortified village, secured by strong stone walls; drums were beating and conches were sounding in several parts, and we soon found they were disposed to make every effort to oppose us. I gave orders to descend, Mauina offered himself as our guide, and I directed him to lead us to their principal village; but finding the fatigue of going down the mountain greater than I expected, I gave orders to halt before crossing the river, to give time for the rear to close, which had become much spread, and that we might

all rest. As soon as we reached the foot of the mountain we were annoyed by a shower of stones from the bushes and behind the stone walls. But as we were also enabled to shelter ourselves behind others, and being short of ammunition, I would not permit any person to fire. After resting a few minutes I directed the scouting party to gain the opposite bank of the river, and followed with the main body; we were greatly annoyed with stones, and before all had crossed the fortified village was taken without any loss on our side. Their chief warrior and another were killed, and several wounded; they retreated only to the stone walls, situated on higher ground, where they continued to sling their stones and throw their spears; three of my men were wounded, and many of the Typees killed before we dislodged them: parties were sent out in different directions to scour the woods, and another fort was taken after some resistance. But the party, overpowered by numbers, were compelled to retreat to the main body, after keeping possession of it half an hour.

We were waiting in the first fort taken for the return of our scouting parties. A multitude of Tayeeks and Happahs were with us, and many were in the outskirts of the village, seeking for plunder. Lieutenant M'Knight had driven a party from a strong wall on a high ground, and had taken possession of it, when a large party of Typees, who had been laying in ambush, rushed by his fire, and darted into the fort with their spears. The Tayeeks and Happahs all ran. The Typees approached within pistol shot, but on the first fire retreated precipitately, crossing the fire of Mr. M'Knight's party, and although none fell, we had reason to believe that many were wounded. The spears and stones were flying from the bushes in every direction, and although we killed and wounded in this place great numbers of them, we were satisfied, from the opposition made, that we should have to fight our whole way through the valley.

It became now necessary to guard against a useless consumption of our ammunition. The scouting parties had returned, and some had expended all their cartridges. I exhorted them to be more careful of them, and after having given them a fresh supply, forbid any firing from the main body, unless we should be attacked by great numbers. I now left a party in this place posted in a

house with the wounded, and another party in ambush behind a wall, and directed Mauina to lead us to the next village; but before marching I sent a messenger to inform the Typees that we should cease hostilities when they no longer made resistance; but so long as stones were thrown I should destroy their villages: no notice was taken of this message. We continued our march up the valley, and met in our way several beautiful villages, which were set fire to, and at length arrived at their capital, for it deserved the name of one; we had been compelled to fight every inch of ground as we advanced, and here they made considerable opposition; the place was, however, soon carried, and I very reluctantly set fire to it, for the beauty and regularity of this place was such as to strike every spectator with astonishment. Their grand site or public square was far superior to any other we had met with. Numbers of their gods were here destroyed, several elegant and large war canoes, which had never been used, were burnt in the houses that sheltered them. Many of their drums, which they had been compelled to abandon, were thrown into the flames, and our friendly Indians loaded themselves with plunder, after destroying bread fruit and other trees, and all the young plants they could find. We had now arrived at the upper end of the valley, about nine miles from the beach, and at the foot of the waterfall above mentioned. The day was advancing, we had yet much to do, and it was necessary to hasten our return to the first fort taken, where we arrived after being about four hours absent, leaving behind us a scene of ruin and desolation. I had hoped that the Typees had now abandoned all further thoughts of resistance, but on my return to the fort, I found the parties left there had been annoyed the whole time of my absence, but being sheltered from the stones, and short of ammunition, they had not fired on the enemy.

This fort was situated exactly half way up the valley: to return by the road we descended the hill would have been impossible. It became, therefore, necessary to go to the beach, where I was informed that the difficulty of ascending the mountains would not be so great; many were exhausted with fatigue, and began to feel the cravings of hunger, and I directed a halt, that all might rest and refresh themselves. After resting about half an hour, I directed

the Indians to take care of our wounded; we formed the line of march, and proceeded down the valley, and in our route destroyed several other villages, at all of which we had some skirmishing with the enemy; at one of those places, situated at the foot of a steep hill, they rolled enormous stones down, with a view of crushing us to death, but they did us no injury. The number of villages destroyed amounted to ten, and the destruction of trees and plants, and the plunder carried off by the Indians, is almost incredible. The Typees fought us to the last, and even at first harassed our rear on our return, but parties left in ambush soon put a stop to any further annoyance. We at length came to this formidable fort, which checked our career on our first day's enterprise, and although I had witnessed many instances of the great exertion and ingenuity of these islanders, I never had supposed them capable of contriving and erecting a work like this, so well calculated for strength and defence. It formed the segment of a circle, and was about fifty yards in extent, built of large stones, six feet thick at the bottom, and gradually narrowing at the top, to give it strength and durability; on the left was a narrow entrance merely sufficient to admit of one person's entering, and served as a sally port, but to enter this from the outside, it was necessary to pass directly under the wall for one half its length, as an impenetrable thicket prevented the approach to it in any other direction. The wings and rear were equally guarded, and the right was flanked by another fortification of greater magnitude and equal strength and ingenuity; in these fortifications consisted the strength of the Typees; their usual fighting place with the other tribes was on the plain near the beach, and although they had frequently been engaged with the forces of several tribes combined, they had never before succeeded in compelling them to retire beyond the river, which, it will be remembered, is about one quarter of a mile from the fort. There are but three entrances into this valley, one on the west, which we descended, one on the east, and one from the beach. No force whatever had before dared to attack them on the west, on account of the impossibility of retreating in case of a repulse, which they calculated on as certain. The passage on the east led from the valley of their friends, and that from the beach was guarded by fortresses deemed impreg-

nable, and justly so, against any force which could be brought against them unassisted by artillery. On viewing the strength of this place, I could not help felicitating myself on the lucky circumstance which had induced me to attack them by land, for I believe we should have failed in an attempt on this place by water. I had determined, on first starting, not to return until I had destroyed this fort, and now intended putting my design in execution. To have thrown it down by removing the stones singly would have required more time than we had to spare, and concluding that by our united efforts we should be enabled to demolish the whole at once, I directed the Indians and my own men to put their shoulders to the wall, and endeavoured by efforts made at the same instant to throw it down, but it was built with so much solidity that no impression could be made on it; we therefore left it as a monument to future generations of their skill and industry. This fortification appeared of ancient date, and time alone can ever destroy it. We succeeded in making a small breach in the wall, through which we passed on our route to the beach, a route which was familiar to us, but had now become doubly intricate from the number of trees which had since been cut down and placed across the pathway, as much to impede our advance as to embarrass us in our retreat; we found the same had been practised on the bank of the river.

On my arrival at the beach, I met Tavee and many of his tribe, together with the chiefs of the Happaahs. Tavee was the bearer of a white flag, and several of the same emblems of peace were flying on the different hills round the valley. He was very desirous of knowing whether I intended going to their valley, and wished to be informed when he should again bring presents, and what articles he should bring; he inquired if I would still be his friend, and reminded me that I was Tomio Tipee, the chief of the valley of Shaumce, and that his name was Tavee; I requested him to return and allay the fears of the women, who he informed me were in the utmost terror, apprehensive of an attack from me. The chiefs of the Happaahs invited me to return to their valley, assuring me that an abundance of every thing was already provided for us, and the girls, who had assembled in great numbers, dressed out in their best attire, welcomed our return with smiles,

and notwithstanding our wet and dirty situation, (for it had been raining the greatest part of the day,) convinced us by their looks and gestures, that they were disposed to give us the most friendly reception.

Gattaneuah met me on the side of the hill, as I was ascending; the old man's heart was full, he could not speak, he placed both my hands on his head, rested his forehead on my knees, and after a short pause, raising himself, placed his hands on my breast, exclaimed, Gattaneuah! and then on his own, said, Apotee, to remind me we had exchanged names.

When I had reached the summit of the mountain, I stopped to contemplate that valley which in the morning we had viewed in all its beauty, the scene of abundance and happiness. A long line of smoking ruins now marked our traces from one end to the other; the opposite hills were covered with the unhappy fugitives, and the whole presented a scene of devastation and horror. Unhappy and heroic people! the victims of your own courage and mistaken pride, while the instruments of your fate shed the tears of pity over your misfortunes, thousands of your countrymen, (nay, brethren of the same family,) triumph in your distresses! I shall not fatigue myself or reader by a longer account of this expedition. We spent the night with the Happaahs, who supplied us most abundantly, and next morning at daylight started for Madisonville, where we arrived about eight o'clock, after an absence of three nights and two days, during which time we marched upwards of sixty miles by paths which had never before been trodden but by the natives; several of my stoutest men were for a long time laid up by sickness occasioned by their excessive fatigue, and one (Corporal Mahon, of the marines,) died two days after his return.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

A Day by the Fire,—poetically and practically considered.

[From the Reflector.]

I AM one of those that delight in a fireside, and can enjoy it without even the help of a cat or a tea-kettle. To cats, indeed, I have an aversion, as animals that only affect a sociality without caring a jot for any thing but their own luxury; and my tea-kettle, I frankly confess, has long been displaced, or rather dismissed, by a bronze-coloured and graceful urn; though, between ourselves, I am not sure that I have gained any thing by the exchange. Cowper, it is true, talks of the “bubbling and loud-hissing urn,” which

“Throws up a steamy column;”

but there was something so primitive and unaffected, so warm-hearted and unpretending, in the tea-kettle—its song was so much more cheerful and continued, and it kept the water so hot and comfortable as long as you wanted it, that I sometimes feel as if I had sent off a good, plain, faithful old friend, who had but one wish to serve me, for a superficial, smooth-faced upstart of a fellow, who, after a little promising and vapouring, grows cold and contemptuous, and thinks himself bound to do nothing but stand on a rug and have his person admired by the circle. To this admiration, in fact, I have been obliged to resort, in order to make myself think well of my bargain, if possible; and accordingly, I say to myself every now and then during the tea,—“A pretty look with it—that urn;” or “It’s wonderful what a taste the Greeks had;” or “The eye might have a great many enjoyments, if people would but look after forms and shapes.” In the meanwhile, the urn leaves off its “bubbling and hissing,”—but then there is such an air with it! My tea is made of cold water—but then the Greeks were such a nation!

If there is any one thing that can reconcile me to the loss of my kettle more than another, it is that my fire is left quite to itself; it has full room to breathe and to blaze, and I can poke it as I please. What recollection does that idea excite!—Poke it as I please!—Think, benevolent Reader—think of the pride and plea-

sure of having in your hand that awful but at the same time artless weapon, a poker—of putting it into the proper bar—gently levering up the coals—and seeing the instant and bustling flame above! To what can I compare that moment? That sudden, empyreal enthusiasm? That fiery expression of vivification? That ardent acknowledgement, as it were, of the care and kindness of the operator?—Let me consider a moment:—it is very odd—I was always reckoned a lively hand at a simile—but language and combination absolutely fail me here. If it is like any thing, it must be something beyond every thing in beauty and life. Oh—I have it now—think, Reader—if you are one of those who can muster up sufficient sprightliness to engage in a game of forfeits—on Twelfth night, for instance—think of a blooming girl, who is condemned to “open her mouth and shut her eyes, and see what heaven,” in the shape of a mischievous young fellow, “will send her.” Her mouth is opened accordingly, the fire of her eyes is dead, her face assumes a doleful air, up walks the aforesaid heaven or mischievous young fellow, (young Ouranos—Hesiod would have called him,) and instead of a piece of paper, a thimble, or a cinder, claps into her mouth a peg of orange or a long slice of citron—then her eyes above instantly light up again—the smiles wreath about—the sparklings burst forth—and all is warmth, brilliancy, and delight. I am aware that this simile is not perfect; but if it would do for an epic poem, as I think it might after Virgil’s whippings, and Homer’s Jackasses and black-puddings, the reader perhaps will not quarrel with it.

But to describe my feelings in an orderly manner, I must request the reader to go with me through a day’s enjoyments by the fireside. It is part of my business, as a Reflector, to look about for helps to reflection; and for this reason, among many others, I indulge myself in keeping a good fire from morning till night. I have also a reflective turn for an easy chair, and a very thinking attachment to comfort in general. But of this as I proceed. Inprimis, then—the morning is clear and cold—time half past seven—scene a breakfast-room. Some persons, by the by, prefer a thick and rainy morning, with a sobbing wind, and the clatter of pattens along the streets; but I confess, for my own part, that being a sedentary person, and too apt to sin against the duties of exercise, I have somewhat too sensitive a consciousness of bad weather, and feel a heavy sky go over me like a feather-bed, or rather like a huge brush, which rubs all my nap the wrong way. I am growing better in this respect, and by the help of a stout walk at noon, and getting, as it were, fairly into a favourite poet and a warm fire of an evening, begin to manage a cloud or an East wind tolerably well—but still, for perfection’s sake on the present occasion, I must insist upon my clear morning, and

will add to it, if the reader pleases, a little hoar-frost upon the windows, a bird or two coming after the crumbs, and the light smoke from the neighbouring chimnies brightening up into the early sunshine. Even the dustman's bell is not unpleasant from its association; and there is something absolutely musical in the clash of the milk pails suddenly unyoked, and the ineffable, ad libitum note that follows. The waking epicure rises with an elastic anticipation; enjoys the freshening cold-water which endears what is to come; and even goes placidly through the villainous scraping process which we soften down into the level and lawny appellation of shaving. He then hurries down stairs, rubbing his hands, and sawing the sharp air through his teeth; and as he enters the breakfast-room, sees his old companion glowing through the bars—the life of the apartment—and wanting only his friendly hand to be lightened a little, and enabled to shoot up into dancing brilliancy. (I find I am getting into a quantity of epithets here; and must rein in my enthusiasm.)—What need I say? The poker is applied, and would be so whether required or not, for it is impossible to resist the sudden ardour inspired by that sight:—the use of the poker, on first seeing one's fire, is as natural as shaking hands with a friend. At that movement, a hundred little sparkles fly up from the coaldust that falls within, while from the masses themselves a roaring flame mounts aloft with a deep and fitful sound as of a shaken carpet:—epithets again—I must recur to poetry at once:—

Then shine the bars, the cakes in smoke aspire,
A sudden glory bursts from all the fire.
The conscious wight, rejoicing in the heat,
Rubs the blithe knees, and toasts th' alternate feet.*

The utility as well as beauty of the fire *during* breakfast need not be pointed out to the most unphlogistic observer. A person would rather be shivering at any time of the day than at that of his first rising:—the transition would be too unnatural:—he is not prepared for it—as Barnardine says, when he objects to being hung. If you eat plain bread and butter with your tea, it is fit that your moderation should be rewarded with a good blaze; and if you indulge in hot rolls or toast, you will hardly keep them to their warmth without it, particularly if you read; and then—if you take in a newspaper—what a delightful change from the wet, raw, dabbling fold of paper, when you first touch it, to the dry, crackling, crisp superficies which, with a skilful spat of the finger-nails at its

* Parody upon part of the well-known description of night with which Pope has swelled out the passage in Homer, and the faults of which have long been appreciated by general readers.

upper end, stands at once in your hand, and looks as if it said "Come read me." Nor is it the look of the newspaper only which the fire must render complete:—it is the interest of the ladies who may happen to form part of your family—of your wife in particular, if you have one—to avoid the niggling and pinching aspect of cold; it takes away the harmony of her features and the graces of her behaviour; while on the other hand, there is scarcely a more interesting sight in the world than that of a neat, delicate, goodhumoured female, presiding at your breakfast-table, with hands tapering out of her long sleeves, eyes with a touch of Sir Peter Lely in them, and a face set in a little oval frame of muslin tied under the chin, and retaining a certain tinge of the pillow without its cloudiness. This is indeed the finishing grace of a fireside, though it is impossible to have it at all times, and perhaps not always politic, especially for the studious.

From breakfast to dinner, the quantity and quality of enjoyment depend very much on the nature of one's concerns; and occupation of any kind, if we pursue it properly, will hinder us from paying a critical attention to the fireside. It is sufficient, if our employments do not take us away from it, or at least from the genial warmth of a room which it adorns;—unless, indeed, we are enabled to have recourse to exercise; and in that case, I am not so unjust as to deny that walking or riding has its merits, and that the general glow they diffuse throughout the frame has something in it extremely pleasurable and encouraging;—nay, I must not scruple to confess, that without some preparation of this kind, the enjoyment of the fireside, humanly speaking, is not absolutely perfect; as I have latterly been convinced by a variety of incontestible arguments in the shape of headaches, rheumatisms, mote-haunted eyes, and other logical appeals to one's feelings which are in great use with physicians.—Supposing, therefore, the morning to be passed, and the due portion of exercise to have been taken, the firesider fixes rather an early hour for dinner, particularly in the winter-time; for he has not only been early at breakfast, but there are two luxurious intervals to enjoy between dinner and the time of candles—one that supposes a party round the fire with their wine and fruit—the other, the hour of twilight, of which it has been reasonably doubted whether it is not the most luxurious point of time which a fireside can present:—but opinions will naturally be divided on this as on all other subjects, and every degree of pleasure depends upon so many contingencies, and upon such a variety of associations induced by habit and opinion, that I should be as unwilling as I am unable to decide on the matter. This, however, is certain, that no true firesider can dislike an hour so composing to his thoughts and so cherishing to his whole faculties: and it is equally certain, that

he will be little inclined to protract the dinner beyond what he can help, for if ever a fireside becomes unpleasant, it is during that gross and pernicious prolongation of eating and drinking, to which this latter age has given itself up, and which threatens to make the rising generation regard a meal of repletion as the ultimatum of enjoyment. The inconvenience to which I allude is owing to the way in which we sit at dinner, for the persons who have their backs to the fire are liable to be scorched, while at the same time they render the persons opposite them liable to be frozen; so that the fire becomes uncomfortable to the former and tantalizing to the latter; and thus three evils are produced, of a most absurd and scandalous nature;—in the first place, the fireside loses a degree of its character, and awakens feelings the very reverse of what it should; secondly, the position of the back towards it is a neglect and affront, which it becomes it to resent: and finally, its beauties, its proffered kindness, and its sprightly, social effect, are at once cut off from the company by the interposition of those invidious and idle surfaces called screens. This abuse is the more ridiculous, inasmuch as the remedy is so easy; for we have nothing to do but to use semicircular dining-tables, with the base unoccupied towards the fireplace, and the whole annoyance vanishes at once; the master or mistress might preside in the middle, as was the custom with the Romans, and thus propriety would be observed, while every body had the sight and benefit of the fire;—not to mention, that by this fashion, the table might be brought nearer to it—that the servants would have better access to the dishes—and that screens, if at all necessary, might be turned to better purpose as a general enclosure instead of a separation.—But I hasten from dinner, according to notice; and cannot but observe, that if you have a small set of visitors who enter into your feelings on this head, there is no movement so pleasant as a general one from the table to the fireside, each person taking his glass with him, and a small, slim-legged table being introduced into the circle for the purpose of holding the wine, and perhaps a poet or two, a glee-book, or a lute. If this practice should become general among those who know how to enjoy luxuries in such temperance as not to destroy conversation, it would soon gain for us another social advantage by putting an end to the barbarous custom of sending away the ladies after dinner—a gross violation of those chivalrous graces of life, for which modern times are so highly indebted to the persons whom they are pleased to term Gothic. And here I might digress, with no great impropriety, to show the *snug* notions that were entertained by the knights and damsels of old in all particulars relating to domestic enjoyment, especially in the article of mixed company; but I must not quit the fireside, and will only

observe, that as the ladies formed its chief ornament, so they constituted its most familiar delight.

The minstralcie, the service at the feste,
 The grete yettes to the most and leste,
 The riche array of 'Theseus' paleis,
 Ne who sate first, ne last upon the deis,
 What ladies fairest ben, or best dancing,
 Or which of hem can carole best or sing;
 Ne who most feligly speketh of love;
 What hawkis sitten on the perch above,
 What houndis liggon on the flour a-loun—
 Of all this now make I no mencion.

CHAUCER.

The word *snug*, however, reminds me, that amidst all the languages, ancient and modern, it belongs exclusively to our own; and that nothing but a want of ideas suggested by that soul-wrapping epithet, could have induced certain frigid connoisseurs to tax our climate with want of genius—supposing, forsooth, that because we have not the sunshine of the southern countries, we have no other warmth for our veins, and that because our skies are not hot enough to keep us in doors, we have no excursiveness of wit and range of imagination. It seems to me that a great deal of good argument in refutation of these calumnies has been wasted upon Monsieur du Bos and the Herrn Winckellmann—the one a narrow-minded, pedantic Frenchman, to whom the freedom of our genius was incomprehensible—the other an Italianized German, who being suddenly transported into the sunshine, began frisking about with unwieldy vivacity, and concluded that nobody could be great or bewitching out of the pale of his advantages. Milton, it is true, in his *Paradise Lost*, expresses an injudicious apprehension lest

An age too late, or cold
 Climate, or years, damp his intended wing;

but the very complaint which foreign critics bring against him as well as Shakspeare, is, that his wing was not damped enough—that it was too daring and unsubdued; and he not only avenges himself nobly of his fears by a flight beyond all Italian poetry, but shows like the rest of his countrymen that he could turn the coldness of his climate into a new species of inspiration, as I shall presently make manifest. Not to mention, however, that the Greeks and Romans, Homer in particular, saw a great deal worse weather than these critics would have us imagine, the question is, would the poets themselves have thought as they did? Would

Tyrtæus, the singer of patriotism, have complained of being an Englishman? Would Virgil, who delighted in husbandry, and whose first wish was to be a philosopher, have complained of living in our pastures, and being the countryman of Newton? Would Homer, the observer of character, the panegyrist of freedom, the painter of storms, of landscapes, and of domestic tenderness—aye, and the lover of snug houserom and a good dinner—would he have complained of our humours, of our liberty, of our shifting skies, of our ever-green fields, our conjugal happiness, our firesides, and our hospitality? I only wish the reader and I had him at this party of our's after dinner, with a lyre on his knee, and a goblet, as he says, to drink as he pleased—

———Πειν, ἡοτὲ θυμὸς ἀνόγοι.

Odyss. lib. viii. v. 70.

I am much mistaken if our blazing fire and our freedom of speech would not give him a warmer inspiration than ever he felt in the person of Demodocus, even though placed on a lofty seat, and regaled with slices of brawn from a prince's table. The ancients, in fact, were by no means deficient in enthusiasm at sight of a good fire; and it is to be presumed, that if they had enjoyed such firesides as ours, they would have acknowledged the advantages which our genius presents in winter, and almost been ready to conclude with old Cleveland that the sun himself was nothing but

Heaven's coalery;—

A coal-pit rampant, or a mine on flame.

The ancient hearth was generally in the middle of the room, the ceiling of which let out the smoke; it was supplied with charcoal or faggots; and consisted, sometimes of a brazier or chafing dish, (the focus of the Romans,) sometimes of a mere elevation or altar (the *εστια* or *εσχατια* of the Greeks.) We may easily imagine the smoke and annoyance which this custom must have occasioned—not to mention the bad complexions which are caught by hanging over a fuming pan, as the faces of the Spanish ladies bear melancholy witness. The stoves, however, in use with the country men of Mons. du Bos and Winckellmann are, if possible, still worse, having a dull, suffocating effect, with nothing to recompense the eye. The abhorrence of them which Ariosto expresses in one of his satires, when justifying his refusal to accompany Cardinal d'Este into Germany, he reckons up the miseries of its winter time, may have led M. Winckellmann to conclude that all the northern resources against cold were equally intolerable to an Italian genius; but Count Alfieri, a poet at least as warmly inclin-

ed as Ariosto, delighted in England; and the great Romancer himself, in another of his satires, makes a commodious fireplace the climax of his wishes with regard to lodging. In short, what did Horace say, or rather, what did he not say, of the raptures of in-door sociality—Horace, who knew how to enjoy sunshine in all its luxury, and who, nevertheless, appears to have snatched a finer inspiration from absolute frost and snow? I need not quote all those beautiful little invitations he sent to his acquaintances, telling one of them that a neat room and sparkling fire were waiting for him, describing to another the smoke springing out of the roof in curling volumes, and even congratulating his friends in general on the opportunity of enjoyment afforded them by a stormy day; but to take leave at once of these frigid connoisseurs, hear with what rapture he describes one of those friendly parties, in which he passed his winter evenings, and which only wanted the finish of our better morality and our patent fireplaces, to resemble the one I am now fancying:

Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte; nec jam systineant onus
Silvæ laborantes; geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto?

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens; atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,
O Thaliarche, merum diotâ.

Permitte Divis cætera. . . .
Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa, nunc et campus, et aræ,
Lensque sub noctem susurri
Compositâ repetantur horâ :

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
Pignusque deceptum lacerto
Aut digito male pertinaci.

Lib. I. Od. 9.

Behold yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the lab'ring woods below,
And streams with icy fetters bound
Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
 And feed the genial hearth with fires,
 Produce the wine that makes us bold,
 And sprightly wit and mirth inspires.
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 Jove, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

'Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
 The pleasing whisper in the dark,
 The half unwilling, willing kiss,
 The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
 When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
 And hides but to be found again,
 These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

DRYDEN.

The Roman poet, however, though he occasionally boasts of his temperance, is too apt to lose sight of the intellectual part of his entertainment, or, at least, to make the sensual part predominate over the intellectual. Now, I reckon the nicety of social enjoyment to consist in the reverse; and after partaking with Homer of his plentiful boiled and roast, and with Horace of his flower-crowned wine parties, the poetical reader must come at last to us barbarians of the north for the perfection of fireside festivity—that is to say, for the union of practical philosophy with absolute merriment—for light meals and unintoxicating glasses—for refection that administers to enjoyment, instead of repletions that at once constitute and contradict it. I am speaking, of course, not of our commonplace eaters and drinkers, but of our classical arbiters of pleasure, as contrasted with those of other countries; these, it is observable, have all delighted in Horace, and copied him as far as their tastes were congenial; but without relaxing a jot of their real comfort, how pleasingly does their native philosophy temper and adorn the freedom of their conviviality—feeding the fire, as it were, with an equable fuel that hinders it alike from scorching and from going out, and instead of the artificial enthusiasm of a heated body, enabling them to enjoy the healthful and unclouded predominance of a sparkling intelligence! It is curious, indeed, to see how distinct from all excess are their freest and heartiest notions of relaxation. Thus our old poet, Drayton, reminding his favourite companion of a fireside meeting, expressly unites freedom with moderation:

My dearly loved friend, how oft have we
 In winter evenings, meaning to be free,
 To some well-chosen place us'd to retire,
 And there with moderate meat, and wine, and fire,

Have pass'd the hours contentedly in chat,
 Now talk'd of this, and then discours'd of that—
 Spoke our own verses 'twixt ourselves—if not
 Other men's lines, which we by chance had got.

Epistle to Henry Reynolds, Esq. Of Poets and Poesy.

And Milton, in his Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner, one of the turns of which is plainly imitated from Horace, particularly qualifies a strong invitation to merriment by anticipating what Horace would always drive from your reflections—the feelings of the day after :

Cyriack, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
*To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that, after, no repenting draws.*
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Tow'rd solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

But the execution of this sonnet is not to be compared in gracefulness and a finished sociality with the one addressed to his friend Lawrence, which, as it presents us with the acme of elegant repast, may conclude the hour which I have just been describing, and conduct us complacently to our twilight. I cannot help observing, however, by the way, that ordinary readers, who know Milton only through the medium of his principal poem, and of Johnson's biography, are apt to entertain the most erroneous ideas of his habits and private feeling, which, by an artifice that wants no epithet, in withholding passages like the present, and studiously keeping back indeed all the amiable and cordial features of his mind, the Doctor has contrived to represent as altogether severe and unyielding ; whereas the truth is, that no poet abounds in passages that evince a finer sensibility to domestic enjoyment, from its tenderest grace to its heartiest familiarity. It might be supposed of Johnson, with much less malice or injustice, that the very taste thus exhibited by Milton for graces which he did not possess, and delights which he could not enjoy, rendered him doubly bitter against the great republican ; for not to repeat all the other proofs that have convicted him on this

head—what but sheer malice, or sheer insensibility, or a mixture of both, could have induced him, when he was giving a specimen of the English sonnet in his Dictionary, to pass over the following delicious lines, and present us with the very sonnet which he thought the worst, and which he had pronounced to be “contemptible?”—Yet what value indeed could have been placed on such lines by a critic, who was impatient of music—by a philosopher, who almost got into his dish when he was eating—and by a politician, who thought no man could be amiable that contradicted his opinions?

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dark, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sultry day—what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well-touch'd, and artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of these delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft is not unwise.

But twilight comes; and the lover of the fireside, for the perfection of the moment, is now alone. He was reading a minute or two ago, and for some time was unconscious of the increasing dusk, till on looking up, he perceived the objects out of doors deepening into massy outline, while the sides of his fireplace began to reflect the light of the flames, and the shadow of himself and his chair fidgeted with huge obscurity on the wall. Still wishing to read, he pushed himself nearer and nearer to the window, and continued fixed on his book, till he happened to take another glance out of doors, and on returning to it, could make out nothing. He therefore lays it aside, and restoring his chair to the fireplace, seats himself right before it in a reclining posture, his feet apart upon the fender, his eyes bent down towards the grate, his arms on the chair's elbows, one hand hanging down, and the palm of the other turned up and presented to the fire—not to keep it from him, for there is no glare or scorch about it—but to intercept and have a more kindly feel of its genial warmth. It is thus that the greatest and wisest of mankind have sat and meditated; a homely truism perhaps, but such a one as

we are apt enough to forget. We talk of going to Athens or Rome to see the precise objects which the Greeks and Romans beheld, and forget that the Moon, which may be looking upon us at the moment, is the same identical planet that enchanted Homer and Virgil, and that has been contemplated and admired by all the great men and geniuses that have existed : by Socrates and Plato in Athens, by the Antonines in Rome, by the Alfreds, the Hospitals, the Miltons, Newtons, and Shakspeares. In like manner, we are anxious to discover how these great men and poets appeared in common, what habits they loved, in what way they talked and meditated, nay, in what postures they delighted to sit, and whether they indulged in the same tricks and little comforts that we do. Look at Nature and their works, and we shall see that they did, and that when we act naturally and think earnestly, we are reflecting their commonest habits to the life. Thus we have seen Horace talking of his blazing hearth and song accommodations like the jolliest of our acquaintances ; and thus we may safely imagine, that Milton was in some such attitude as I have described, when he sketched that enchanting little picture, which beats all the cabinet portraits that have been produced ;—

Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

—But to attend to our fireside. The evening is beginning to gather in. The window, which presents a large face of watery gray intersected by strong lines, is imperceptibly becoming darker, and as that becomes darker, the fire assumes a more glowing presence. The contemplatist keeps his easy posture, absorbed in his fancies ; and every thing around him is still and serene. The stillness would even ferment in his ear, and whisper, as it were, of what the air contained ; but a minute coil, just sufficient to hinder that busier silence, clicks in the baking coal, while every now and then the light ashes shed themselves below, or a stronger but still a gentle flame flutters up with a gleam over the chimney. At length, the darker objects in the room become mingled ; the gleam of the fire streaks with a restless light the edges of the furniture, and reflects itself in the blackening window ; while his feet take a gentle move on the fender, and then settle again, and his face comes out of the general darkness, earnest even in

indolence, and pale in the very ruddiness of what it looks upon.—This is the only time perhaps at which sheer idleness is salutary and refreshing. How observed with the smallest effort is every trick and aspect of the fire! A coal falling in—a fluttering fume—a miniature mockery of a flash of lightning—nothing escapes the eye and the imagination. Sometimes a little flame appears at the corner of the grate like a quivering spangle; sometimes it swells out at top into a restless and brief lambency; anon it is seen only by a light beneath the grate, or it curls around one of the bars like a tongue, or darts out with a spiral thinness and a sulphureous and continued puffing as from a reed. The glowing coals, meantime, exhibit the shifting forms of hills, and vales, and gulfs, of fiery Alps, whose heat is uninhabitable even by spirit, or of black precipices, from which swart fairies seem about to spring away on sable wings;—then heat and fire are forgotten, and walled towns appear, and figures of unknown animals, and far distant countries scarcely to be reached by human journey;—then coaches, and camels, and barking dogs as large as either, and forms that combine every shape and suggest every fancy;—till at last, the ragged coals tumbling together, reduce the vision to chaos, and the huge profile of a gaunt and grinning face seems to make a jest of all that has passed.—During these creations of the eye, the thought roves about into a hundred abstractions, some of them suggested by the fire—some of them suggested by that suggestion—some of them arising from the general sensation of comfort and composure, contrasted with whatever the world affords of evil, or dignified by high-wrought meditation on whatsoever gives hope to benevolence and inspiration to wisdom. The philosopher at such moments plans his Utopian schemes, and dreams of happy certainties which he cannot prove;—the lover, happier and more certain, fancies his mistress with him, unobserved and confiding, his arm round her waist, her head upon his shoulder, and earth and heaven contained in that sweet possession:—the poet, thoughtful as the one, and ardent as the other, springs off at once above the world, treads every turn of the harmonious spheres, darts up with gleaming wings through the sunshine of a thousand systems, and stops not till he has found a perfect Paradise, whose fields are of young roses, and whose air is music—whose waters are the liquid diamond—whose light is as radiance through crystal—whose dwellings are laurel bowers—whose language is poetry—whose inhabitants are congenial souls—and to enter the very verge of whose atmosphere strikes beauty on the face and felicity on the heart.—Alas, that flights so lofty should ever be connected with earth by threads as slender as they are long, and that the least

twitch of the most common-place hand should be able to snatch down the viewless wanderer to existing comforts!—The entrance of a single candle dissipates at once the twilight and the sunshine; and the ambitious dreamer is summoned to his tea!

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Never was snug hour more feelingly commenced!—Cowper was not a *great* poet: his range was neither wide nor lofty; but such as it was, he had it completely to himself; he is the poet of quiet life and familiar observation.—The fire, we see, is now stirred, and becomes very different from the one we have just left: it puts on its liveliest aspect in order to welcome those to whom the tea-table is a point of meeting, and it is the business of the firesider to cherish this aspect for the remainder of the evening. How light and easy the coals look! How ardent is the roominess within the bars! How airily do the volumes of smoke course each other up the chimney, like so many fantastic and indefinite spirits, while the eye in vain endeavours to accompany any one of them! The flames are not so fierce as in the morning, but still they are active and powerful; and if they do not roar up the chimney, they make a constant and playful noise, that is extremely to the purpose. Here they come out at top with a leafy swirl; there they dart up spirally and at once—there they form a lambent assemblage, that shifts about on its own ground, and is continually losing and regaining its vanishing members. I confess I take particular delight in seeing a good blaze at top; and my impatience to produce it will sometimes lead me into great rashness in the article of poking—that is to say, I use the poker at the top instead of the middle of the fire, and go probing it about in search of a flame. A lady of my acquaintance—“near and dear,” as they say in parliament—will tell me of this fault twenty times in a day, and every time so good-humouredly, that it is mere want of generosity in me not to amend it; but somehow or other I do not. The consequence is, that after a momentary ebullition of blaze, the fire becomes dark and sleepy, and is in danger of going out. It is like a boy at school in the hands of a bad master, who thinking him dull, and being impatient to render him brilliant, beats him about the head and ears, till he produces the very evil he would prevent. But on the present occasion I forbear to use the poker:—there is no need of it:—every thing is

comfortable; every thing snug and sufficient. How equable is the warmth around us! How cherishing this rug to one's feet! How complacent the cup at one's lip! What a fine broad light is diffused from the fire over the circle, gleaming in the urn and the polished mahogany, bringing out the white garments of the ladies, and giving a poetic warmth to their face and hair! I need not mention all the good things that are said at tea—still less the gallant. Good-humour never has an audience more disposed to think it wit, nor gallantry an hour of service more blameless and elegant. Ever since tea has been known, its clear and gentle powers of inspiration have been acknowledged, from Waller paying his court at the circle of Catharine of Braganza, to Dr. Johnson receiving homage at the parties of Mrs. Thrale. The former, in his lines upon hearing it “commended by her majesty,” ranks it at once above myrtle and laurel, and her majesty of course agreed with him:—

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
The *best of queens*, and best of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation, which the way did show
To the fair region, where the son does rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit, on her birth-day, to salute the queen.

The eulogies pronounced on his favourite beverage by Dr. Johnson, are too well known to be repeated here; and the commendatory inscription of the Emperor of Kien Long—to a European taste at least—is somewhat too dull, unless his Majesty's tea-pot has been shamefully translated. For my own part, though I have the highest respect, as I have already shown, for this genial drink, which is warm to the cold, and cooling to the warm, I confess, as Montaigne would have said, that I prefer coffee—particularly in my political capacity:

Coffee, that makes the Politician wise
To see through all things with his half-shut eyes.

There is something in it, I think, more lively and at the same time more substantial. Besides, I never see it but it reminds me of the Turks and their Arabian tales—an association infinitely preferable to any Chinese ideas; and like the king who put his head into the tub, I am transported into distant lands the moment

I dip into the coffee cup—at one minute ranging the valleys with Sindbad, at another encountering the fairies on the wing by moon-light, at a third exploring the haunts of the cursed Maugraby, or rapt into the silence of that delicious solitude from which Prince Agib was carried by the fatal horse. Then if I wish to poeticise upon it at home, there is Belinda with her sylphs, drinking it in such a state as nothing but poetry can supply—

For lo! the board with cups and spoons are crown'd.
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round!
 On shining altars of japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
 From silver spouts the shining liquors glide,
 And China's Earth receives the smoking tide!
 At once they gratify the scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd the fuming liquor, fann'd:
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the general association of ideas is at present in favour of tea, which on that account has the advantage of suggesting no confinement to particular ranks or modes of life. Let there be but a fireside, and any body, of any denomination, may be fancied enjoying the luxury of a cup of tea, from the duchess in the evening drawing room, who makes it the instrument of displaying her white hand, to the washer-woman at her early tub, who having had nothing to signify since five, sits down to it with her shining arms and corrugated fingers at six. If there is any one station of life in which it is enjoyed to most advantage, it is that of mediocrity—that in which all comfort is reckoned to be best appreciated, because, while there is taste to enjoy, there is necessity to earn the enjoyment; and I cannot conclude the hour before us with a better climax of snugness than is presented in the following pleasing little verses. The author, I believe, is unknown, and may not have been much of a poet in matters of fiction; but who will deny his taste for matters of reality, or say that he has not handled his subject to perfection?

The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,
 The kettle on for tea,
 Palemon in his elbow-chair,
 As blest as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
 And was his new-made bride,
 With head reclin'd upon his breast
 Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
 A fav'rite dog was laid,
 By whom a little sportive cat
 In wanton humour play'd.

Clarinda's hand he gently press'd;
 She stole an amorous kiss,
 And blushing modestly, confess'd
 The fulness of her bliss.

Palemon, with a heart elate,
 Pray'd to Almighty Jove,
 That it might ever be his fate
 Just so to live and love.

Be this eternity, he cried,
 And let no more be given;
 Continue thus my lov'd fireside,
 I ask no other heaven.

The Happy Fireside.—Elegant Extracts.

There are so many modes of spending the remainder of the evening between tea-time and bed-time, (for I protest against all suppers that are not light enough to be taken on the knee,) that a general description would avail me nothing, and I cannot be expected to enter into such a variety of particulars. Suffice it to say, that where the fire is duly appreciated, and the circle good humoured, none of them can be unpleasant, whether the party be large or small, young or old, talkative or contemplative. If there is music, a good fire will be particularly grateful to the performers, who are often seated at the farther end of the room; for it is really shameful that a lady who is charming us all with her voice, or firing us at the harp or piano, with the lightning of her fingers, should at the very moment be trembling with cold. As to cards, which were invented for the solace of a mad prince, and which are only tolerable, in my opinion, when we can be as mad as he was, that is to say, at a round game—I cannot by any means patronize them, as a conscientious firesider: for not to mention all the other objections, the card table is as awkward, in a fireside point of view, as the dinner-table, and is not to be compared with it in sociality. If it be necessary to pay so ill a

compliment to the company as to have recourse to some amusement of the kind, there is chess or draughts, which may be played upon a tablet by the fire ; but nothing is like discourse, freely uttering the fancy as it comes, and varied, perhaps, with a little music, or with the perusal of some favourite passages, which excite the comments of the circle. It is then, if tastes happen to be accordant, and the social voice is frank as well as refined, that the "sweet music of speech" is heard in its best harmony, differing only for apter sweetness, and mingling but for happier participation, while the mutual sense smilingly bends in with every rising measure,

And female stop smoothen the charm o'er all.

This is the finished evening ; this the quickener at once and the calmer of tired thought ; this the spot where our better spirits await to exalt and enliven us, when the daily and vulgar ones have discharged their duty !

Questo è il paradiso,
Più dolce, che fra l' acque, e fra l' arene
In ciel son le Sirene.

TASSO, *Rime Amorese*.

Here, here is found
A sweeter paradise of sound,
Than where the sirens take their summer stands
Among the breathing waters and glib sands.

Bright fires and joyous faces—and it is no easy thing for philosophy to say good night. But health must be enjoyed, or nothing will be enjoyed ; and the charm should be broken at a reasonable hour. Far be it, however, from a rational firesider not to make exceptions to the rule, when friends have been long asunder, or when some domestic celebration has called them together, or even when hours peculiarly congenial render it difficult to part. At all events, the departure must be a voluntary matter ; and here I cannot help exclaiming against the gross and villanous trick which some people have, when they wish to get rid of their company, of letting their fires go down, and the snuffs of their candles run to seed :—it is paltry and palpable, and argues bad policy as well as breeding, for such of their friends as have a different feeling of things may chance to be disgusted with them altogether, while the careless or unpolite may choose to revenge themselves on the appeal, and face it out gravely till the morning. If a common visiter be inconsiderate enough on an ordinary

occasion to sit beyond all reasonable hour, it must be reckoned as a fatality—as an ignorance of men and things, against which you cannot possibly provide—as a sort of visitation which must be borne with patience, and which is not likely to occur often, if you know whom you invite, and those who are invited know you.—But with an occasional excess of the fireside, what social virtue shall quarrel? A single friend perhaps loiters behind the rest:—you are alone in the house;—you have just got upon a subject delightful to you both; the fire is of a candent brightness; the wind howls out of doors; the rain beats; the cold is piercing! Sit down.—This is a time when the most melancholy temperament may defy the clouds and storms, and even extract from them a pleasure that will take no substance by daylight. The ghost of his happiness sits by him, and puts on the likeness of former hours;—and if such a man can be made comfortable by the moment, what enjoyment may it not furnish to an unclouded spirit? If the excess belong not to vice, temperance does not forbid it when it only grows out of occasion. The great poet whom I have quoted so often for the fireside, and who will enjoy it with us to the last, was like the rest of our great poets, an ardent recommender of temperance in all its branches; but though he practised what he preached, he could take his night out of the hands of sleep as well as the most entrenching of us. To pass over, as foreign to our subject in point of place, his noble wish that he might “*oft* outwatch the bear, with what a wrapped-up recollection of snugness, in the elegy on his friend Diodati, does he describe the fireside enjoyment of a winter’s night?

Pectora cui credam? Quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas? Quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus Auster
Miscet enata foris et desuper intonat ulmo?

In whom shall I confide? Whose counsel find
A balmy medicine for my troubled mind?
Or whose discourse, with innocent delight,
Shall fill me now, and cheat the wintry night,
When hisses on my hearth the pulpy pear,
And black’ning chestnuts start and crackle there,
While storms abroad the dreary meadows whelm,
And the wind thunders through the neighb’ring elm?

COWPER’S Translation.

Even when left alone, there is sometimes a charm in watching out the decaying fire—in getting closer and closer to it with

tilted chair and knees against the bars, and letting the whole multitude of fancies, that work in the night silence, come whispering about the yielding faculties. The world around is silent; and for a moment the very cares of day seem to have gone with it to sleep, leaving you to snatch a waking sense of disenthralment, and to commune with a thousand airy visitants that come to play with innocent thoughts. Then, for imagination's sake, not for superstition's, are recalled the stories of the Secret World and the midnight pranks of fairyism. The fancy roams out of doors after rustics led astray by the Jack-o-lantern, or minute laughings heard upon the wind, or the night-spirit on his horse that comes flouncing through the air on his way to a surfeited citizen, or the tiny morris-dance that springs up in the watery glimpses of the moon;—or keeping at home, it finds a spirit in every room peeping at it as it opens the door, while a cry is heard from up stairs announcing the azure marks inflicted by

The nips of fairies upon maids' white hips,

or hearing a snoring from below, it tiptoes down into the kitchen and beholds where

——Lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength.

Presently the whole band of fairies, ancient and modern—the dæmons, sylphs, gnomes, sprites, elves, peries, genii, and above all, the fairies of the fireside, the salamanders, lob-lye-by-the-fires, lars, lemures, and larvæ, come flitting between the fancy's eye and the dying coals, some with their weapons and lights, others with grave steadfastness on book or dish, others of the softer kind with their arch looks and their conscious pretence of attitude, while a minute music tinkles in the ear, and Oberon gives his gentle order:—

Through this house in glimmering light
By the dead and drowsy fire,
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from briar;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Anon, the whole is vanished, and the dreamer, turning his eye down aside, almost looks for a laughing sprite, gazing at him from a tiny chair, and mimicking his face and attitude.—Idle fan-

cies these, and incomprehensible to minds clogged with every-day earthliness—but not useless, either as an exercise of the invention, or even as adding consciousness to the range and destiny of the soul. They will occupy us too, and steal us away from ourselves, when other recollections fail us or grow painful—when friends are found selfish, or better friends can but commiserate, or when the world has nothing in it to compare with what we have missed out of it. They may even lead us to higher and more solemn meditation, till we work up our way beyond the clinging and heavy atmosphere of this earthly sojourn, and look abroad upon the light that knows neither blemish nor bound, while our ears are saluted at that egress by the harmony of the skies, and our eyes behold the lost and congenial spirits that we have loved, hastening to welcome us with their sparkling eyes and their curls that are ripe with sunshine.

But earth recalls us again;—the last flame is out;—the fading embers tinkle with a gaping dreariness; and the chill reminds us where we should be.—Another gaze on the hearth that has so cheered us, and the last, lingering action is to wind up the watch for the next day.—Upon how many anxieties shall the finger of that brief chronicler strike—and upon how many comforts too! —To-morrow our fire shall be trimmed anew; and so, gentle reader, good night:—may the weariness I have caused you make sleep the pleasanter!

Let no lamenting cries, nor dolefull tears,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt.
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights
Make sudden, sad affrights,
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not;
But let still silence true night-watches keep,
That sacred Peace may in assurance reigne,
And timely Sleep, since it is time to sleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plaine.

SPENCER'S *Epithalamion*.

MONKS OF LA TRAPPE IN ENGLAND.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

THE Monastery of La Trappe lies between Lulworth Castle and the sea-coast, but secured from storms, and sheltered on all sides; the building stands in a bottom; the scenery about it is enriched with plantations. Soon after the commencement of the French revolution, when the religious of all kinds were obliged to seek this country for protection, some monks of La Trappe found an asylum at Mr. Weld's; and, as they increased in number, he erected the present building (under the sanction of government) for their habitation, which may, with strict propriety, assume the name of a convent. This monastery is of a quadrangular shape, with a schilling in the inside, forming the cloisters, and the area a depository for the dead. We observed seven graves, to some of which were added a wooden cross, either at the head or feet: the living may be said to reside with the dead, and that they may be continually reminded of their mortal state, a grave is always left open for the reception of the next that dies. The cloisters are used for air and exercise in bad weather, having a large cistern at one end for the monks to wash. The entrance to the monastery is on the west side, near the Porter's Lodge, under a long narrow building, which serves for offices of the meaner kind. The porter who received us was dressed in the habit of a convent-brother, wearing a long brown robe of coarse cloth, and a cowl of the same colour over his head, a leathern girdle encircled his waist, from which suspended his keys; he spoke to us in a whisper, and desired us to be silent. As we passed through the first court, we fancied ourselves in former days, when the monastic orders flourished; and strange and unusual seemed the appearance of the monks, in the full habit of their order, gliding along, intent on meditation, or employed in manual labour, but not a word spoken. From the court we came to an entrance room, on the walls of which were seen figures of saints, a crucifix on a bleeding heart, and other objects of devotion; thence to the cloisters are several crucifixes on the walls, to excite adoration. We then entered the chapel, which is not splendid, nor highly decorated, but elegantly neat, the altar having a crucifix on its summit, with the paintings of the Virgin and Child, and of patron saints; on each side are stalls for the monks, with their names inscribed, and in each stall a large old missal on vellum, guarded at the corners and sides, and large clasps; a lamp burning perpetually

during the presence of the Eucharist; the roodloft contains the organ. Opposite to the chapel are private oratories, embellished, as usual, with paintings of a religious kind, crucifixes, the Virgin and Child, and a whole length of Armand Jean Bouthillier de Rancé, who was abbot and reformer of the order. From another part of the cloisters we entered the chapter-house, whither the monks retire after their meal is over, not to beguile away their time in trifling conversation, but in reading religious books, saying vespers and other evening prayers, and in public self-accusation; the walls of this room are covered with religious prints; and at the entrance hung up a board with pegs, on which were suspended bits of wood, inscribed with the names of all the monks that had been and are now in the convent, P. Dionysius, P. Hyacinthus, P. Julianus, P. Barnardus, P. Martins, P. Matthæus, P. Pius, and others, to the number of eighty-six: on another board was inscribed a list of the different offices of the church for the day, and the names of such of the fathers as officiated set opposite; below it an exhortation in Latin and French, pointing out the advantages of devotion, and the importance of self-denial. We were next shown the refectory, a very long room, containing a wooden bench, extending on each side; upon the tables were placed a wooden trencher, bowl, and spoon, with a napkin for each monk, and the name of each inscribed over his seat; at the upper end sat the prior, distinguished from the rest of the convent only by his pastoral staff; during the repast the lecturer delivers a discourse to the poor monks. The dormitory next attracted our notice, which extends the whole length of the building, and on each side are ranged the cells of the monks, in which they recline themselves, on wood, with one blanket and a coarse rug; a window at each end to ventilate and air the room, which is dark and gloomy; a clock is stationed at one end, near the entrance, to warn the monks of the hour of matins; and the cells ranged together on each side, like so many caves of death, must unavoidably inspire melancholy reflections. Below is the vestment-room, where the vestments of the choir-brothers are hung up, with the name of each inscribed. The domestic offices surround the monastery; and contiguous is the poultry-yard, cattle-range, and rick-yard. The ground attached to the monastery contains about one hundred acres, which is cultivated by the monks, with the assistance of a carter and his boy. The community rise at one o'clock in the morning, winter and summer: the choir brothers then begin their devotions, and continue in the chapel till nine o'clock, when each goes to some manual labour, in the garden, on the roads, or on the grounds, till eleven, when there is a short service, which lasts about half an hour, then to labour again, till half past one, when they return to prayers for half an hour, and are then summoned to their frugal

meal ; after this meal is over (the only one which they have during the four-and-twenty hours) they return thanks to God, and adjourn to the chapter-room, where they continue to read or meditate till their day is nearly over, when they once more to prayers, and retire to their dormitories about eight o'clock, having spent the whole day in abstinence, mortification, labour, silence, and prayer ; and every succeeding day, like the former, continually hastening them to the grave that is open. The severity of this rigid order requires no common devotees ; perpetual silence restrains them in the greatest enjoyment of life ; perpetual abstinence, mortification and penance, poverty and prayer, seem more than human nature is capable of undergoing ; and unless the minds of the religious were buoyed up by the fervour of their devotions, they could not keep themselves alive ; they abstain wholly from meat, fish, and fowl ; and, during Lent, from butter, milk, eggs, and cheese : but they seem perfectly content. The monks observe perpetual silence, scarcely even look at each other, and never speak but to their prior, and only on urgent occasions ; they never wander from their convent without permission of their superior, but go each morning cheerfully to such work as they are directed to perform. As we passed these poor, humble, unoffending monks at their work, they received us with courtesy and humility, but never spoke. The most perfect silence and tranquillity reigned throughout this little vale, with nothing to interrupt it but the convent bell, and the dashing of the waves on the shore : even the winds of heaven are restrained from visiting this place too roughly, for the Down protects it from their fury.

FATHER PAUL.

POETRY.

DEFENCE OF FORT M'HENRY.

[These lines have been already published in several of our newspapers; they may still, however, be new to many of our readers. Besides, we think that their merit entitles them to preservation in some more permanent form than the columns of a daily paper. The annexed song was composed under the following circumstances.—A gentleman had left Baltimore, in a flag of truce for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was, therefore, brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where the flag vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate, and he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, which the Admiral had boasted that he would carry in a few hours, and that the city must fall. He watched the flag at the fort through the whole day with an anxiety that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bombshells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the proudly-waving flag of his country.]

Tune—ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

O! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there--
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream—
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pollution

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

[*For the Analectic Magazine.*]

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FIREFLY.

Haste, thy flowery covert leave,
 Fairy sentinel of eve,
 Haste, and gem with sparklets bright
 The dark and shadowy robe of night;
 Hither wing thy airy way,
 That I may 'spy thy tiny ray,
 Its radiant light reflected view
 From ev'ry pendant drop of dew,
 And mark the lustre that it throws
 O'er the moist petals of the rose;
 Quickly come, ere Dian pale
 With silvery mantle decks the vale,
 And thy bright beam is lost, amid
 The splendours, now by darkness hid.

RUTH

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. Dr. Smith's Work on Psalmody. 12mo. New-York. pp. 297. This is a very curious and entertaining work. Its object is to vindicate the practice of chanting, and to assert its superiority over the ordinary isochronous metre psalmody. These positions the author defends with great zeal, warmth, and ability, and with no inconsiderable share of learning. His style is exceedingly florid and animated, and occasionally rises into the boldest apostrophes and personifications. Though we took up the book with some prejudices against his side of the question, we confess that our objections were fairly swept away by the torrent of learning, argument, and imagination, which the learned author pours forth most copiously, in favour of this primitive mode of devotion; and, excepting that he treats the venerable semi-ecclesiastical order of parish clerks with much less reverence than we have, from our childhood, been accustomed to entertain for them, we are willing to subscribe, *toto animo*, to all his doctrines.

In this cold-blooded age, it is so refreshing to meet with a writer who engages with his whole heart and soul in any cause whatever, that we feel no disposition to cavil at any of Dr. Smith's assertions; though the musical churchman may be a little staggered by his bold denunciation of voluntaries; and, on the other hand, our puritan brethren may, perhaps, be inclined to doubt whether it is so perfectly clear that the angels have no other employment than chanting prose psalms.

We were not a little amused by the wonderful variety of metaphor and illustration with which the learned doctor has contrived to decorate his favourite subject. We have no room for long extracts, but we cannot refrain from giving one short specimen, of which our readers must certainly allow the ingenuity, even should they be inclined to doubt the originality of this mode of argument. In comparing the mechanical and unisonous chime of rhyming metre with the unfettered melody of chanted prose, he observes, that "were a person on horseback to ride a day's journey uniformly in a walk, (in musical language in spondees,) or in a trot, (in proceleusmatics,) or in a canter, (in dactyls,) he would be more fatigued at night than if he had used all those movements occasionally diversified," &c. &c.

We hinted that we a little doubted the originality of this mode of illustration; for we are inclined to suspect that it is borrowed from the system of the ever-to-be-remembered Cornelius Scriblerus, who is said, in the education of his son, to have used marbles to teach him the laws of motion, nut-crackers, to explain the lever, whirligigs, the *axis in peritrochio*, tops, the centrifugal motion, and bobcherry to instruct him in the first principles of moral philosophy. But to conclude, we beg leave to recommend this publication to the musical, the literary, and the ecclesiastical world, as the work of an enthusiastic and scientific cultivator of church music, a scholar of extensive reading and curious research, a divine deeply skilled in all rubrical observances, and as orthodox in his opinions as he is in his taste.

Mr. Samuel Henry, of New-York, practitioner of medicine, has lately published, in one volume royal 8vo. "An American Family Medical Herbal." The author professes to give, in this work, the result of thirty years' experience in medical botany; and to detail the leading virtues of a

great variety of plants indigenous to the United States, many of which are altogether unknown to the pharmacopia of the regular physician. The author is evidently an unlettered man; the scientific names which he professes to give are often grossly misspelt, or erroneous, and it will be readily anticipated that many of his nostrums and specifics are at least of doubtful authority.

At the same time he appears well acquainted with most of our native herbs and their simpler applications in medicine, and though we would most certainly be cautious of recommending the book as a family herbal, yet we should think that, in the hands of a scientific botanist, or an enlightened practitioner, it might be of great use. There can be no doubt that the powers of the healing art may be vastly extended by a more intimate acquaintance with

"the power which lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;"

and it is the province of true philosophy to make the observations of the unlettered, as well as the researches of the scholar, alike tributary to the happiness and well-being of man.

Johnson and Warner, Philadelphia, have lately published "The American Artist's Manual, or Dictionary of Practical Knowledge," by James Cutbush, in two thick and closely-printed octavo volumes. This work is arranged alphabetically, on the plan of the Domestic Encyclopædia, and similar works, and consists of a copious and well-digested selection from various European scientific works, of such descriptions of chemical and mechanical processes, and other applications of philosophy, to the useful arts, as were thought adapted to the present state of the arts in this country. These are interspersed with several valuable original articles, chiefly relating to practical chemistry; and the whole is illustrated by appropriate engravings. The reader will readily perceive that this is not a work whose merits can be judged of by a hasty inspection. Its object is utility, and its value can only be tested by frequent reference and use. It appears, however, to us, extremely well calculated for its purpose. The author has throughout preferred practical utility to the parade of science. This is a disposition which we are always prepared to applaud. Science is most honourably, when she is most usefully, employed; and is equally in her own proper element when analyzing the diamond with Davy, and when descending, with humble industry, to the assistance of the manufacturer at his loom, or the dyer over his vat.

In turning over the volumes, we observed some unsatisfactory references, backward and forward, ending in nothing, as "*Brunswick-Green—see Colour-making.*" "*Colour-making—see Brunswick Green.*" This is the crying sin of all encyclopædias and scientific dictionaries, the very *opprobrium cyclopædiarum*, and we do not wonder that Dr. Cutbush has not wholly escaped it. We trust that a second edition will enable him to correct this and every other error.

H. C. Southwick, of Albany, has issued proposals for printing, by subscription, in one volume, 8vo. a translation of Machiavel's Art of War. M. Genet, in a recommendation of the work, accompanying the proposals, mentions the very curious fact, which, says he, I had from the lips of my late illustrious friend General Moreau, "that Bonaparte made this work his constant companion, and so important did he think it, that he actually had it by heart."

The Washington and Georgetown booksellers advertise a new pamphlet, under the title of "A Narrative of the Battle of Bladensburg," by an officer of General Smith's staff. This may be very interesting to those whose personal character is in any way implicated in the events of that action, but for ourselves we have no wish to inquire into the particulars of this unfortunate and disgraceful affair.

O, for one hour of Gaine's might,
Or well-skilled Scott, to rule the fight;
And cry, Our country and our right.
Another sight had seen that day,
That foul disgrace been far away,
And Bladensburg been Chippewa.*

There will shortly be published a work, entitled "*A Digest of the Law of Maritime Captures and Prizes*," by Henry Wheaton, counselor at law:

In the first chapter of this work will be considered, the mode of commencing war; and in whom vests the right to prizes made before the declaration of war, and by non-commissioned captors.

In the second chapter will be shown, who may make captures. The nature of letters of marque and reprisal will be explained; how obtained, and how forfeited. Under what circumstances captures are invalid, such as those made within a neutral jurisdiction, &c. What things are exempt from capture.

In the third chapter will be considered, enemy's property as a legal object of capture; 1. Enemy's vessels and the goods therein; 2. Enemy's goods in neutral vessels; and in what cases freight is payable to the neutral carrier; 3. Of the effect of liens claimed by neutrals, or the subjects of the belligerent state, upon enemy's property; 4. Of the effect of transfers of enemy's property *in transitu*; 5. Of spoliation of papers; 6. Of resistance to visitation and search.

In the fourth chapter will be considered, the property of persons resident, or having possessions, in the enemy's country, as a legal object of capture.

In the fifth chapter will be examined, the liability to capture of property sailing under the flag and pass or license of the enemy.

In the sixth chapter will be considered, neutral property as a legal object of capture; 1. As contraband of war; 2. For breach of blockade; 3. Carrying military persons or despatches in the service of the enemy.

In the seventh chapter will be considered, as legal objects of capture, 1. The property of the citizens or subjects of the belligerent state when engaged in commerce with the enemy; 2. In a commerce prohibited by the municipal law of the belligerent state; 3. The property of the subjects of an ally of the belligerent state, taken in a course of trade forbidden by the express or implied terms of the alliance.

The eighth chapter will be devoted to the consideration of the questions arising from ransoms, recaptures, and claims for salvage.

In the ninth chapter the nature of the jurisdiction of prize-courts will be examined, the legal effects of their judgments considered, and their process and practice explained.

In the tenth chapter will be considered the effect of a suspension of hostilities, and of the conclusion of peace, upon questions of prize.

A copious appendix will be added, containing the forms used in prize proceedings.

* See the battle of Floddenfield, in Marmion.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Seppins, of the Royal Society, has described his new system of ship-building. He observes that notwithstanding the rapid progress in all the arts and sciences, no improvement in naval architecture has taken place during many years. In order to make the simple but great improvement which he has introduced more intelligible, he begins by describing the old structure of ships, of their keel and ribs or timbers placed at right angles, and the bottom and decks composed of parallel planks. According to the new construction, on which three ships have already been built, and four more are building, the timbers are crossed with diagonal girders at angles of 45, so that the whole frame is rendered much stiffer or more inflexible, and all parts of the structure made to bear their due portion of the pressure at the same time. The first advantage of this plan is the prevention of what is called *hogging*, or having the centre to become convex on the upper, and concave on the lower side. Mr. Seppins fills up the space between the timbers with pieces of wood taken from old ships, made in the form of wedges, which are reversed, driven in tight, paid with tar, and made impervious to water, so that should an outer plank start, the vessel will be in no danger of sinking, as in the old system. This method not only adds greatly to the stiffness and strength of the vessel, but also prevents the timbers and flooring from becoming a prey to the rot, occasioned by moisture and stagnant air. Mr. S. exposes the notion of ships being elastic, and contends that they are stronger and better in proportion as they are non-elastic, and capable of resisting pressure in whatever direction it may be applied. Considerable advantage he also considers must attend his plan, from the superior stiffness and strength of the decks, composed of framework with diagonal binders, so that the deck, instead of being a series of parallel boards, having very little connexion with each other, and susceptible of being detached in any emergency, will present a continuous mass of timber, having its grain placed in all directions best adapted to make the greatest possible resistance to any external force. There are many other minor improvements in this new method, such as obviating the necessity of much iron work, so that no extra weight is occasioned by the filling up between the timbers; less ballast is required; much old ship timber can be used with advantage; and lastly, in the construction of a 71 gun ship, 178 trees, of 50 feet each, are saved.

Sir H. Davy having conjectured, in his third Bakerian Lecture, that the diamond owes its peculiar characters to a small portion of oxygen, has availed himself of an opportunity, while at Florence, to operate on this substance with a very powerful lens and the concentrated rays of the sun, instead of the Voltaic pile. He made a variety of experiments on the combustion of small diamonds laid in a platina cup and placed in a glass globe, through which the solar rays were made to pass and burn the diamonds; but in none of them was there any oxygen evolved: whence he was induced to abandon the idea of oxygen forming any part of the diamond. He next directed his attention to ascertain whether, according to the opinion of Guyton Morveau, hydrogen or water might not exist in diamond; but the result was similar, no trace of either appearing. Moisture, indeed, in his first experiments was discovered; but it was entirely owing to an imperfection in the apparatus, which was afterwards remedied. Charcoal was then submitted to similar experiments, and emitted some hydrogen.

Hence Sir H. concludes that diamond is perfectly pure carbon, and that its hardness and transparency are derived from its crystallization, and not from the admixture of any other elementary body.

Mr. Sotheby will soon publish a volume containing five tragedies, entitled, the Death of Darnley, Ivan, Zamorin and Zama, the Confession, and Orestes.

A very important work is in the press, and will be speedily published, from the pen of Mr. Colquhoun, on the population, wealth, power, and resources of the British Empire—in one volume 4to: a body of more valuable information and interesting facts than has, perhaps, ever been disclosed to the public in so short a compass, and in which will be found detailed the value of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of all the Colonies, Dependencies, and Settlements in Europe, America, Africa, and Asia, including the Territory under the management of the East-India Company. The whole illustrated by copious statistical tables, constructed on a new and comprehensive plan, so as to be intelligible to the meanest capacity.

Early in June was published an Introduction to the Study of Bibliography, to which is prefixed a Memoir on the public Libraries of the Ancients, by Mr. Thomas Hartwell Horne. This work embraces a general view of the different subjects connected with the Study of Bibliography, the materials used for books in different ages of the world, the origin and progress of writing and printing, the mechanism of the art; the knowledge of books, their relative values and scarcity, choice and classification of books for children, &c. &c., together with a copious notice of the principal Authors who have treated on Bibliography, and accounts of the chief modern public, and private Libraries.

M. Baptist Lendi, of St. Gall, has invented a new hygrometer, of which the following description is given—In a white flint bottle is suspended a piece of metal, about the size of a hazel nut, which not only looks extremely beautiful, and thus contributes to the ornament of a room, but likewise predicts every possible change of weather 12 or 14 hours before it occurs. As soon as the metal is suspended in the bottle with water, it begins to increase in bulk, and in 10 or 12 days forms an admirable pyramid, which resembles polished brass; and it undergoes several changes, till it has attained its full dimensions. In rainy weather this pyramid is constantly covered with pearly drops of water; in case of thunder or hail, it will change to the finest red, and throw out rays: in case of wind or fog, it will appear dull and spotted; and previously to snow it will look quite muddy. If placed in a moderate temperature, it will require no other trouble than to pour out a common tumbler full of water, and to put in the same quantity of fresh. For the first few days it must not be shaken.

At a late meeting of the Gloucester Severn Association, a gentleman exhibited the following statement of the benefits likely to accrue from the effectual preservation of the Salmon Fisheries in the Severn. He had carefully ascertained the number of eggs in the roe of a salmon, weight 7lb.; they amounted to 11,350; supposing each egg to yield a fish of one pound, the quantity of food thus produced would equal five tons; the same number at ten pounds would give fifty tons; and 100 spawners of the same weight would give no less than 5000 tons. A quantity of human food equal to the produce of 10,000 acres of wheat, at twenty bushels per acre, when converted into flour at the rate of 56lbs. per bushel.

OBITUARY.

DIED,

At Tokat, Persia, on his return to England, the Rev. Henry Martyn, D. B. fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. This distinguished scholar took his Bachelor's degree in 1801, then under the age of 20, and attained the high honour of Senior Wrangler. His classical, as well as mathematical attainments, were very considerable. But he also possessed still higher attainments—those of genuine piety and active benevolence. Under the influence of zeal for the best interests of mankind, he embarked for India as Chaplain to the Company, in the summer of 1805, and at the several stations assigned to him, devoted himself so diligently to some of the languages of the East, that he superintended translations of the New Testament into the Persian and Hindostanee languages: and, with the assistance of Sabat, a learned Arabian of rank, and a convert from Mahometanism, made considerable progress in an Arabic translation. With a view to render the Persian translation more perfect, he made an arduous journey to Shiraz, where he resided for some time. For a similar purpose he resolved to visit Bagdad; but being compelled to take a circuitous route by Tebriz, near the Caspian Sea, his health, which had long materially suffered, became at that place so impaired, that he resolved to return by Constantinople to his native country. On reaching Tokat, about 600 miles from Tebriz, and 250 from Constantinople, he found himself unable to proceed further; and, on the 16th of October last, it pleased an all-wise Providence to terminate his important labours. Thus, at the early age of 31, the Church of England has lost a distinguished ornament, and the British and Foreign Bible Society a most valuable associate.

At Paris, at a very advanced age, H. Larcher, the translator of Herodotus, and patriarch of French literature.

Mr. Wm. Browne, the celebrated traveller.—It is with the greatest concern that we have to announce to the public the death of this most enterprising traveller. The same thirst after knowledge which originally urged him to follow the Nile to its distant source, the same undaunted spirit which supported him during a long captivity in Darfour, lately prompted him to undertake a journey to the Caspian sea, whence it was his intention to have advanced to Samarcand and Bochara, and that tract of country which we are accustomed to call Tartary. He had proceeded as far as Tebriz, but the barbarous hand of assassins prevented the further execution of his project. Shortly after leaving that place, in July last, in company with two servants, he was attacked by a party of robbers, who allowed his attendants to escape, but as it was unfortunately known that Mr. Browne was in possession of some gold, he was secreted by these villains, and no news could afterwards be heard of him till some days had passed, when his body was found near the road, so shockingly mangled as to leave no doubt about the cause of his most untimely end. His particular friends must be too much grieved for the loss of such talents and such virtues as Mr. Browne most certainly possessed, to receive any consolation which we might be disposed to offer. The literary world will, however, derive some comparative satisfaction in knowing, that the valuable information he collected, during his travels in Anatolia and Persia, had, owing to the dangers which invariably attend all Europeans in those countries, been consigned from time to time into the hands of confidential persons.

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR DECEMBER, 1814.

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Musical Biography; or, Memoirs of the Lives and Writings of the most eminent Composers and Writers who have flourished in the different Countries of Europe during the three last Centuries. In two Volumes, octavo. pp. 300. London. 1813.

[From the British Review.]

THAT which is merely an amusement, if it occupies the attention of the greater part of the community, can never be unworthy of notice; and viewing it in this light only, we should consider music as a subject demanding our attention. But its pretensions are much higher; and when we reflect that from the earliest ages it has been cultivated by every nation with which we are acquainted; that it has almost always formed a part of religious worship and liberal education; and that its principles are more immediately derived from nature than those of any other science, (for whatever may be the refinement of music, it must derive its beauty from the fundamental principles of harmony, which we derive from simple vibration;) we are inclined to give it a place more respectable than that which a mere amusement can claim, and regard it as intrinsically worthy of our attention.

It is for this reason that we now introduce to our readers "Musical Biography;" not as a complete history of the science, for that it does not profess to be, but as presenting a compen-

dious view of the rise and progress of music. With respect to Dr. Burney's history, although we believe that no one who ever read it wished that it had been *less*, yet we fear that its magnitude has deterred many from its perusal. In fact, the history of a science so universally cultivated as music must necessarily be somewhat voluminous: unless it is minute and particular it is worth nothing, and tends to confusion rather than to information; and in the case of music particularly, is incapable of compression, because so many of the materials from which it must be compiled are not easily to be met with or understood, and for that reason a closer examination and more copious extracts and explanations must be given.

The work before us is, however, of no terrific magnitude, and contains, in short accounts of its professors, a chronological history of music from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the present time. These are arranged under the heads of their respective countries, and in general some account of their works is appended. It is impossible not to see how much the author is indebted to Dr. Burney; a debt, however, which he acknowledges, and with which, to a certain extent, (though not perhaps to that to which our author has carried it,) we should find no fault, because we can point out no better source of information. Of course, this remark can only apply to the period which preceded the publication of Dr. Burney's last volume. Since that time our author has not had so good a guide; and although we do not mean to blame him for not having done what he has not professed to do, yet we cannot help regretting the want of a general history of music from that time. A period of twenty-four years has now elapsed since the fourth volume of Dr. Burney's history was published, as eventful, perhaps, as any which has preceded it. To say nothing more, during that time Haydn, Mozart, Piccini, and Gretry, have closed their labours, and materials of every description are not wanting. We know not whether we may ever expect a fifth volume from the pen of Dr. Burney, nor to whom else we can look for a continuation of his work, which shall be worthy of what has been already published.

We are also particularly glad to introduce the work before us to our readers, because it is so seldom that we meet with publications on music which are likely to be generally interesting. Almost all the works on that subject, however acceptable or useful they may be to the student, have as few charms for the general reader, or even for most musical amateurs, as a German dictionary, or a table of logarithms. The truth is, that comparatively few of those who profess a love for music give themselves any trouble about the matter except as to the practice; and there are many who conceive that the pleasure which they derive from it would

be diminished by a knowledge of its principles, and who, congratulating themselves upon their possessing that mysterious faculty which is called having "an ear for music," look with indifference, if not with contempt, upon those means of acquiring knowledge which they deem it unnecessary to pursue. This phrase, which is so commonly used, and which is supposed to be very significant, appears to us to have little or no meaning. It is generally applied to those who are capable of distinguishing the intervals of melody and the consonances of harmony, in contradistinction to those whose organs are so defective that they cannot judge correctly of either. That such a distinction exists we do not dispute; but we are inclined to think, that what is termed a want of ear arises, in most cases, from a want of practice. That this correctness of ear does arise from practice and habit will appear if we consider how many persons, who, when they began could play out of tune without being at all conscious of it, have afterwards become sufficiently correct to join in a concert; and yet how different their accuracy is from that fastidiousness of ear which is agonized by the imperfection of an eschaton, and can only be acquired by long study of the scale; and we believe that half the amateur performers on the piano-forte in this country, who would feel much aggrieved if the accuracy of their ears were called in question, have no idea that their instrument is imperfect, or that there is such a word as temperament. All we mean by this is to reduce the mysterious faculty of intuitive musical enjoyment to its proper standard, and to place music in this respect on a footing with other sciences. It does not appear to us why it is more correct or rational to say, that an uninstructed person who derives satisfaction from hearing music has "an ear for music," than it would be to say, that the countryman who is amused by gazing at a sign-post has an eye for painting. He derives pleasure from the object which is presented to him; he is pleased with the colouring and imitation; he is in some degree qualified to judge of the execution; and his eye would be offended by any gross deviation from the rules of perspective or proportion. This will be generally allowed him; and we should be content if those who have an ear for music did not assume more than a proportionate degree of knowledge with respect to that science. But the misfortune is, that he who has "an ear for music" is supposed to have "a natural taste for music," and must support his pretensions by criticism; and cannot condescend to acquire the necessary qualifications for decision, because he conceives that nature has furnished him with a more infallible mode of judging. Thus his judgment is formed, not from any knowledge of the science, but by the union of common report with his own "natural taste." There are some composers whose works are stamped

with such universal approbation that he cannot refuse his applause ; while there are others whose compositions find their way to his heart at once ; and he sits down contentedly, and confidently believing that the Messiah and the Battle of Prague are the finest compositions in the world, and that Haydn and Braham are the greatest composers that ever lived.

To return, however, to the work before us. We shall extract, for the amusement of our readers, the account which is given of Mr. Thomas Mace. We have before observed that the author is under obligations to Dr. Burney, and the assistance which he has derived from his work is apparent in the following article ; but we extract the account which he has given, because it is more full than Dr. Burney's, and because the original work of Mr. Mace is now become scarce. He appears to have been a good-natured old enthusiast in music ; and of his eccentricity the extract from his work will enable our readers to judge, while it may, perhaps, have the further effect of reconciling them to the present state of parochial psalmody, by showing them what it was in his day. We must, however, caution them not to form too unfavourable an opinion of the perfection at which the art of playing on keyed instruments had arrived in his time, from the facility with which this old gentleman seemed to think that a parish might be made to "swarm or abound with organists." The instrumental compositions which remain of Dr. Bull (who died the same year that Mace was born) and his contemporaries prove, at least on the natural supposition that they were able to perform what they composed, that they were not deficient in hand, however they might want what some may think the more necessary qualifications of taste, elegance, and expression.

"Thomas Mace, one of the clerks of Trinity College, Cambridge, is distinguished among the writers on music by a work entitled, "Music's Monument, or a Remembrancer of the best practical Music, both Divine and Civil, that has ever been known to have been in the World;" published in folio, in 1676.

"He was born in the year 1613; but under whom he was educated, or by what means he became possessed of so much skill in the science of music as to be able to furnish matter for the above work, he has no where informed us. We may collect from it that he was enthusiastically fond of music, and of a devout and serious disposition, though cheerful and good-humoured even under the infirmities of age and the pressure of misfortunes. His knowledge of music seems to have been chiefly confined to the practice of the lute, (his favourite instrument,) and to so much of the principles of the science as enabled him to compose for it.

"As to the above book, a singular vein of dry humour runs through it, which is far from being disgusting, since it exhibits a lively portrait

of a good-natured old man. The four first chapters are a eulogium on psalmody and parochial music ; the fifth contains a recommendation of the organ for that purpose. The sixth chapter we shall transcribe as a specimen of the style and manner of the whole.

“ ‘ *How to procure an organist.*

“ ‘ The certain way I will propose shall be this ; namely, first, I will suppose you have a parish clark, and such an one as is able to set and lead a psalm, although it be never so indifferently.

“ ‘ Now this being granted, I may say that I will, or any musick master will, or many more inferiors, as virginal players, or many organ makers, or the like ; I say, any of those will teach such a parish clark how to pulse or strike most of our common psalm tunes, usually sung in our churches, for a trifle, viz. twenty, thirty, or forty shillings, and so well that he need never bestow more cost to perform that duty sufficiently during his life.

“ ‘ This I believe no judicious person in the art will doubt of. And then, when this clark is thus well accomplished, he will be so doated upon by all the pretty ingenious children and young men in the parish, that scarcely any of them but will be begging now and then a shilling or two of their parents to give the clark, that he may teach them to pulse a psalm tune ; the which any such child or youth will be able to do in a week or fortnight’s time very well.

“ ‘ And then, again, each youth will be as ambitious to pulse that psalm tune in publick to the congregation, and no doubt but shall do it sufficiently well.

“ ‘ And thus by little and little the parish, in a short time, will swarm or abound with organists, and sufficient enough for that service.

“ ‘ For you must know, and I entreat you to believe me, that seriously it is one of the most easy pieces of performances in all instrumental music to pulse one of our psalm tunes truly and well, after a very little showing upon the organ.

“ ‘ The clark likewise will quickly get in his money by this means.

“ ‘ And I suppose no parent will grudge it him, but rather rejoice in it.

“ ‘ Thus you may perceive how easily and certainly these two great difficulties may be overcome, and with nothing so much as a willing mind.

“ ‘ Therefore, be but willingly resolved, and the work will soon be done.

“ ‘ And now again methinks I see some of you tossing up your caps, and crying aloud, “ we will have an organ, and an organist too : for ’tis but laying out a little dirty money, and how can we lay it out better than in that service we offer up unto God ? And who should we better bestow it upon, if not upon him and his service ? ”

“ ‘ This is a very right and an absolute good resolve ; persist in it and you will do well, and doubtless find much content and satisfaction in your so doing.

“ ‘ For there lies linked to this an unknown and unapprehended great good benefit, which would redound certainly to all or most young children, who, by this means, would, in their minorities, be so sweetly

tinged or seasoned, as I may say, or brought into a kind of familiarity or acquaintance with the harmless innocent delights of such pure and undefilable practices, as that it would be a great means to win them to the love of virtue, and to disdain, contemn, and slight, those common, gross, ill practices, which most children are incident to fall into in their ordinary and accustomed pursuits.'

"But lest his arguments in favour of the general use of the organ should fail, the author, in the eighth chapter, shows how psalms may be performed in churches without that instrument. In the eleventh and twelfth chapters he treats of cathedral music, and laments seriously its decline in this kingdom.

"In parochial psalmody the author recommends what he calls *short-square-even, and uniform ayres*. and is bold to say, that many of our psalm tunes are so *excellently good*, that art cannot mend them or make them better.' In speaking of the difficulty of singing in tune, even with a good voice, he observes, that "with an *unskilful-inharmonious-coarse-grained-hoarse-voice*, it is impossible. 'Tis *sad* to hear what whining, tolling, yelling, or *screeking* there is in our *country congregations*, where, if there be no organ to compel them to harmonical unity, the people seem *affrighted*, or distracted." The liberal use of compounds by the ingenious Master Mace gives his language a very Grecian appearance.

"The second part of the work treats of the lute, and professes to lay open all the secrets relating to that instrument, which, till the author's time, had only been known to the masters of the science.

"The third part is on the viol and music in general; and in this he censures the abuse of music, in the disproportionate number of bass and treble instruments in the concerts of his time, in which he says it was not unusual to have but one small-weak-sounding bass-viol to two or three scolding violins, as he calls them.

"He gives directions for procuring and maintaining the best music imaginable, and exhibits, first, the plan of a music room contrived by himself for concerts, with galleries for auditors, capable of holding two hundred persons. The instruments are a table organ (an invention of his own) and a chest of viols, two violins, and basses of strength sufficient "that they may not out-cry the rest of the music." To these he adds two theorboes, three full sized lute-viols, lusty and smart speaking: because that in consort they often retort against the treble, imitating, and often standing instead of that part, a second treble. "And being thus stored, you have a ready entertainment for the greatest prince in the world."

"He afterwards gives directions for playing the viol, with a few lessons by way of example; and concludes with a chapter on music in general, which, however, contains nothing more than some reflections of the author on the mysteries of music, which, he says, have a tendency to strengthen faith, and are a security against the sin of atheism.

"Mace does not appear to have held any considerable rank among musicians, nor is he celebrated either as a composer for, or a performer on, the lute. His book, however, proves him to have been an excellent

judge of the instrument, and contains such a variety of directions as to render it a work of great utility. We find in it many curious observations on the choice of stringed instruments, the various kinds of wood of which they are made, the method of preserving them, and the mode of using strings." (Vol. I. p. 248.)

We shall now present our readers with another extract of rather a different nature, which seems to give a greater sanction to the stories which are related of the power of music than any other history which we have read. Besides, we think that those of our readers who are jealous of our national honour will read with additional interest the history of a composer whose works appear to have been the study, and to have formed the style, of our countryman Henry Purcell.

"Alessandro Stradella flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a fine singer and an excellent performer on the harp, an instrument in which he took much delight. For some years he held the situation of composer to the Opera at Venice, under an appointment from the magistrates of that republic.

"He was likewise a teacher of music there; and, amongst others of whose instruction he had the superintendence, there was a young lady of rank, named Hortensia, who lived in a criminal intercourse with a Venetian nobleman. His frequent access to this lady produced a mutual affection, and they agreed to elope together. They embarked for Rome in a fine night, and, aided by a favourable wind, effected their escape.

"On discovering the lady's flight, the Venetian had recourse to the usual methods of the country in obtaining satisfaction for real or supposed injuries. He dispatched two assassins, with instructions to murder both Stradella and the lady wherever they should be found, giving them a sum of money in hand, and making them the promise of a larger sum if they succeeded in the attempt. Being arrived at Naples, they were informed that those of whom they were in pursuit were at Rome, where the lady passed as Stradella's wife: on this intelligence they wrote to their employer, requesting letters of recommendation to the Venetian ambassador at Rome, in order to secure an asylum to which they could fly as soon as the deed was perpetrated.

"Having received these letters, they made the best of their way to Rome. At their arrival they were informed, that on the evening of the succeeding day Stradella was to give an oratorio in the church of San Giovanni Laterano. They attended the performance, determining to follow the composer and his mistress out of the church, and, seizing a convenient opportunity, to make the fatal blow. The music soon afterwards commenced; but so exquisitely pathetic was it in some parts, that, long before it was concluded, the suggestions of humanity had begun to operate upon them. They were seized with remorse, and reflected with horror on the thought of depriving a man of life who could give to his auditors so much delight as they had felt. In short, they entirely desisted from their purpose, and determined, instead of

taking away his life, to exert all their efforts to preserve it. They awaited his coming out of the church; and, after first thanking him for the pleasure they had received in hearing his music, informed him of the bloody errand on which they had been sent: expatiating on the irresistible charms which, of savages, had made them men, and had rendered it impossible for them to effect their bloody purpose. They concluded by earnestly advising that he and the lady should depart immediately from Rome, promising that they would forego the remainder of the reward, and would deceive their employer, by making him believe they had quitted that city on the morning of their arrival."

We shall make no further extracts, because we think that we have already quoted enough from the work to show our readers that they may expect some amusement from its perusal; and we purposely avoid extracting the accounts of those composers whose works are more generally known, because we wish to refer our readers to the work itself for their histories.

We must not, however, so far forget ourselves as to part with an author without finding some fault with his work; and as we cannot convict him of many positive failings, we must be content to notice his omissions. We do not mean to enter into an estimate of the talents and performances of the various composers whose memoirs are contained in the work before us; but while names which it would be invidious to mention are recorded, we cannot help being surprised at the omission of those of Lampugnani, Pleyel, Richter, Hoffmeister, D'Alembert, Roussier, our own countrymen Callcott, Horsley, Clarke, King, and many others. We mention these names because they are the first which occur to us, without meaning to class them together, or to give any opinion on their respective merits; but surely their claim to notice is superior to that of some whose memoirs our author has taken the trouble to publish. We mention this the rather because he appears to contemplate a supplement, and even if their *lives* should furnish little that would be interesting, yet some account of their works would not be unacceptable.

In looking through the work before us we have been struck with one circumstance, which, we believe, has not been generally attended to. Music has been frequently compared with poetry and painting, but those who have made the comparison do not appear to have paid sufficient attention to the different periods of time which they have respectively required to bring them to their present state of perfection. What was music in the days of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Ariosto? what was it in England when Milton wrote and Lely painted? Excepting occasionally in the music of the church, and in madrigals formed on the same model, we shall find little but a display of offensive pedantry, and

an ostentation of difficulty and puerile contrivance. "*Ces sont des notes et rien que des notes*; there is nothing in them which excites rapture. They may be heard by a lover of music with as little emotion as the clapper of a mill, or the rumbling of a post-chaise." We are aware that the period of which we have spoken has been mentioned as the time when music was at its highest perfection.—"Now I am upon this subject," says Sir John Hawkins,* "I will tell the reader a secret, which is, that music was in its greatest perfection from about the middle of the sixteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century; when, with a variety of treble instruments, a vitious taste was introduced, and vocal harmony received its mortal wound. In this period flourished Luca Marenzio, Monteverde, Horatio Vecchi, Cifra, and the Prince of Venosa; and, to the honour of this nation, our own Tallis and Bird; and some years after, in the more elegant kinds of composition, such as madrigals, canzonets, &c., Wilbye, Weelkes, Bennet, Morley, Bateson, and others, whose works show deep skill and fine invention."

We have a great respect for the composers above named, and judging of them from such of their works as have reached us, we are not inclined to dispute their title to some portion of admiration. But when the worthy knight represents music as being at its highest perfection during their time, we can by no means agree with him. We may admire their science, and the ingenious contrivances of their compositions, but we will venture to say that the works of Handel alone contain, united with an equal degree of science, more melody, feeling, and expression, and infinitely more of every thing that is lovely and impassioned in music, than is to be found in all their works. It is, however, unnecessary to contest this point, at least while we are speaking of the rapid progress of music, because if, in truth, it did arrive at its greatest perfection at the period to which Sir John Hawkins alludes, the space of time which it required to bring it to maturity was less than we imagine, and its progress more remarkable. At all events, we believe there are few, except those who "love for antiquity's sake," who can admire any except the choral compositions of those days. The contemporary works of the poet and the painter still challenge our admiration; but who would care to hear performed "a fantasy for viols, or a monotonous ayre with a tablature for the lute?" Who would prefer "choice ayres to synge to the theorbo" to the melodies of Handel or Pergolesi? In short, if we compare the progress of music during the three last centuries with that of other arts and sciences, we cannot but ob-

* Notes on Walton's Angler, p. 287.

serve how much more rapidly it has proceeded, and it may not be wholly uninteresting to inquire into the reasons of its sudden advance.

During the infancy of music, those who cultivated it laboured under a disadvantage which was not felt by the professors of other sciences. They were forming, and not reviving, a science; and while the poet could take as his pattern productions on the verge of perfection, and the painter found among the relics of antiquity specimens, if not directly of his own art, yet of the sister art of sculpture, which are still considered as models of consummate excellence, the musician had no guide, and however music might have flourished in Greece and Rome, it was to him as if it had never existed. In fact, it seems as if something had been saved from the wreck of taste and science for every one but himself. Fragments of poetry, philosophy, oratory, metaphysics, medicine, and of most arts and sciences, were collected and preserved; and when their reëdification was begun, materials were not wanting for their foundations; but music was irrecoverably lost. It was even worse than lost; for although nothing was saved which could be of practical use, yet the hallucinations of speculative musicians remained, and were eagerly embraced by those to whom learning was dear in proportion to the obscurity in which it was involved.

The information which has reached us respecting the music of the ancients is, in fact, so scanty, that we know not whether they had any idea of harmony; and although the better opinion seems to be that they had not, yet the question can never be decided. The works of antiquity on this subject which have come down to us are all theoretical, and if they do not fascinate in the present day, had such charms for our monkish ancestors that they obtained for music a place in the circle of sciences. This, however, assisted its progress but little. It could not, indeed, be otherwise while the theory existed independently of the practice, and there was no art to which the science could be applied.—The science which they studied instructed them how to divide the scale with mathematical accuracy; to discourse with a profusion of learned obscurity on the modes and tetrachords of the ancients, and the ratios of every interval, from the diapason to the comma; but it did not advance them one step in harmony, melody, or modulation. There was, as we have said, no practice to which the theory could be applied; and this is strictly true if we except the monotonous descant used in the church service. It was impossible to form any connexion between the rules of Ptolemy and Boëthius, or the ecclesiastical modes and the *modo lascivo* of national music; and thus the science and practice of

music were at an immeasurable distance from each other. The theorist looked with contempt on the minstrel, and the minstrel knew not that the theorist existed. While the cloistered pedant was splitting the scale, and chastising his ear to the unnatural harmonies of the ancients, the vagrant minstrel was making his art subservient to his necessities, and gladly exchanging his music for sustenance. Under such circumstances a science could improve but slowly. No coalition could be expected between parties so opposite, and none ever was formed. At length the licentious vagrancy of practical musicians was checked by legal restraint, and practical music sunk lower than ever. Still, however, the theorist went on slowly, disporting himself with *canto fermo*, and occasionally relaxing into plain descant; but harmony long struggled to get free from the restraints of arithmetic and the ecclesiastical modes.

It is, in fact, to the church that we must look for the first dawn of music in this country; but even there, before the sixteenth century, we look in vain for any thing which would now be tolerated. And here we cannot help seeing the injury which music sustained from being made a mathematical science before it had become a practical art. The painter expects to be tried by the eye, and conceives of no higher appeal. It is in vain that his picture is strictly within the rules of perspective and proportion, if the eye is displeased; and when that is satisfied, the deviations from rules are admired rather than blamed, and considered less as the evidences of ignorance than as the characteristic eccentricities of genius. But with music, during its infancy, the case was different. Its professor, before he had become acquainted with the nature of practical music, (for, indeed, there was scarcely any with which to be acquainted,) had learned the divisions of the scale, and knew what he was to consider as harmony. It is true that his ear might sometimes suggest a doubt; but it was soon removed by his monochord, and geometry and arithmetic demonstrated that comparative dissonance was perfect harmony. For this reason, while a succession of naked fourths was common and approved descant, the major third was almost entirely rejected, or only used as a license. Under this disadvantage did music labour. Born in fetters, and nursed in thralldom, it is not surprising that its infancy was long and weak, and that when at length it acquired some degree of liberty by the introduction of *canto figurato* and fugue, it should still have retained some of the infirmities of childhood. This, however, did not take place until about the beginning of the sixteenth century.

But what contributed infinitely more to set music free was the institution of the opera, about a century afterwards. The composer, instead of being able to cover his want of melody by crowded

harmony and contrivance, was, by being obliged to write for a single voice and a character in action, compelled to attempt something like expression. He was, in a great measure, denied his old luxuries of fugue and canon, and obliged to turn his attention to the refinement of melody and modulation. He had, moreover, two parties to satisfy; the learned, who required science; and the rest of the audience, who looked for character and expression. This amusement becoming popular, composers multiplied, and emulation was excited. Novelty was exacted; and although this was doubtless productive of much bad music, yet new effects were attempted, and the resources of composition were laid open; new successions and combinations were hazarded, condemned by those who afterwards adopted them, and at length universally received.



The Letters of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton; with a Supplement of Interesting Letters, by distinguished Personages.
2 vols. 8vo. London. 1814.

[From the Quarterly Review.]

It is with great regret that we undertake to give our readers some account of these volumes.

The only cloud which has obscured the bright fame of the immortal Nelson was generated in the fatal atmosphere of Naples.—His public honour and his private faith have been sullied by, to say no worse of it, a foible, of which these volumes are a fresh, and, we must add, a shameless record.

In what we have to say, we shall not follow the example which we reprobate, nor contribute to spread the poison which, with a double malignancy, invades the reputation of the dead, and the tranquillity of the living. We should, indeed, not have noticed this publication at all, but that public justice, and the peace and well being of society, require that we should visit such an attempt with the severest punishment that our literary authority can pronounce; and we feel ourselves the more obliged to this just severity, from observing in the preface a pledge that more matter of the same kind is in the same hands, and about to be employed in the same indiscreet and profligate manner.

The fame of Lord Nelson is, as his life and services were, public property; and we absolutely deny the right to which any unworthy possessor of a few of his private notes may pretend, to invade, (by the publication of what never was intended to pass the

eye and ear of the most intimate and confidential friendship,) to invade, we say, that public property, and lower the reputation of the hero and his country.

Lord Nelson's private letters to Lady Hamilton contain absolutely nothing to justify their publication. Of his public transactions, or of his private sentiments of public affairs, they furnish no memorial;—they are the mere records of the transient clouds of his temper, of the passing feelings of his heart, of the peevishness which an anxious spirit and a sickly frame produced: and if we are obliged, in truth and candour, though most reluctantly, to say that they are coarse, shallow, and fulsome, miserably deficient in taste, ease, or amiability, let us not be accused of endeavouring, by this fair speaking of the truth, to degrade a name which we love almost to idolatry: our real motives are a true anxiety for his fame, and a desire to extinguish at once these base attempts at *turning a penny* by the prostitution of so noble a name, and the betraying of so high a confidence.

We knew Lord Nelson, and we saw in him abundant reason to excuse, almost to forget, these little imperfections of his noble nature—but even those who knew him not, or, we should rather say, even those who only know him by his great achievements and generous spirit, will be prepared, from their own knowledge of human nature, to expect that so much zeal, such an ardent enthusiasm, such a self-devouring anxiety, as prompted him in his career of glory, would not have been unaccompanied by a certain impatience of feeling, and a certain freedom of expression, which were naturally pardonable, indeed almost admirable, in the man himself, but which it is grievous to every honest heart, and injurious to the human character, to have recorded, chronicled, and exposed.

In the pangs of disappointed hope, in the pain of illness, in the hurry and agitation of great zeal and conscious supremacy of talent, is it very surprising that even the best, and dearest, and earliest friends of Nelson should, when they happened to cross the favourite path of his mind, to interrupt his glorious day dreams, or, in their love and prudence, to think for him who never thought for himself; is it, we say, surprising, that they should be sometimes lightly treated in his hasty notes to a woman whom, unfortunately, he adored rather than loved, and who has, by this publication, which appears to have been made, if not by her, at least with her sanction, proved herself but little worthy the confidence of such a man?

It may, perhaps, gratify the personal vanity of Lady Hamilton to publish to the world how Lord Nelson, and Lord Bristol, and twenty others, called her "*their own dear, dearest, best beloved, and all accomplished, incomparable Emma*:" but really this per-

sonal gratification is obtained at a price at which we did not think that the vainest and the most indelicate of her sex could have condescended to buy it. What will our readers think when we tell them, that in these letters, so complimentary to the *elegant* and *delicate* Emma, other females of the highest rank and the purest characters in society are designated by appellations so vulgar, so gross, so indecent, that we cannot stain our paper with them, and can only describe them as belonging to the dialect of the most depraved profligates of both sexes; and these horrible passages neither honour of the dead, nor tenderness for the living, nor respect for public decorum, has induced the editor (who, however, can obliterate on occasion) to expunge!

Beside Lord Nelson's letters, there are also published, under pretence of being "elucidatory of his lordship's letters to Lady Hamilton," a number of letters to and from other persons—Lord Bristol, Mr. Alexander Davison, Sir William Hamilton, Lord St. Vincent, &c. &c. But these various letters are any thing but elucidatory of his lordship's—they afford nothing like elucidation; they are the mere sweepings of the closet, the refuse of her bureau, which Lady Hamilton had huddled together, to swell out into two volumes a publication which never should have been made at all; and this is done in the most obvious and undisguised spirit of bookmaking—for, the name of Nelson being the great bait of the trap, his lordship's letters are placed not consecutively, in which case they would have occupied about the first volume, but they are divided, and placed at the beginning of each volume, while the latter part of both is given up to the supplementary matter—this editorial art will be set in its fairest light by stating, that the first volume contains 273 pages, of which only 168 are his lordship's letters, and the rest is supplement; and of the 264 pages of the second volume 102 are Lord Nelson's, and 162 supplement.

After what we have said it will not be expected that we should make many extracts; but a few that we trust will be found innocent of immorality, or ill manners, we shall give.

There are one or two specimens in these letters of that extraordinary and magnanimous self-confidence which distinguished Lord Nelson.

"The St. George will stamp an additional ray of glory to England's fame if Nelson survives; and that Almighty Providence, who has hitherto protected me in all dangers, and covered my head in the day of battle, will still, if it be his pleasure, support and assist me."—pp. 32, 33.

"You ask me, my dear friend, if I am going on more expeditions?"

And, even if I was to forfeit your friendship, which is dearer to me than all the world, I can tell you nothing.

“For, I go out—[if] I see the enemy, and can get at them, it is my duty : and you would naturally hate me if I kept back one moment.

“I long to pay them, for their tricks t’other day, the debt of a drubbing, which, *surely*, I’ll pay : but *when, where, or how*, it is impossible, your own good sense must tell you, for me or mortal man to say.”—pp. 51, 52.

Our readers will perhaps be surprised to find Lord Nelson a poet : the following verses are curious, as being *his* ; but they are at once irregular and tame, except the third stanza, which possesses something of strength and character.

“I send you a few lines, wrote in the late gale ; which, I think, you will not disapprove.

“Though ———’s polish’d verse superior shine,
Though sensibility grace every line ;
Though her soft muse be far above all praise,
And female tenderness inspire her lays :

Deign to receive, though unadorn’d
By the poetic art,
The rude expressions which bespeak
A sailor’s untaught heart !

A heart *susceptible*, sincere, and true ;
A heart by fate and nature torn in two :
One half to duty and his country due ;
The other, *better half*, to love and you !

Sooner shall Britain’s sons resign
The empire of the sea,
Than Henry shall renounce his faith
AND FLIGHTED VOWS TO THEE !

And waves on waves shall cease to roll,
And tides forget to flow,
Ere thy true Henry’s constant love,
Or ebb, or change, shall know.”—pp. 29, 30.

In one or two passages there is something of more ease and pleasantry than his style usually affords.

“To tell you how dreary and uncomfortable the Vanguard appears, is only telling you what it is to go from the pleasantest society to a solitary cell ; or from the dearest friends to no friends. I am now per-

fectly the *great man*—not a creature near me. From my heart I wish myself the little man again!"—pp. 9, 10.

"The Countess Montmorris, lady this, that, and t'other, came along side, a Mr. Lubbock with them—to desire they might come in. I sent word, I was so busy that no persons could be admitted, as my time was employed in the king's service. Then they sent their names, which I cared not for: and sent Captain Gore to say it was impossible; and that if they wanted to see a ship they had better go to the Overysse (a sixty-four in the Downs.) They said no; they wanted to see me. However, I was stout, and will not be shown about like a *beast*! and away they went."—pp. 55, 56.

"Pray, as you are going to buy a ticket for the Pigot diamond, buy the right number, or it will be money thrown away."—p. 38.

In a letter begun the 18th of October, 1803, and ended on the 22d, is the following passage:

"I shall endeavour to do what is right in every situation; and some ball may soon close all my accounts with this world of care and vexation!"—p. 164.

This sentence may have been written on the 21st of October, 1803, on board the *Victory*; and on board the *Victory*, on the 21st of October, 1805, a ball terminated the life of this great and, (but for one frailty which the present book endeavours to keep alive beyond the grave,) we should add, good man.

Of the letters written by other persons we have not much to say; they are all better than Lord Nelson's; they have not, even when addressed to Lady Hamilton by her husband or her other admirers, any of that mawkish, morbid, love sickness, with which her ladyship seems to glory in having inspired Lord Nelson.

Two letters from his lordship's father to Lady Hamilton are published, we suppose, to prove that the Rev. Mr. Nelson corresponded with her ladyship: but the early date of these two letters, August, 1801, and January, 1802, and the tone of distant respect and dignified piety which they possess, prove that the good man had no suspicion of the equivocal relation which the person he was addressing might bear to his son. Indeed, it appears that his son feared to communicate to him the circumstances of his rupture with Lady Nelson; and the attention of Mr. Nelson to this injured lady is mentioned in this correspondence with a kind of dissatisfaction and blame that does *his* memory, at least, infinite honour.

Some letters of Lord St. Vincent and Sir Alexander Ball contain a few fine compliments to Lady Hamilton, and are, for this reason, and to swell the book, inserted;—at least we can see no other motive for their appearing.

But much the most respectable, or, to speak more truly, the only tolerable part of the publication, are some letters from Sir William Hamilton to his then young wife, in 1792, during a shooting excursion which he made with the king, while his lady remained at Naples. They are written in a style vastly superior to all the others, (except a few trifling notes of Lord Bristol's;) with the most perfect admiration for her beauty and talents, they mingle a gentle and polite tone of husbandly advice; and though the facts relate only to the shooting of wild boars and stags, they are related with that gentlemanly ease, and those good manners, which make even such trifles amusing. They throw, indeed, into a lamentable shade all that precedes them, and leave us to regret either that Sir William did not continue his kind-hearted and prudent suggestions to his lady, or that they have produced so little fruit that she should be guilty of such monstrous want of taste and delicacy as to have permitted, if she has not conducted, this unhappy publication.

The work is preceded by an advertisement, which talks of more than one *editor*, and seems meant as a kind of apology for not dedicating this trash to the people of England. Whoever the editors are, we can assure them that the people of England will excuse them for not dedicating, till they shall have learned a better style of expression and reasoning than their advertisement exhibits. It is neither grammar nor sense; its meaning is as obscure as its construction is barbarous. Would that we could persuade ourselves—would that the public would consent to believe—that the greater part of the letters attributed to Lord Nelson are forgeries, and really written by the profound authors of the advertisement!

*Sermons, by the late Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan, Dean of Killala.
With a Sketch of his Life.* 8vo. Dublin and London. 1814.

[From the Quarterly Review.]

PROFUSE admiration can hardly be allowed as a criterion of the real merits of popular preaching. An energetic manner, and an eloquent expression, on subjects of prevailing interest, while they seldom fail to captivate the imagination, too easily elude the scrutiny of severer judgment. In the irritation which disputed opinions necessarily create, the mind, biassed by passion, is less equal to the exercise of discretion; a favourite doctrine is of itself a sufficient title to our regard, and positive defects are countenanced by congenial feelings. But independent of this illusion, even in common topics that pass without controversy, we cannot always

decide with accuracy ; the flowing phrase and the balanced period assail the judgment through the ear, and it is only in the perusal that we can divest ourselves of partiality, and that taste and sober reason become the final arbiters.

That this liability to imposition should be wrought upon in the common concerns of life, and that we should be deceived into opinions prejudicial to our temporary welfare, is, doubtless, a consequence of our infirmity ; it is an attempt, however, unworthy of a Christian minister ; in the cause of truth artifice is unnecessary, and when applied to the diffusion of heretical opinions, it is no light offence. But, supposing the pulpit to be confined to its proper uses—the interests of religion—we must still object to the modern qualifications of popular preaching. If faith should be the growth of our unprejudiced judgment, if religious practice should originate from the knowledge of our duty, from a conviction of its necessity to our happiness, there is no farther requisite than a close adherence to the gospel. Let the truth be soberly demonstrated, let the obligation of scripture morality be simply expounded, and while the preacher instructs with earnestness, let him temper his zeal with humility, and every effect will follow which should form the object of sermons. It is true that this path conducts not to that admiration which the candidate for popular favour proposes to himself. If his voice is mellifluous to the ear, if his gesture is graceful to the eye; if, in short, he can attract to himself the idolatry of his audience, his purpose is accomplished ; his morality, recommended by pomp of language, and aspiring to the flights of fancy, scarcely wishes to reform the mind ; it surprises, it delights, it rivets the attention, not to the lesson it inculcates, but to its adventitious attractions, and it is remembered, not to strengthen virtue in its retirement, but to charm in the display of conversation. It is fortunate for the thinking part of the world that this admiration does not always correspond with the cravings of its votary, and that present praise ministers to the ambition of posthumous celebrity : the press dissolves the spell, and the senses are left to the operation of natural agency. The imposing confidence that supplies the deficiency of knowledge, the graceful utterance that imparts to languor the air of beauty, and, above all, the reputation of a name, which, to the generality, is the criterion of every excellence, cease to influence beyond the title-page ; the public grows ashamed of a partiality which it cannot justify, and the author returns to that obscurity which is the ultimate destiny of all empiricism.

Amidst this censure, however, it is far from our wish to see theology stripped of its ornaments, or morality without the allurements of studied composition. We well know that the close reasoning of Hooker comes recommended by the chastised richness

of his language, and we acknowledge in Sherlock and Atterbury the highest powers of the mind, and the most unaffected eloquence: from the study of such models in our own time we have borne testimony to the success of Horsley; and some are still living of whom we may boast as the followers of such masters. If we have been led into these remarks by the volume before us, it is because we are of opinion that it is composed in a vitiated style, with attractions to seduce, and with inducements from extraordinary success to recommend the same path of perishable renown; we are farther apprehensive of the same captivating eloquence with other views and on other subjects, when Christian benevolence may be the least distinguished of an author's principles, and the passions of a generous people be inflamed to enthusiasm with a far different purpose than the establishment of a national charity.

From the memoir which is prefixed to this volume, and which is as scanty in matter as overloaded in expression, we learn that the late Dean Kirwan was born in 1754, became a convert from the Roman Catholic to the Established Church in 1787, and was successively preferred by the Archbishop of Dublin to the prebend of Howth in 1788, and to the parish of St. Nicholas Without in 1789, of which the joint income amounted to 400*l.* a year, and, lastly, by Lord Cornwallis, in 1800, to the Deanery of Killala, worth about the same sum; at which time he resigned the prebend of Howth. He was married in 1798, and died in 1805, leaving (beside sons) a widow and two daughters without any adequate maintenance. A pension of 300*l.* a year was granted to the mother, with a reversion to the daughters; but for the sons no provision has been made beyond the profits of the present volume.

Such a conversion from a faith so bigoted to its tenets, and at an age when the mind is in full possession of its faculties, necessarily forces itself on our attention. To rise superior to those prejudices which have been engrafted on our infancy, and nurtured by subsequent education, discovers a most dispassionate exercise of reason; but to break from the grasp of a superstition of which the reverential observance has been associated with our eternal salvation, must belong to the intrepidity of truth; farther, to renounce a profession, and, as a consequence, to estrange from us the endearments of relative affection, is a sacrifice which nature can make only to principle. This important determination, after two years of deliberation, was publicly announced in 1787. But although the conversion of such a proselyte might naturally be accounted amongst the triumphs of the Established Church, it was unattended with any irritated feelings against the communion which he had relinquished. No exposition of abjured errors, no indecent controversy, interrupted the true humility of a Christian convert. He acted, it was evident, from the conviction of conscience, and he

was strengthened in his purpose by the prospect of more extensive opportunities to benefit his fellow creatures. His first sermon, as a protestant minister, naturally attracted an overflowing congregation; and if among them there were evil spirits who hoped for the growth of irreligion from the discords of the Christian community, they were disappointed in the selection of a subject entirely unconnected with controversy; nor was this forbearance the effect of only an occasional liberality; it regulated the intercourse of his private life, and contributed to the unoffending boldness of his public exertions. The powerful effect of these exertions is thus described:—

“For some time after his conformity he preached every Sunday in St. Peter’s Church, and the collections for the poor on every occasion rose four or five-fold above their usual amount. Before the expiration of his first year, he was wholly reserved for the distinguished and difficult task of preaching charity sermons; and on the 5th of November, 1788, the governors of the general daily schools of several parishes entered into a resolution—“That from the effects which the discourses of the Rev. Walter Blake Kirwan from the pulpit have had, his officiating in the metropolis was considered a peculiar national advantage, and that vestries should be called to consider the most effectual method to secure to the city an instrument, under Providence, of so much public benefit.”—p. 3.

“His ardour was not abated by promotion, nor his meekness corrupted by admiration; though whenever he preached, such multitudes assembled that it was necessary to defend the entrance of the church by guards and palisadoes. He was presented with addresses and pieces of plate from every parish, and the freedom of various corporations; his portrait was painted and engraved by the most eminent artists; and (what was infinitely more grateful to his feelings) the collections at his sermons far exceeded any that ever were known in a country distinguished for unmeasured benevolence. Even in times of public calamity and distress, his irresistible powers of persuasion repeatedly produced contributions exceeding a thousand or twelve hundred pounds at a sermon; and his hearers, not content with emptying their purses into the plate, sometimes threw in jewels or watches, as earnest of further benefactions.”—p. 9.

To this testimony we may add the panegyric of Mr. Grattan in the Irish parliament, on the 19th of June, 1792.

“And what has the church to expect? What is the case of Dr. Kirwan? This man preferred our country and our religion, and brought to both genius superior to what he found in either. He called forth the latent virtues of the human heart, and taught men to discover in themselves a mine of charity, of which the proprietors had been unconscious. In feeding the lamp of charity, he has almost exhausted the lamp of life. He came to interrupt the repose of the pulpit, and

shakes one world with the thunder of the other. The preacher's desk becomes the throne of light. Round him a train, not such as crouch and swagger at the levee of princes; not such as attend the procession of the viceroy, horse, foot, and dragoons; but that wherewith a great genius peoples his own state—charity in ecstasy, and vice in humiliation; vanity, arrogance, and saucy, empty pride, appalled by the rebuke of the preacher, and cheated for a moment of their native improbity and insolence. What reward? St. Nicholas Within, or St. Nicholas Without! The curse of Swift is upon him: to have been born an Irishman and a man of genius, and to have used it for the good of his country.”—p. 13.

To the countrymen of Dr. Kirwan, who are in the habit of adopting, as their own, opinions which circulate under the sanction of their great authorities, and more particularly to those who have formed a part of his audience, we are apprehensive that we shall offer no very acceptable criticism. For the man, for his enlarged liberality of mind, for his zealous and unwearied benevolence, we join in the general admiration, and acknowledge his superior claim to the gratitude of his country: but these predilections it is our present duty to dismiss, and, considering him as an author, to examine how far he is fairly to be recommended to imitation.

The volume consists of thirteen discourses, all on charitable subjects, and the greater number on the same occasion; they do not at all constitute a series, but are the effusions of the moment, desultory, and to appearance unpremeditated, although, in parts, discovering traces of laboured composition—the language strong, but unpolished, is made up of words that present images to the eye, rather than ideas to the mind, and adapted more to affect than to inform: the sentiments, of high and exalted morality, are drest in figurative allusions, sometimes beautiful and appropriate, but too frequently carried beyond the limits of grace and elegance. Altogether they are compositions which present a blaze of brilliant but ill-assorted colouring, with no regard to the disposition of light and shade, no attention to the inferior niceties of art, which are as indispensable as genius. In justification of these remarks, we will present to our readers a slight outline of the first sermon.—“Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth.” 1 Cor. x. 24. The principle of happiness is supposed to be the motive of all our actions; and after a laboured display of its universal influence, it settles into this conclusion—“In a word, from the people that inhabit the most civilized cities to the savage that prowls in the bosom of the wilderness; from the throne of the monarch to the hut of the most abject peasant, the world is in labour to bring forth true peace and tranquillity of soul.” p. 1. We then pass on rather abruptly to the wisdom of the Gospel, which is illustrated by the character of a true Christian, whose conduct is regulated by his views of eternity.

"No interest can possess or transport his heart, but those to which he is invited from above. No, not a desire in his breast, not a movement in his life; no evil in his apprehension, or happiness in his conception, that refers not to eternity; he is all immensity of views and projects: and hence that true nobility of spirit, that calm, majestic indifference, which looks down on the visionary enterprises of man, sees them, unstable and fleeting as the waves of a torrent, pressed and precipitated by those that pursue, and scarce tell you where they are, when you behold them no more: hence likewise that equality of soul, which is troubled at no reverse or vicissitude of life, which knows not those tormenting successions, those rapid alternations of pleasure and pain, so frequent in the breast of worldlings: to be elevated by the slightest success, depressed by the slightest reverse, intoxicated at a puff of praise, inconsolable at the least appearance of contempt, reanimated at a gleam of respect, tortured by an air of coldness and indifference."—p. 4.

From thence we are conducted by an observation, "that self-love is the most active principle of the human soul, and that neither reason nor religion discourage a reasonable attention to our temporal interests," to the consideration of self-love degenerating into selfishness, and the consequent passion of avarice, exemplified in the miser.

"The maxim of the Roman satirist will be his rule of life, 'money at any rate.' If the plain and beaten paths of the world, diligence and frugality, will conduct him to that end, it is well: but if not, rather than fail of his object, I will be bold to say, he will plunge without scruple or remorse into the most serpentine labyrinths of fraud and iniquity. Whilst his schemes are unaccomplished, fretfulness and discontent will lower upon his brow; when favourable, and even most prosperous, his unslaked and unsatisfied soul still thirsts for more."—p. 7.

We give the conclusion of this character, as it altogether affords no unfavourable specimen of our author's most striking manner.

"Who will say that he is at any time vulnerable by reproach, or, I had almost added, even convertible by grace! No, through every stage and revolution of life he remains invariably the same; or if any difference, it is only this, that as he advances into the shade of a long evening, he clings closer and closer to the object of his idolatry; and while every other passion lies dead and blasted in his heart, his desire for more pelf increases with renewed eagerness, and he holds by a sinking world with an agonizing grasp, till he drops into the earth with the increased curses of wretchedness on his head, without the tribute of a tear from child or parent, or any inscription on his memory, but that he lived to counteract the distributive justice of Providence, and died without hope or title to a blessed immortality."—p. 8.

Selfishness is then traced to its origin, in splendid luxury, which

begets an attachment to money as the means of gratifying that passion:" at this point, the eighteenth of thirty pages, we return to the text; and the application to the charity in question makes up the remainder of the sermon, in a desultory, but certainly eloquent peroration. Prejudiced, as perhaps we may be, in favour of the philosophical reasoning, and the quiet, though not unornamented language of the divines of the last century, we have occasionally fancied ourselves amidst the sparkling morality of a modern novel, where, at the touch of a magician's wand, the fairy land of fable vanishes, and pages grow upon pages of digressive ethics. The author, we are told, "cautiously abstained from polishing too highly to blend with such extemporaneous effusions as occasional circumstances suggested;" this may account for many of the defects which it remains for us to notice. An idea, captivating by its brilliancy, is hastily adopted; and to render it attractive to the audience, meretricious and overloaded ornament usurps the place of that simplicity which is the best recommendation of pure sentiment. From the dread of too feeble an impression, the figures which illustrate are repeated to satiety, or thrown into such inextricable confusion, as to perplex the mind, and interrupt the pursuit of the attention. But if this exuberance is frequently lost in obscurity, it sometimes transgresses the modesty of the pulpit, and, hurried away by invective against manners and fashions, descends into satire and irreverent sarcasm. Allusions to the Augean stable, and to Achilles; to the history of George Barnwell, and the Rambler, we cannot approve; the following terms of colloquial vulgarity are surely beneath the dignity of the occasion: "Money, any how! money." "The God help you of a gaping world;"—nor is it exactly the opportunity to introduce expressions patched up from Shakspeare. The comparison of Christianity to a Colossus is derogatory, and not in the least atoned for by the inflated phraseology that follows: "Christianity, that mighty Colossus which still rears its head amidst the ruins of empires, the revolutions of ages, and the torrent of human passions!" We shall conclude this catalogue of minor faults with an instance of turgid and puerile declamation.

"Great God! what havock does ambition make among thy works! I see it sitting at this moment, in ghastly triumph, on a throne still wet with the blood of its rightful possessor! I see it dragging hoary and trembling religion from a distant region, and forcing it to the guilt and baseness of consecrating this foul usurpation! I see, of surrounding nations, some chained to its footstool, and ground to the very dust in its pillage and rapacity; some compelled to wield their energies in support of its crimes; some still permitted to breathe by its insulting forbearance; and in the midst of all this I hear it mocking the understanding and feeling of mankind, by the specious accents of peace and philanthropy."

It was our intention to point out these errors to our readers, by the contrast of passages in our older and purer writers; but recalled by our author's admonitory horror of all the musty folios the groaning shelves of polemic divinity ever bore, we are unwilling to pursue him in death, with a discipline at which he so much revolted in life. It is, however, our opinion, that if he had condescended to the study of such models, his claim to notice as a writer would have rested on a more durable foundation; though, as a preacher, he might possibly have forfeited some of his attractions for an audience who so much delight in the extravagance of eloquence. We know that by prescribing the mould in which the thought is to be cast, and the rule which is to measure the expression, we shall be accused of endeavouring to reinstate art on the throne of originality. But originality implies, not the passion for irregularity which ransacks creation in search of new modes, and is reduced for the effect it produces to fantastic eccentricity, but that force of genius which bends to its purpose the most stubborn materials, clothes in form and propriety appearances almost beyond the confines of nature, and produces a uniformity and an elegance surpassing even the conception of inferior capacity. We will illustrate our meaning by a reference to Bishop Horsley. In his exposition of the forty-fifth Psalm, he has ranged through every variety of conjectural criticism. With truth for the basis of his general argument, he has laboured to give to every part a coöperating tendency; from a presumption he infers certainty, from a shadow of allusion he extorts probability, and builds his most refined speculation upon the slender variations of verbal meaning. Yet to the flights of an imagination so excursive, be our conviction what it may, we readily concede the praise of combining for our instruction the most seeming incongruities, without disgust to our taste, without offence to our judgment. We cannot be suspected (for this would be unjust) of wishing to draw an unqualified comparison between writers of such different attainments: our sole object has been to convince the admirers of Dean Kirwan (amongst whom we ourselves are not the least) how differently he would have appeared before the public with the same talents under the regulation of sober reason. We particularly hold out this consideration to such as, being gifted with a ready flow of language and idea, rely upon these specious endowments. If their ambition, too impatient to wait for the slow maturity of expanding faculties, glows with renovated ardour at contemplating the career of Dr. Kirwan, if with loftier projects and livelier hopes they are eager for the same course, let them pause in this foretaste of their glory, and acknowledge, from his example, that the impetuosity which overbears the hearer is not irresistible in the perusal, and that ultimate success must ever depend upon actual desert.



L. 1871

MAJOR GEN^L WINFIELD SCOTT

of the United States Army.

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ORIGINAL.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

MAJOR GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

It is no easy task to relate the actions, and describe the characters, of illustrious men who are still on the stage of active life. It may even be doubted, whether such subjects come at all within the proper province of Biography. It is her exalted office to *forbid the good to die, and ope the temple of eternity*—to connect the past with the present, and to extend the sphere of human society, by enabling us to live not only with those who move around us, but with the great men of other times. Nay, she has yet higher duties; it is her's to vindicate from calumny and misrepresentation the illustrious dead, who have spent their lives, and greatly sacrificed their fame, in opposing the mad torrent of popular delusion.

When int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the obliged desert, and all the vain,
She waits, or to the scaffold or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
'Tis her's the BRAVE MAN's latent steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.

But it is almost impossible to speak of living men with this dignified impartiality. The truth itself cannot always be told, without rude and wanton violation of that delicacy which is due to every gentleman. There is still greater danger that the truth will not be told at all—at least, not in its native and honest simplicity. The personal feelings and opinions of the biographer will inevita-

bly discolour the narrative—praise will swell up into indiscriminate panegyric, censure degenerate into personal virulence, and minuteness of detail become little more than a vile, prying, and tattling curiosity. Still there are some few men, whose lives are so identified with the history of the passing times, and so connected with every thing which interests and excites their countrymen, that they have, in some sort, become public property. There is an honest curiosity concerning them—a curiosity, springing from the best and warmest feelings of our nature, which should certainly be gratified. This is peculiarly the truth with regard to the subject of the present biography, Major General Winfield Scott, the boast of his country, the pride and darling of the army. The character of this youthful hero is one which continually tempts the biographer to wander away into the regions of poetry and romance—but this would be alike, injustice to him, and to his country. We shall, therefore, endeavour to sober ourselves down to a calm and unadorned narrative, and to speak of his character and exploits in the plain language of history.

Winfield Scott was born June 13th, 1785, near Petersburg, Dinwiddie county, Virginia. He was early intended for the bar, and went through the usual course of classical and other preparatory studies, which he concluded at William and Mary College. He soon after settled at Petersburg, and, in 1806, commenced the practice of the law, with flattering indications of future success. The attack upon the frigate *Chesapeake*, which kindled into a flame every young and active spirit of the nation, roused him from the calm pursuits of peace; and the measures taken by Congress at their next session, making it probable that a war with Great Britain would ensue, he accepted, in 1808, a captaincy in the regiment of light artillery, which was raised on the first enlargement of our military establishment. In this situation he continued to serve, until the declaration of war in 1812, a period of about four years, sometimes ardently prosecuting military, sometimes legal studies, according as the probabilities of war or peace seemed to predominate.

In March, 1812, he acted as judge advocate upon the trial of Col. Cushing, a report of which he afterwards published. His able management of this interesting cause, and his eloquent and

well-argued replication to the prisoner's defence, afford honourable proofs of his legal acquirements and talents.

About this period, considering himself injured by Gen. Wilkinson, Capt. Scott expressed himself upon the subject with freedom and boldness. The commanding general did not think proper to overlook this offence, and Capt. Scott was arrested, on the Mississippi, where he was then stationed, and brought to trial. We have repeatedly heard his defence spoken of as admirable, both for its eloquence and its biting sarcasm. But the court would not travel out of the record to take cognizance of the original wrong, nor admit his plea of justification. The law was considered as imperative; Capt. Scott was accordingly found guilty (under the 5th article of the Rules and Articles of War) of speaking with contempt and disrespect of his commanding officer, and was suspended for twelve months. He left the camp, followed by the good wishes of every officer to whom he was personally known; every one saw that the sedition, if any, had been committed by the *Senate*, and not by the *Gracchi*.

In 1812 Capt. Scott was promoted to the rank of lieut. colonel in the 2d, or Izard's regiment of artillery. Early in the autumn of that year he arrived on the Niagara, with two companies of his regiment, and took post at Black-rock, to protect the navy yard. On the 8th of October Capt. Elliott, of the navy, made an application to Col. Scott for assistance in men, to execute an enterprise which he had projected against two British brigs, then lying at anchor under the guns of Fort Erie. On the morning of the 9th both vessels were carried in a most gallant manner—the *Adams* by Capt. Elliott in person, the *Caledonia* by Capt. Towson of the artillery, who had been detached with a part of his company to the assistance of Elliott. In dropping the *Adams* down the Niagara, she became unmanageable by reason of a calm, took the wrong channel, and drifted aground immediately under the guns of the British batteries. Finding it impossible to get the vessel off, Capt. Elliott reluctantly abandoned her, under a most heavy fire from the British shore, having previously secured the prisoners. An active scene now ensued. The enemy sent off his boats to the brig, hoping to secure her by the next change of wind. Col. Scott, on his side, was as active and eager to dispossess them of

the contested prize, in which he finally succeeded, and held her until she was subsequently burnt by order of an officer of superior rank, who had now arrived; the *Caledonia* was preserved.

In this spirited little affair Scott first "fleshed his maiden sword."—Like the hero of Sweden, he had heard the bullets whistle around him, and had determined that from thenceforth that should be his music.

Early on the morning of the 13th October, Col. Scott arrived, by forced marches, through mud, rain, and sleet, at Lewistown, to join in the attack contemplated by Maj. Gen. Van Rensselaer, of the New-York militia, against Queenstown Heights. The accounts of this action which have been given to the public are various and contradictory. The official report of the commander in chief was made before he had communicated with either of the officers, who were finally made prisoners; he could consequently have had no knowledge of what passed on the Canada shore, after 8 o'clock in the morning, except from distant observation, or the vague report of fugitives. It is no wonder, then, that with the purest intentions—and who can impute to Gen. Van Rensselaer any other intentions than the purest—he should yet have failed to do justice to those who were actually engaged in this disastrous enterprise. We have been fortunate in procuring, from a highly authentic source, an account of this action, which, together with the verbal relations of an intelligent young officer who was also engaged, enables us to give a more correct statement, so far as relates to the several commanding officers, and particularly to Col. Scott, than has yet appeared before the public.

There were at Lewistown about 2,500 New-York militia, as yet perfectly raw and undisciplined. Two hundred regulars had arrived in detachments from Fort Niagara, under Lieut. Col. Fenwick and Chrystie, and Major Mullany, on the night of the 12th, to join in the expedition. It was intended that Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, of the militia, should have the chief command of the expedition, the plan of which seems to have been this: two columns were to make a simultaneous descent on the British shore, one of about 300 militia, under Col. Van Rensselaer, the other, consisting of an equal number of regulars from the 13th regiment, under Lieut. Col. Chrystie. Lieut. Col. Fenwick, with Major Mullany's detachment, was to sustain.

Such were the arrangements which, upon his arrival, at four in the morning, Lieut. Col. Scott found had already been made. Finding no suitable boats for the transportation of artillery, he was obliged to place his division in battery on the American shore, where it opened its fire at day break, with great spirit and effect, under the command of Captains Towson and Barker. All the boats which had been collected were divided equally between Col. Van Rensselaer and Lieut. Col. Chrystie, but neither of them had enough to enable him to embark his whole column at once. This circumstance was productive of the most serious evils; the troops were brought into action by piece meal, without order or concert, and the boats did not return with any regularity for those who had been left. Col. Van Rensselaer, however, effected a landing with the greater part of the two columns, but Chrystie was less fortunate; his boat was soon perforated by the fire of the enemy's artillery, which had been early awakened, and became unmanageable; he himself was slightly wounded. With some difficulty he regained the American shore, about half a mile below the point of embarkation. The subsequent embarkations were yet more irregular. The number of boats which had been originally provided, about twelve or fourteen, was altogether inadequate, and several of these had been lost early in the attack. The pilots and boatmen became irresolute, and finally fled from the ferry.

Under these circumstances, about day-break, Lieut. Col. Fenwick and Major Mullany embarked as many as they could (about 200 in all) of the remaining detachment. This division of boats, without pilots, was forced, by the violence of the current, upon the enemy's shore, immediately under his batteries; and the whole detachment was taken, with the exception of Major Mullany, who, with eight or ten men, escaped in a boat. Lieut. Col. Fenwick was severely wounded in three or four places. The troops which had effected their landing were immediately in action; the enemy gradually gave ground in front of Col. Van Rensselaer, who, after having advanced 150 paces, received two severe wounds, and was forced to leave the field; not, however, without having first imparted to the officers nearest to him such local information as he possessed with

respect to the ground to be contested, and endeavoured to animate them to prosecute the attack, by exhortations such as courage dictated. There was now no common commander; the regulars took the lead, under Captains Wool, Malcolm, Armstrong, Ogilvie, and Lieut. Randolph, who independently commanded their several companies. Other small parties, of twenty or thirty men each, followed on, as the boats successively arrived. These gallant young men were soon in possession of the greater height, called the mountain, having in their ascent carried a battery of one eighteen pounder and two mortars, which was planted midway the acclivity. The enemy, beaten and dispersed, fled to the village of Queenstown. Here the fugitives were met and rallied by Gen. Brock, who brought up with him a detachment of the York volunteers, and instantly advanced to the charge. The path of his ascent was winding and difficult. At the distance of a hundred paces from the American line, this gallant and accomplished soldier fell at the head of his troops, who were again instantly dispersed. At this instant, 8 o'clock in the morning, Lieut. Col. Scott arrived on the heights, having been ordered over to take the command of the whole of the troops engaged; but the presence of Brig. Gen. Wadsworth of the militia, who had crossed without the knowledge of the commander in chief, soon obliged him to limit his attention to the regulars, of whom, about 230 in all, he retained the independent command. Every arrangement was promptly made for the reception of the enemy. Assisted by the judgment of Capt. Totten of the engineers, Scott drew up our little army in a strong position. This was chosen with a view not only to receive the enemy, but also to cover the ferry, under the idea that they would speedily be reinforced by the whole of our troops at Lewistown. The enemy allowed them but a short breathing time.

The first gun which had been fired in the morning had put in motion the garrison at Fort George, and the body of Indians collected there. The latter, about 400 in number, arrived first, and were joined by the light troops previously engaged. A sharp and gallant conflict ensued. Scott received the enemy with his regulars, routed and pursued him as far the great object in view, the protection of the ferry, would permit. Our troops having re-

sumed their position, the enemy, from his great superiority in numbers, was induced to renew the attack, drove in the advanced piquet, and forced his way into the midst of the American line. All was now confusion; defeat and massacre seemed inevitable. At this critical moment Scott, who had been everywhere in the thickest of the fire, by great exertions brought the retreating line to *the right about*. With one of those sudden revolutions of feelings which act upon large bodies of men, so instantaneously and so wonderfully, his troops seemed at once to catch the spirit of their leader. With one burst of enthusiasm, as sudden as the panic of the preceding moment, the line, which had just before been retreating in broken confusion, now threw itself forward on the enemy, who again fled with precipitation, leaving a considerable number of dead and wounded on the field. The rout was followed up a considerable distance, but the ferry could not be lost sight of. Throughout these affairs, the militia did not act in a body, but many gallant individuals among them fought, as *individuals*, by the side of the regulars, and participated in their dangers and successes.

The Indians and light troops, so frequently beaten, were now content to await the arrival of the garrison of Fort George, (850 in number,) then in sight, at the distance of a mile, under Major General Sheaffe. Lieut. Col. Chrystie and Major Mullany, who had joined Scott during the last pursuit, but without any reinforcements, brought information that no aid was to be expected from Lewistown. Major General Van Rensselaer had done every thing in his power to induce the militia to cross over, but the sight of Sheaffe's column excited in them "*constitutional scruples*" not to be overcome. They were contented to watch the fate of their countrymen, on the opposite heights, themselves far removed from danger. Retreat had now become as hopeless as succour. The few remaining boats were on the American side. Scott resolved to receive the enemy on the ground which he occupied, when, if any survived the shock, it would be time enough to surrender. Major Gen. Sheaffe approached warily with his force, suspecting the small band in view to be but the outpost of the principal army. At length they closed; the action was sharp, bloody, and desperate, for some eight or ten minutes; when, being nearly

surrounded on all sides, the Americans broke and retreated to the bank of the river, under cover of the precipice. Lieut. Col. Scott surrendered 139 regular troops and one six pounder, which had been fought by the gallant Capt. Gibson; and Brig. Gen. Wadsworth surrendered 157 militia, making a total of 296 men. Our loss in killed and wounded was considerably greater than that stated by the commanding general in his official report. The greatest mortification experienced by those who had done their duty, was to find, under the rocks and the fissures of the precipice, upwards of one hundred of the militia, who, it seems, had been forced over the river, but never ascended the height, or came within sight of the enemy.

During the whole of these affairs, Scott exposed his person in the most fearless manner. He was in his full uniform, and being, besides, remarkable for his stature, was evidently singled out as a mark. He was advised by an officer to throw aside, or cover some part of his dress: No, said he smiling, I will die in my robes. Capt. Laurence soon after fell dangerously (it was then thought, mortally) wounded, by his side. After he had surrendered himself, an Indian came up to Col. Scott, and, attentively surveying him, said, you are not born to be shot—so many times—(holding up all the fingers of both hands, to count ten)—so many times have I levelled, and fired my rifle at you.

From Queenstown Scott was sent a prisoner to Quebec; thence, about a month after, he embarked for Boston. He was exchanged in January, 1813, soon after his return to the United States.

The campaign of 1813 opened with the capture of York, a victory which was dearly purchased by the loss of General Pike. Shortly after, Col. Scott joined General Dearborn, at Fort Niagara, in the capacity of adjutant general to the northern army. This office was then new to our service, and it devolved on Col. Scott to regulate its details, and to establish its importance to the army. He succeeded to the full satisfaction of the commanding general and the troops, and to the incalculable future benefit of the service.

Major General Dearborn, having assembled a force of near five thousand men, now determined on attempting the reduction of the Peninsula on the opposite side of the straits. Of this, Fort

George was the bulwark. The necessary arrangements having been completed, at one o'clock in the morning, May 27th, the whole army embarked on lake Ontario, three miles east from Fort Niagara. It was arranged in six divisions of boats; the first contained the advanced guard under Col. Scott, who was specially selected for this command. This was followed by Col. Porter with the field train, the brigades of Boyd, Winder, and Chandler, and a reserve under Col. Macomb.

Com. Chauncey was present with his squadron, and favoured the descent by the fire of his small schooners; and Capt. Perry, who was then serving under Com. Chauncey, volunteered to conduct the divisions, which was an operation of some nicety, in consequence of the winds and a strong current, together with the early-roused fire of the enemy. In the discharge of this duty, he was present at every point where he could be useful, under showers of musketry, and rendered very essential services to the advance guard, which he accompanied nearly to its point of attack. Gen. Scott has since spoken in high terms of his skill and conduct on that occasion. This was, indeed, comparatively, but a small affair, and its little lustre has been completely lost in the broad blaze of glory which has since surrounded the name of the Nelson of Lake Erie; yet there is to us something extremely gratifying in being able to trace the progress of a favourite hero, and to see those talents first exerted on a smaller scale which were so soon to shine forth, the pride and the bulwark of his native land.

At nine in the morning, Col. Scott effected his landing, in good order, under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, about a mile and a quarter from the village of Newark, and the same distance west of the mouth of the Niagara. He formed his line on the beach of the lake, covered by a bank of twelve or fifteen feet in height, which served as a parapet against the enemy's fire. This bank was to be scaled against the bayonets of the enemy, who had now drawn up his force fifteen hundred strong, immediately on its brow. They were soon driven from their ground by a brisk and vigorous charge, but rallied, and took a second position behind a ravine, at a little distance. An action, of some

twenty minutes, ensued ; it was short and desperate, and ended in the total rout of the enemy at every point. During the last five minutes, Boyd had landed in the rear of the advance guard, and a part of his brigade participated in the action. Col. Scott pursued the rout as far as the village, where he was joined by the sixth regiment, under Col. Miller ; from thence the enemy was closely pressed at a distance of five miles up the river, until Scott was recalled from the pursuit by order of Gen. Lewis. As our troops approached towards Fort George, it was perceived that the garrison were in the act of abandoning the work. Two companies were instantly detached from the head of the pursuing column, to prevent this movement, and some prisoners were made. They were at the distance of about eighty paces from the fort, when one of its magazines blew up with a tremendous explosion. The front gate was instantly forced by our men ; Scott was the first to enter, and took with his own hands the British flag yet waving over the works. At the same time Captains Hindsman and Stockton snatched away the matches which had been applied by the retreating garrison to three other magazines.

In these several affairs, the total loss of the American army, in killed and wounded, amounted to 120, of which 89 were of Col. Scott's command ; 107 of the enemy were killed at the point of ascent from the bank, and the whole number of prisoners was 264.

Col. Scott was not present at the affair of the 6th of June, at Stony-creek, in which Brigadier Generals Chandler and Winder were taken prisoners. The army remained inactive at Fort George for the remainder of the campaign, under Generals Dearborn, Lewis, Boyd, and Wilkinson, who successively commanded. Nevertheless, Col. Scott was frequently engaged in skirmishes and other small affairs, in all of which he displayed his usual gallantry, though none of them afforded any particular opportunity of distinction. During the summer of this year, he volunteered his services, in an expedition under Commodore Chauncey, against Burlington Heights, where a large deposite of provisions and stores had been made. The enemy having received considerable reinforcements, the expedition failed, as to the principal object ; but upon his return, Chauncey landed the marines and sol-

diers, under the command of Col. Scott, at York, where the new barracks and public storehouses were burnt, and some pieces of cannon, eleven armed boats, a quantity of ammunition, and a large magazine of flour, were taken.

On being promoted to a regiment, Col. Scott resigned the office of adjutant general, in the month of July, 1813.

It had been determined, as all our readers well remember, to collect a large force at Sackett's Harbour, with a view to an enterprise against Kingston or Montreal, towards the close of the campaign. The force under Gen. Wilkinson accordingly embarked at Fort George on the 2d of October, and proceeded down the lake. Col. Scott was left in command of a garrison of some seven or eight hundred men, regulars and militia, for the defence of Fort George. The British army, in the mean while, remained inactive in the position which it had held for some time, at the distance of four miles from the fort, until October 9th, when Gen. De Rottenburg suddenly broke up his encampment, and retreated to Burlington Heights, a distance of 53 miles, abandoning the whole Niagara frontier. During the seven days in which he was kept in suspense by the threatening aspect of De Rottenburg, Col. Scott made the greatest exertions to strengthen his defences, which were very incomplete at the time he was left in command. The enemy, however, did not think it prudent to attack him.

Col. Scott had instructions which provided for the contingency that now occurred. He was accordingly relieved in the command of Fort George by Brig. Gen. M'Clure of the New-York militia, and marched his garrison towards Sackett's Harbour, to join the expedition under Gen. Wilkinson, which was then preparing to descend the St. Lawrence. After a forced march of nineteen days, through rain and mud, during the whole of which time the sun was not visible for twelve hours, he learned, to his great mortification, upon his arrival in the neighbourhood of Sackett's Harbour, that the expedition had already taken its departure. He therefore left his column, and, by a forced effort of two days and one night, came up with the army, and joined it just above Ogdensburg and Prescott. He was immediately assigned to the command of a handsome battalion in the *corps d'élite* under Colonel Macomb. In the subsequent descent of the St.

Lawrence, he commanded the van of the army, and was therefore not present at the action of the 11th of November, which took place fifteen miles in the rear. How this campaign terminated, is yet fresh in the recollection of all. From whatever cause it proceeded, individual bravery and enterprise had been uniformly rendered abortive by a long series of delays and blunders. The patriot, who, regardless of party considerations, looked solely to the national honour and welfare, still continued to turn away his eyes from the northern frontier, "heart sick of his country's shame." Even the most zealous partisans of the measures of the administration did not dare to do bare justice to the numerous examples of prowess and conduct which had been displayed in our armies in the course of the campaign of 1813. It was scarcely suspected by the public, that this period of disaster had served as a touchstone on which the true temper of our army had been thoroughly tried, so that it had now become easy to select the purer metal from the dross; that in this hard school of adversity many brave and high-spirited young men had been formed into accomplished officers; and, on the other hand, many an empty fop, young and old, who had been seduced into the service by the glitter of epaulets and lace, and military buttons, had been severely taught his own incompetency. The rude northern gales of the frontier had swept away the painted insects which rise and spread their glittering wings in the summer sun, but had served only to rouse and invigorate those eagle spirits who, during the calm, cower undisturbed in solitude and silence, but as the tempest rises burst forth from their obscurity, and stem the storm, and sport themselves in the gale.

Col. Scott spent a great part of the following winter at Albany. Early in March, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general, and joined Maj. Gen. Brown there, on his route to the Niagara frontier, early in April. Soon after, Gen. Brown was recalled to Sackett's Harbour, and the command, in consequence, devolved on Brig. Gen. Scott, who immediately assembled the army, and established a camp of instruction at Buffalo. In this camp were taught those tactics which gave to our army an accuracy and celerity of movement which had never been displayed on this continent, either by British or American troops. The French *tac-*

lique of the battalion and the line was adopted. Without regard to rank, all the officers were rigorously drilled by the commanding general in person; these then instructed the rank and file; companies were then formed and subjected to the same process; next battalions, which were also instructed by Gen. Scott in person, and finally the troops were carried through the evolutions of the brigade and the line with the same strict attention to science and method. For two months and a half these exercises were continued from seven to nine hours a day. The effect was astonishing. Four full battalions were brought to advance in brigade line, 1,000 paces in quick time, *in accurate alignment*. The same line was made to change front perpendicular, on a central point, *in three minutes and a half*. During this period of discipline and instruction, the army was perfectly organized, and, by the unwearied exertions and example of the commanding general, the strictest routine and discipline were established throughout the whole.

In June, Maj. Gen. Brown returned to Buffalo with reinforcements, and on the 3d of July the campaign opened. The Niagara was passed, and Fort Erie taken on the same day: the fort was taken possession of by a battalion of the first of Scott's brigade, under Major Jessup. Thence the army moved towards Chippewa, the first brigade being ten hours in advance. Our little army took a position a mile and a half above Chippewa, having a small stream immediately in front, beyond which lay an extensive plain; their right rested on the Niagara, the left upon a wood. From this wood the British Indians and militia annoyed the pickets, until Brig. Gen. Porter, with his command of militia, volunteers, and friendly Indians, drove these irregulars out of the wood, and back upon the Chippewa, where he met the whole British column, in order of battle, advancing to the attack. Gen. Porter's light troops soon gave way, and fled in every direction, in spite of the personal gallantry of their general, and his great exertions to stop their flight. The cloud of dust which arose, and the heavy firing, apprized Gen. Brown of the approach of the main body of the enemy. It was now five o'clock in the afternoon. At this moment Scott was advancing with his brigade to drill on the very ground on which the action was fought. On the march, he met Gen. Brown, who said to him, "the enemy is advancing—you will have a fight."

No other instructions or orders were given by the major general, who passed on to put the reserve in motion. When Scott's brigade arrived at the bridge over the stream, 200 paces in front of the camp, the enemy was discovered already in order of battle on the plain, supported by a heavy battery, within point-blank shot of the bridge. Under a heavy fire of artillery Gen. Scott passed the bridge, with some loss, and formed his line; the first and second battalions, under Majors Leavenworth and M'Neil, formed to the front, parallel to the enemy, and opposite to his left and centre: the third battalion, under Major Jessup, broke off to the left, and advanced to the front in column to attack the enemy's right wing, which rested on a wood. Towson's battery took a position on the right of our army, resting on the river. Gen. Scott soon perceived, that although there were no intervals in the British line, yet their right wing far outflanked his left. This caused the movement of Major Jessup; and to remedy the defect of inferior numbers, the interval was greatly enlarged between the other two battalions. All these movements were made with perfect accuracy, under the galling fire of the enemy's musketry and artillery. The action then became general: Major Jessup, now 200 yards in front, engaged and broke off the enemy's right wing in the wood from his general line, which continued to advance in the plain. Brigadier Gen. Scott, who had advanced in line from his original position to meet the enemy, now halted for a moment. The success in the wood gave the enemy's line on the plain, which continued to advance, a new flank, and the enlarged interval between the battalions of Leavenworth and M'Neil, enabled the general to throw the battalion of the latter forward on its right, so as to stand obliquely to the enemy's charge, and flanking him on the right. This well-conceived and well-executed movement, combined with the steady fire of Leavenworth's battalion and that of Towson's battery, decided the action on the plain in favour of inferior numbers; whilst, at the same time, the enemy's right in the wood were completely routed by Major Jessup. At the distance of thirty paces, the whole line broke and retreated in great confusion to their works behind the Chippewa.

Such was the battle of Chippewa, as it appeared to the eye of a scientific soldier. But we have heard it described by others,

who viewed it with an unpractised and less military eye, as one of the most brilliant spectacles which could well be conceived. The day was clear and bright, the sun still high in the heavens; the plain such as might have been selected for a parade or a tournament; the troops on both sides, though not numerous, admirably disciplined; the generals leading on their columns in person; the glitter of the arms in the sun, the precision and distinctness of every movement, were all calculated to carry the mind back to the scenes of ancient story or poetry—to the plains of Latium or of Troy, and all those recollections which fill the imagination with images of personal heroism and romantic valour.

Brig. Gen. Scott fought this action independent of the reserve, which made a *detour* to the left, with a view of gaining the rear of the enemy, under cover of the wood. But the fate of the day was decided some time before the reserve could gain its position, or even see the enemy, as in fact the *detour* was too great. Maj. Gen. Brown, in his official report, has stated correctly, and in general terms, that the victory was obtained over superior numbers. As this fact has been since contradicted in the Canadian papers, and in the British official account of the action, we are happy that it is in our power to do justice to the military character of Gen. Scott and his officers, by stating more particularly the relative force of the two armies actually engaged. Major Gen. Riall had in his front line 1,700 men, all regular troops, supported by the 8th regiment, 450 strong. The 100th regiment, which was on the left of the British line, commanded by the Marquis of Tweeddale, late aid-de-camp to Lord Wellington, brought into action 700 men, and paraded the next day but 264. The other regiments engaged suffered proportionably. Gen. Brown is in possession of the most unequivocal evidence of these facts.

Gen. Porter's command was never again engaged after their first retreat, consequently the whole action was sustained by Scott's brigade; which, including Towson's artillery, consisted of but 1,300 men fit for duty; 150 were on the different guards and piquets, and therefore not in the action; so that the American force, actually engaged, did not exceed 1,200 men.

This victory, slight as were its immediate results, was yet attended by the most important consequences. It gave to the army

a confidence in their own skill and prowess, and dissipated at once the dread or doubts which had been inspired by the military reputation of their veteran antagonists. It was to the army what the victory of Capt. Hull had been to the navy; and the confidence which it thus inspired was surely most justly founded, for every man felt that the victory had been gained by superior skill and discipline: it was not the fruit of any accidental mistake or confusion in the enemy's army; or of one of those moments of temporary panic on one side, or excitement on the other, which sometimes give a victory to irregular courage over veteran and disciplined valour.

No higher praise could be given to Gen. Scott, than that which he has unintentionally bestowed upon himself when, in his report to Gen. Brown, he says, "I have the satisfaction of being assured by every commanding officer (which is confirmed by my own personal observation) that every man, and of every grade, evinced an ability to meet even a greater shock than that encountered with like success. This was most conspicuous in the very crisis of the action. Conduct universally good leaves but little room for discrimination. To mention them in the order of rank, (I know of no other in this case,) Majors Jessup, Leavenworth, and M'Neil, and Capt. Towson, deserve every thing which conspicuous skill and gallantry can hope from a grateful country," &c.

Gen. Brown uses the same language: "Every officer and every man," says he, "of the 9th and 22d, 11th and 25th regiments, did his duty with a zealous energy worthy of the American character."*

To have formed his troops at once to such uniformity of excellence—to have, as it were, struck out, at a heat, such perfection of discipline, is a degree of military merit which can gain no lustre from the eulogium of "the book-learned theorist."—When this talent is united with personal courage, and with that presence of mind and quickness of perception and decision which enable their possessor to wield at will the weapons he has thus formed, there is nothing wanting to complete the character of an accomplished general.

* The first battalion, under Maj. Leavenworth, consisted of detachments of the 9th and 22d regiments, the 2d battalion of a part of the 11th regiment, under M'Neil, and the 3d of a detachment of the 25th under Maj. Jessup.

Two days after the action the army passed the Chippewa; it lay at Queenstown for two weeks, part of the time within gun shot of the forts at the mouth of the Niagara, then recrossed the Chippewa, and encamped at its mouth on the 24th July.

On the 25th of July, Major Gen. Brown, who was not yet apprized of the arrival of Lieut. Gen. Drummond's army, from Kingston and Prescott, and his junction with Riall, received information, (which afterwards proved to be false, but to which at the time he gave full credit,) that Gen. Riall had detached a large body of troops across the Niagara to Lewistown, for some object not exactly ascertained, but, as was supposed, in order to seize or intercept the baggage and stores which were at Schlosser, and on the road thither. It appeared to Gen. Brown, that the most effectual mode of diverting the enemy from this object was to recall his attention to his own posts at the mouth of the Niagara. Brig. Gen. Scott was ordered to march rapidly upon Queenstown. His brigade being then just formed for the usual drill, the order was promptly executed. The whole force under his immediate command consisted of four small battalions under Col. Brady, and Majors Jessup, Leavenworth, and McNeil, together with Towson's company of artillery, making in all 920 men; the piquets and guards belonging to the brigade, the whole of which were left behind, not being included. To these were added Harris's troop of light dragoons and some mounted volunteers, making an aggregate of 1050 men. With this force Brigadier Gen. Scott marched from the camp; the enemy were soon discovered, and reported to Major Gen. Brown. At nearly three miles from the camp, and just in the vicinity of the cataract of Niagara, Scott learned that the enemy was in some force directly in front, a narrow piece of woodland alone intercepting them from his view. * This proved to be the advance corps of Drummond's army, then in march to attack the American army in its position at Chippewa. On a closer reconnoitre, this force was found to be drawn up on a ridge, running out at right angles from the Niagara. Notwithstanding their superiority of number, Gen. Scott resolved on an attack. Waiting only to communicate this information to the commanding general, he advanced upon them, and by the time the message was delivered, the action had been

commenced, and had already become close and general some time before the remainder of the division crossed the Chippewa.

The enemy had already 1500 men in line; the remainder of Drummond's army were on their march from Fort George, and arrived successively at intervals of fifteen and twenty minutes. Of the line in view, the left rested on the road, between which and the river was a space of 200 paces in breadth, covered by woods. Major Jessup, sustained by Col. Brady, was ordered to penetrate this wood, and to turn the enemy's left wing. The action now opened in front, on the part of Scott's artillery and his two remaining battalions. The dragoons were not engaged on either side. The enemy, finding that he was outflanked on his right, threw forward two battalions to take our army on the left. These were promptly beaten out of the field; at the same moment the action was desperately contested in front by Towson and Col. Brady, whilst Jessup completely succeeded in turning the enemy's left, taking prisoner Major Gen. Riall* and several other officers on the rear, and then charged back through the enemy's line, cutting off a portion of that wing, and showing himself again to his own army in a blaze of fire. The action, which had commenced half an hour before sunset, had now lasted until about half after eight. The enemy's right wing had been beaten out of the field, his left turned and cut off; his centre alone remained firm, resting on a height considerably above the general elevation of the ridge, and supported by nine pieces of artillery. But fresh battalions were joining the enemy every instant from below. Such was the state of the action when Major Gen. Brown arrived with the reserve, after the battle had thus raged for an hour and forty minutes. The remainder of the action, after Gen. Brown had assumed the command, cannot be better related than in his own words. "Apprehending, says he, that these corps (those of Scott's brigade) were much exhausted, and knowing that they had suffered severely, I determined to interpose a new line with the advancing troops, and thus disengage Gen. Scott, and hold his brigade in reserve. Orders were accordingly given to Gen. Ripley. The enemy's artillery occupied a hill, which gave him great advantages, and was the key of the whole position. It was supported by a line of infantry.

* Capt. Ketchum of the 25th, was the officer who took Gen. Riall personally.

To secure the victory, it was necessary to carry the artillery, and seize the height. This duty was assigned to Col. Miller, who advanced steadily and gallantly to his object, and carried the height and the cannon. Gen. Ripley brought up the 23d (which had faltered) to his support, and the enemy disappeared from before them. The enemy, rallying his forces, and, as is believed, having received reinforcements, now attempted to drive us from our position, and regain his artillery. Our line was unshaken, and the enemy was repulsed. Two other attempts, having the same object, had the same issue. Gen. Scott was again engaged in repelling the former of those; and the last I saw of him on the field of battle, he was near the head of his column, and giving to its march a direction that would have placed him on the enemy's right. Having been for some time wounded, and being a good deal exhausted by loss of blood, it became my wish to devolve the command on Gen. Scott, and retire from the field: but, on inquiring, I learned that he was disabled by wounds; I therefore kept my post, and had the satisfaction to see the enemy's last effort repulsed."

About the time at which Gen. Brown says he saw Scott for the last time, Gen. Scott had, at the head of his column, twice charged the enemy. He had, through the whole action, exposed his person in the most dauntless manner. He was finally disabled by a wound from a musket ball through his right shoulder, which he received about half past ten, just before the final close of the action. He had been wounded two hours before, in the left side, had lost two horses killed, under him, and his aid, Lient. Worth, and his brigade major, Smith, had both been wounded by his side. The total loss of his brigade was 490 in killed and wounded out of 920, including in this number more than thirty officers.

During this engagement the moon shone bright and clear, but for more than two hours the hostile lines were within twenty yards of each other, and so frequently intermingled, that officers would often order an enemy's platoon.

Such was the battle of Bridgewater, as it is called. But why of Bridgewater? It was fought near the mighty cataract of Niagara, and within the sound of its thunders: Let it, then, be called the battle of Niagara, for it is worthy of that name.

This battle was, in proportion to the numbers engaged, the most sanguinary, and decidedly the best fought, of any action which ever took place on the American continent. "We had no such fighting in our war," has one of the bravest soldiers of the revolution often said to the writer of this article. The repeated charges and actual contest with the bayonet, are alone sufficient to render this battle remarkable. The actual fight with the bayonet is, in fact, a thing of very rare occurrence. We have heard, on good authority, that Gen. Moreau has said, that he never saw it to any extent more than twice—one side or the other almost always breaking before the bayonets crossed. Some of the captive officers of the enemy have declared, that there our troops exhibited, not only the most undaunted bravery, but a proficiency in tactics and military skill which would have done honour to veterans. In particular, the charge of Col. Miller has been represented by one of these gentlemen, who had served in Spain, as having surpassed any thing of the kind he ever saw, except the storming of St. Sebastian.

This is neither the occasion, nor the place, to expatiate at large on the gallant bearing of those who fought, and those who fell, on that signal day. Yet, in drawing up this hasty sketch of the military life of Gen. Scott, it was with pleasure that we have sometimes turned aside from the exploits of our hero, to catch a hasty glance at those of his brave companions in arms. Feeble and worthless as this tribute may be, we are yet proud to contribute our mite, to pay to patriotism and valour the debt the nation owes: glory was the prize for which they fought, and their country must bestow it.

On the very day in which this action took place, by a singular coincidence, Brig. Gen. Scott was appointed, by the president, a major general by brevet. His wounds, which are still open, were for some time exceedingly painful and dangerous, and obliged him to retire for a time from active service. As soon as he was convalescent, he was appointed to the command of the 10th military district, where he is now stationed. Beside his military rank, he has received every testimonial of respect and gratitude which his country could bestow; among these are a vote of thanks, and a medal, from Congress; a sword presented by the citizens of his na-

tive place, Petersburg; a sword and vote of thanks from the Legislature of Virginia; and his name has been given to a new county of that state. In addition to these civil honours, he has lately received a literary one from Princeton College, which was conferred in a manner equally flattering to himself, and honourable to the institution.

At the late commencement of that college, held in September last, whilst the customary collegiate exercises were performing, the trustees were accidentally informed that Gen. Scott had that moment alighted at the opposite tavern, on his way to Baltimore. It was instantly proposed to invite him to the commencement; a deputation of the trustees was accordingly sent over, who soon returned with the general. He was respectfully received by the trustees, and seated among them on the stage; the audience expressed the strongest symptoms of a disposition to break forth into tumultuous applause, which was with difficulty restrained, by a sense of the decorum due to the place and the occasion. The valedictory orator now ascended the stage; it happened that the subject of his oration was the character of a patriotic and heroic soldier, in which he had introduced an apostrophe to an imaginary personage, whom he depicted as a bright example of military virtue. With admirable presence of mind, and great elegance of manner, the young orator suddenly turned and addressed this to Scott.

The effect was electrical; bursts of long, reiterated, and unrestrainable applause, broke forth on all sides. Even grave and learned divines, men whose studies and habits of mind were little in unison with feelings of this nature, were hurried away and overcome by the animating and kindling sympathy which surrounded them. With some difficulty the tumult of applause was hushed, and the president rose to confer the doctorates in law and divinity, and other honorary degrees.

In the mean while, one of the trustees had proposed to the rest that an honorary degree should be conferred on their illustrious visitant. It was asked whether Gen. Scott's literary acquirements were such as to render this compliment appropriate. A gentleman from Virginia, to whom he was personally known, replied, (as is the fact,) that beside possessing the general information of a well

educated man, he was remarkable for his accurate and extensive acquaintance with English literature. The proposal was instantly assented to, and communicated to the president, who concluded the list of literary honours, by announcing that the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott. It is unnecessary to add that the building again rang with the enthusiastic applause of the audience. This compliment, so spontaneous, so appropriate, so well-timed, was worthy of a college which can boast of numbering in the long list of her sons many of the most brilliant and distinguished men of their country in every walk of public life.

Felix prole virûm—————

—————centum complexa nepotes

Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supra alta tenentes.

V.

VANITY AND FLATTERY, A VISION.

I imagined that I was in the midst of an immense crowd, who were eagerly pressing towards a large edifice, situated upon the summit of a lofty hill. Finding it impossible to retreat, I quietly suffered myself to be borne along by the violence of the multitude, till I arrived at what I found, on a nearer survey, to be a temple. On entering it, the first object which attracted my attention was a figure, seated on a throne, and adorned with the ensigns of sovereignty. Her head was encircled by a fillet, which reflected all the colours of the rainbow, and every moment the light tissue of her drapery presented a thousand hues to the eyes of the beholder. But what most surprised me was the facility with which she changed not only the form and colours of her robes, but even their texture. At one moment she was arrayed in the light drapery of a city belle; at another, in the coarse habiliments of a justice beauty. Now she assumed the dress and manner of a secluded student; and now appeared in all the magnificence of a cent-

tier. Her waist was encircled with a zone studded with the wings of a butterfly ; in her left hand she held a mirror, and with her right she waved a sceptre of iron.

One step lower, upon her right hand, sat a person whose sole occupation appeared to be to pour out a liquid into a golden cup, which ever and anon he presented to the lips of his sovereign. The appearance of this personage was not less singular than that of her to whom he was ministering. His form was shrouded by a veil of splendid whiteness, but although at first glance it dazzled the eyes of those who ventured to behold it, yet it could not conceal from the penetrating observer the deformity it was intended to cover.

Struck with amazement at this scene, and at beholding the innumerable crowds which bent the knee to this capricious and ever-varying sovereign, I could not refrain from asking some explanation from a person whose dark and animated eye appeared to be the index of intelligence. The stranger readily complied with my request, and quickly glancing his eye over the crowd as he spoke, " You behold," said he, " a motley collection from every nation in the world, assembled to proclaim their obedience to the empire of Vanity. She is the offspring of Pride and Folly, and has inherited the arrogance of the one and the weakness of the other. She possesses an unbounded sway over mankind, and influences their conduct in almost every pursuit in which they engage. But the constant state of imbecility in which she is kept by drinking the intoxicating draught which is presented by her attendant, renders almost all her measures injurious to her subjects ; and there are few indeed who do not suffer want and wretchedness in consequence of their being under the dominion of Vanity." And who, said I, is this attendant ? " His name," replied my informer, " is Flattery. He is the prime minister of Vanity, and though he may appear to your eyes to be perfect deformity, yet so little is the penetration of his sovereign, that to her he appears beautiful as an inhabitant of the heavens."

He had scarcely spoken these words, when a confused noise was heard at the entrance of the Temple, and the cry of " Justice " resounded from every quarter. At the sound, the cup trembled

in the hands of Flattery, and the sceptre of Vanity fell from her grasp. Flattery attempted to conceal himself among the crowd, but a band of Lictors, advancing, seized him, chained him side by side with Vanity, and conducted both before the tribunal of Justice and Mercy. Impelled by curiosity to see what would be the sentence pronounced upon these culprits, who had so long been permitted to tyrannize over mankind, I followed the crowd, and entered the abode of those primeval judges of mankind.

The trumpet of Judgment resounded through the hall, "Who is the accuser of the tyrant and her minion?" In a moment the roof burst in twain, and a celestial form descended: brightness encircled her head, and upon her breast was inscribed, in letters of Flame, "Truth, the first and darling attribute of the Almighty." "I am the accuser," said the celestial visitant, "but I accuse not Vanity—I accuse him who has been the cause of her crimes; Vanity would never have caused Misery, unless Flattery had first inebriated her with his fascinating cup."

Justice arose from her throne; "I condemn," said she, "the tyrant to wander in exile an outcast from society; for her failings, though destructive to mankind, have been those of weakness rather than of malice. But the iniquitous partner in her guilt I condemn to instant death." All eyes were now eagerly directed to the countenance of Mercy. The venerable Judge arose, mildness beamed from her countenance, and, as she spoke, her words were tempered with a smile. "I do not blame," said she, "the decision of Justice, but the object may be accomplished without so much rigour. It is enough to strip Flattery of the dazzling veil which shrouds his deformity, and to restrain him from offering the cup of intoxication. It is enough to condemn Vanity to behold the hideous form of her sycophant, and to subject her to the tormenting desire of that cup which it is no longer in her power to receive."

Thus Mercy spake, and immediately her orders were executed. The cup was dashed from the hand of Flattery, and the veil was torn from his countenance. But no sooner had Vanity beheld him in his native deformity, than she uttered a cry of such horror, mingled with despair, that I awoke with the fright that it occasioned.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

Remarks on the Past and Present State of the Arts in England.

[From the Reflector.]

THE following remarks are presented to the reader, not as having any nice pretensions to connoisseurship, but as resulting from some attention, and more regard, to the cause of the Fine Arts. The writer is impartial on the subject, if he is nothing else; and he attempts to estimate it in no other way than by the general standard of poetry, music, and other works of genius; that is to say, by its invention, its harmonious agreement, and its nature. Nor will the observations of a critic, so ill qualified "to make the worse appear the better reason," be found, it is hoped, altogether useless to the public. The subject is beginning to excite a general interest, but hitherto its critics have been either professors themselves, or persons too well acquainted with those professors; and though we have had a great deal of good criticism upon Art, we have had very little either good or disinterested upon our Artists.

The reasons are obvious. Professors, though of course best informed on the subject, are not the best qualified in other respects to criticise their living brethren. In the first place, their individual rivalry, like that of poets and musical composers, is a great and perhaps insurmountable bar to impartiality: secondly, when inclined to be impartial with regard to artists, they find it difficult to be so with regard to branches of art: and thirdly, even where neither of these stumbling-blocks might be found, professional delicacy naturally interferes with the requisite freedom of criticism. Of the first of these courses the proofs are sufficiently notorious and lamentable; the second has ever been manifest in the disputes between the different walks of art; and the third has lately been exemplified in the writings of Mr. Shee, who, with every disposition to be an impartial critic even at his own expense, cannot find it in his heart to be a just one at that of others. The patrons and professed connoisseurs, taking part with their respective favourites, are more or less liable to the same objections.

Nay, some of the very artists, who have otherwise the most exalted views of their profession, put impartiality entirely out of the question, and think that criticism has no business with a rising art, but to pass over its defects, and flatter it into a vain and slovenly confidence; as if weeds would of their own accord forsake the garden; or as if, by any cherishing process of the hot-house, these weeds could become flowers.

It may be of use, then, as a small help to persons of cultivated minds, who would easily blend a love of painting and sculpture with that of the other liberal arts already established in this country, to state the general impression which our British artists have made upon an humble but not inattentive spectator. This statement may also serve, in a general sense, as a specimen of the mind and feeling with which it is proposed to handle the subject in the future numbers of the REFLECTOR, where attention will be paid to the general spirit and progress of art, rather than to its indiscriminate efforts, its mechanism, or its petty disputes. Criticism of this kind does not pretend to instruct the painter in the process of his art, to decide between the merits of strata and sub-strata, of oils and of mygylphs—or, indeed, to assume any tone of pictorial learning. Its whole endeavour is to try the artist upon the general principles of taste, and to interest the general taste in favour of the artist; to suggest to the one the best means of exciting a public feeling for art, and to prepare this feeling, as much as possible, by familiarizing people with the contemplation of art: in a word, to do what little it can towards giving painting and sculpture their due share in the social honours of poetry, and making them current in books, in discourse, and in general admiration.

This unprofessional criticism is at least of one use: it shows unequivocally the *popular* progress of art. Our artists owe much civility, on this head, to Mr. Cumberland, who is the first writer, I believe, of any repute, that has taken pains to foster the rising art, and whose zeal in its cause is as honourable to his public spirit as to his various taste and classicality. Fifty years ago there was no criticism of the kind, and for a very plain reason—because there was nothing to call it forth. While Ariosto, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, was praising the perfection of art in his country, our writers had no idea of the subject.*

* It is curious that Ariosto, though the intimate friend of Raphael, and of a more congenial fancy with that artist than with Michael Angelo, should introduce the latter, in his mention of living painters, with so decided an air of superiority. Was it that he really had more admiration for an artist that presented so majestic a contrast to his own powers? Or that he paid a real though misplaced compliment to his friend's modesty? Or that the familiarity of friendship had diminished something of its respect? Or that Michael Angelo was at that moment more in vogue, and had lately astonished Rome with the display of *all* his powers? Whatever was the cause, it appears to be one of the most valuable, because most *disinterested*, pieces

Many years afterwards, Milton delighted in alluding to and exalting music, but though abounding in paintings of the most exquisite kind, scarcely seems to have thought of the sister art. This is the more remarkable, inasmuch as he had visited Italy; and it has brought upon him, as it did upon Tasso, the suspicion of insensibility to painting. Our poets in general, however, cannot be liable to such a charge. Shakspeare, in default of meeting with artists of his own country, has gone out of his way, as well as out of chronology, to introduce his admiration of Julio, Romano;* and it may be said of succeeding poets, that they stood ready with their pens to panegyryze any Englishman who should appear with a pencil in his hand. Dryden had a critical taste for art, as he has exemplified with so much spirit in one of his Epistles, and he gave his countrymen a translation of Du Fresnoy, but did not live to see any effects from his congenial zeal. Pope, who amused himself with a pallet, just as some great artists have with verses, could find no better native painter to immortalize than Jervas; and it was as singular a piece of good fortune for a foreigner, as it is a mortifying recollection for our countrymen, that Sir Godfrey Kneller, a man vain enough already, and at best a graceful portrait painter, was fed with the poetical flatteries of four of our greatest writers, Dryden, Pope, Congreve, and Addison.

It is true, England had not been destitute of painters since the reign of Henry VIII., but they were altogether in a small or servile way, and dealt at most in smooth portraits, and in copies of the foreign artists who visited England. Of this description, and in the first rank of native talent, were the two Olivers, Mary Beale, who copied Lely, Dobson, who copied Titian and Vandyck, and Cooper, who was called the "Vandyck in little." Among these, for the sake of rescuing him from the mere contempt with which he is recollected by literary readers, may also be mentioned Flatman, who, in spite of his "jaded muse" so spiritedly lashed by Rochester, was a very animated miniature painter. In the other imitative walks of art an Englishman hardly ever ventured. In sculpture particularly, we have not had a single name of repute

of homage that Michael Angelo ever received, though by no means in the poet's best style. See *Orlando Furioso*, Canto 33, St. 2, where he seems to put even Titian on an equality with his friend.—

E quei, che furo a' nostri dì, o son ora,
Leonardo, Andrea Mantegna, Gian Bellino,
Duo Dossi, e quel ch' a par sculpe e colora,
Michel, più che mortal, Angel divino;
Bastiano, Rafuel, Tizian ch' onora
Non men Cadore, che quei Venezia e Urbino,
E gli altri, di cui tal l'opra si vede,
Qual della prisca età si legge e crede.

* *Winter's Tale*, Act V. Scene 2.

till within a very short period. Gabriel Cibber was a German; Rysbrack came from Flanders, and Ronbilliac from Switzerland. That we might not, however, be entirely indebted to foreigners for every kind of monument, small as well as great, erected to the memory of our great men, the reign of William produced Vertue, the father of English engraving, who with a spirit well calculated both to extend and exalt his art, delighted in copying the portraits of illustrious persons. His heads of the British poets, philosophers, and statesmen, are well known; and his scrupulous anxiety to procure faithful originals gave them a value, of which one is not willing to doubt.* His style is neither powerful nor finished, but it is correct, light, and well-toned, keeping under the subordinate parts, and throwing out the heads with an effect at once lively and unobtrusive. However, even in this branch of art, the foreigners interfered and climbed over us; and Vertue had the mortification of seeing his work and his reputation at once taken out of his hands by Houbracken. The only walk in which native talent stood alone, till within the last reign, was that of architecture, in which our forefathers had excelled after their rude manner, and which, during the reign of King Charles, obtained for us in our turn the admiration of foreigners, in the productions of Inigo Jones. The front of the Banqueting House, built by this architect at Whitehall, is reckoned a masterpiece of elegant proportion, and indeed can hardly fail to strike an eye that is naturally good, and at all accustomed to look about for objects of taste. Christopher Wren, who flourished in the reigns of James II. and Anne, and was perhaps a greater philosopher than architect, allowed himself none of the extravagancies into which Jones had fallen in his earlier days, but seems to have had neither his fine taste, nor his opportunities of forming one. What made him rich did not help to make him great. He was employed by Queen Anne in the work of the fifty churches; and we may easily conceive the feelings of an architect who, with his hands half tied, had to run the gauntlet through an endless succession of church-wardens, clergymen, and proprietors of ground. People are surprised to learn how many of these churches

* Vertue has been much commended for his care in this respect; but if he was as successful as he was scrupulous, Sir Godfrey Kneller from whom he engraved so much, must have been very wantonly abused for the infidelity of his portraits. It must be owned, however, that contemporary evidence is against them both. Their portrait of Dryden, for instance, is not the short, thick personage which the poet is allowed to have been. Sir Godfrey's Newton has sparkling eyes; but if we are to believe Atterbury, who was personally acquainted with that great man, his eyes were of an ordinary cast, and announced nothing. This defect he had in common with Milton, and yet it is observable that in Vertue's head of Milton, the sight is remarkably piercing. This head has no designer's name to it; I believe Vertue took it from a bust which he had in his possession: and busts are by no means the best originals for an engraver, particularly with regard to eye-sight.

he built, and to see how few deserve any notice. One of his most admired works is the church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, the roof of which is beautifully supported and proportioned, and has a singular character of dignity that triumphs at once over the smallness of the edifice and the clogging meanness of the pews below. St. Paul's Cathedral, upon which his principal fame is supposed to rest, is allowed to be inferior to the original model, which he was not allowed to execute; and perhaps, though such an opinion must be spoken with deference, it does not deserve the praise it has received. To uneducated eyes, which are not always the worst judges of general effect, the dome appears too large for the main body; and not to mention the little-frittered steeples, the division of the facade into two small rows of columns, one over the other, seems not only to have sacrificed without cause a noble opportunity of making a large and imposing portico, but to be totally unworthy of the grandeur to which it introduces us. It is difficult, however, to enter into the claims of this species of art, to settle the distinct boundaries between the architect and the builder, and to distinguish between the grandeur of the artist's mind, and the imposing nature of size and altitude. One may remark, also, that architecture, by the fixture of its forms, and the real or imaginary perfection of its orders, produces every species of servile imitation—so much, indeed, that it is hard to say where its imitation ends and its invention begins, and whether the best modern architect is any thing more than a tasteful plagiarist.

Jones and Wren are of themselves sufficient proof, that our monarchs have been unjustly accused of preferring foreign to native talent, where native talent was to be found. A much better reason for our deficiencies in art has been found in our continual political struggles, which turned the national spirit another way; and to this, as to all general reasons of the kind, may be added various other causes, such as the tastelessness of successive princes, the devotion of the middle classes to commerce, a national feeling inimical to foreign taste and to show in general, and a jealous antipathy to the decoration of places of worship. This last obstruction, arising from jealousies ever present, and from prejudices that are always the last to give way, has survived all the rest; and it was not thirty years ago that Terrick, Bishop of London, refused the united offer of our first artists to decorate his cathedral gratuitously. Before this time, it must be confessed, that our painters had decorated some public buildings to little advantage. Thornhill, in the reign of Queen Anne, had been employed to paint the roof of this very cathedral, and though he was an intelligent artist, yet he had such little knowledge of form and colouring, that his pictures suffer nothing by being out of

sight. His pupil Brown is entirely forgotten, though the painter of a number of altar-pieces in the metropolis. The reigns of the first and second George produced nothing better. The names of Hayman, Wills, and Highmore, the best historical painters sixty years ago, are now scarcely known out of the profession.* Their style was altogether feeble and ignorant, as may be seen in the pictures they presented to the Foundling Hospital. The former, a great man in his day, painted the rotunda in Vauxhall Gardens, and may be recollected by literary readers as the designer of the plates to Warburton's edition of Pope and other books of that period. With these artists was joined the celebrated Hogarth, who, with all his genius and electric originality, cannot be considered as illustrating the progress of art. It is allowed, that he was rather a wit and moral satirist upon canvass, than a painter, and had almost as little skill as his cotemporaries in form and colour. He illustrated with his pen the theory of grace, and no artist better understood expression of a certain kind; but his theory of grace only enabled him to ridicule the practical want of it in others; and the expression, of which he was a master, was of a peculiar and sophisticated species, not seldom degenerating into caricature. His attempts at history are known only to be despised, particularly his vulgar and even disgusting *Sigismunda*, which enabled the party wit of Churchill to handle him as severely in the light of an artist, as he had done malignantly in that of a man. His great and unrivalled excellence lay in conveying the odiousness of vice by familiar touches, which might have been painful or disgusting had they been introduced with less circumstance of humour or evident morality of effect, and he was perhaps the first artist who made his canvass the vehicle of sheer wit or the sympathy of remote ideas. Swift himself, who saw his congenial talent, has no stroke of this kind more complete or satirical than the spider's web over the poor's-box in the Wedding scene at Church. The rest of Hogarth's contemporaries were portrait painters, who, by confining themselves to a head and shoulders, obtained more money, perhaps more reputation, than their historical brethren. They were men of little or no genius, and might have starved among a people less fond of their ancestors and relations. The artists in this line seem to have kept up a kind of hereditary sway over the town ever since the reign of James. Thus Lely was succeeded by Kneller, who was succeeded by Jervas and Richardson, who were succeeded by Hudson. This last painter was not aware by

* So late as the year 1755, a French artist residing in England, of the name of Bouquet, published a small account of the State of the Arts in this country. In this book he talks of Hayman as the first of British artists, and represents him as "master of every qualification that can form a great painter."

what sort of a successor he was to be dethroned, and what a revolution was preparing in the world of taste. His portraits had no merit but that of coarse fidelity, but this was enough to make him a favourite with the country gentlemen, who came to him as to a sort of slop painter, to be fitted out in fine wigs and laced hats.* It is the praise of his father-in-law, Richardson, who was an intelligent critic of painting, that by his treatise on that subject he first inspired the destined founder of the British school.

This was Joshua Reynolds, a man of a thinking and unshackled mind, who was the first to carry the good sense and spirit of his nation into the walks of art. With a taste that rejected every thing vulgar and meretricious, and at the same time a studious love of effect, he united chastity with warmth, and gave the town what it had never seen before, the simplicity of nature adorned with the most glowing charms of art. The union was irresistible, and he instantly took the lead in his profession. The Royal Academy, instituted in 1769 by the exertions of himself and a few other spirited artists, elected him its first President by a kind of involuntary impulse : riches and respect grew round him ; and having as instructive a pen as he had an effective pencil, he did more for the formation of a school of art than all the foreigners who had visited or been connected with the country. Sir Joshua united in his portraits ease and elegance of demeanour, an unaffected air of thinking, and a combination of all the charms of colour, Venetian and Flemish. His invention in this walk displayed itself in the happiest varieties of attitude and of background ; his children breathed innocence and unconsciousness ; and, in a word, he exhibited the perfection of portrait painting in the true greatness arising from simplicity.—In considering him, however, as he certainly was, the founder of the British school, it is evident that he rather inspired it with industry and elementary good taste than afforded it a sufficient example. It is said of him, as it was of Vandyck, that he would have been as excellent in history as in portraiture, had he bent his genius to it ; but where are the proofs ? Colour, grace, and portraiture, do not make historical painters ; still less do incorrectness of drawing and want of historical invention. The very circumstance of

* In a paper of the *Connoisseur*, No. 46, Dec. 1754, there is a letter signed Rusticus, in which this painter is mentioned by implication with great respect :—"So common," says the writer, "is this fashion (the use of paint) grown among the young as well as old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures ; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudson's : if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and the delicate touches of the painter."

his pursuing portraiture in preference to history is an argument against his talent for the latter, for want of ambition in such cases is most likely to be want of genius. To this may be added his anxious and continual hunting after the *secrets* of the great colourists, that is to say, their mixture of colours and mode of mechanical working, which he seems to have considered as the philosopher's stone of painting. In this pursuit he wasted much of his time and more of his future reputation; for the numberless experiments he made injured the stability of his colouring; and many of his pictures are already so cracked and apparently worm-eaten, that they look older than some of the flimsiest of Titian. In fact, Sir Joshua, like Titian and Vandyck, was only a link between portrait painting and history, and the end next the former was much the best part of the metal. I believe it is acknowledged by those who have seen in Italy the originals which he had studied, that his history is little more than tasteful compilation. He seems not to have been able to produce any great work without something to copy—something to furnish him with first ideas; and thus portrait painting, which is apt to stupify the best historical artist, was his principal inspirer. His picture of the *Tragic Muse* has been justly celebrated for its historical dignity; but he had the *portrait* before him in the person of Mrs. Siddons; and it was this portrait he copied, though perhaps with a nobler air of simplicity. When he painted the same Muse from his own conception in the picture of *Garrick, between Tragedy and Comedy*, he made her a puling girl. But he had considerable faults even in his own walk. His drawing he acknowledged to be incorrect, but in his paintings he endeavoured to conceal this great defect by indistinct outlines and seducing tricks of colour, than which there could hardly be a more pernicious example for young students. He had also suffered his fancy to indulge itself so far in a predilection for a certain arch character in female and infant cases, that it often destroyed his simplicity; and in pursuing these “quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,” he acquired a habit of turning up his eyes and mouths fantastically at the corners; a manner contrary to nature in general, as well as in direct opposition to ideal beauty. However, as it luckily happened, his exemplary love of study, his better judgment, and those excellent lectures, in which he showed an enthusiasm for historical greatness singularly contrasted with his practice, redeemed him from the danger of poisoning the taste he had diffused: and a new set of painters were rising in the mean time, who, while they took nothing from the reputation of his peculiar beauties, brought to the increasing stock of art a useful variety and a much greater ambition.

The principal of these were Barry, West, and Mortimer, in history; Romney in portrait; and Wilson and Gainsborough in landscape. Angelica and Cipriani had also come from Italy; but times were altered, and foreigners now came only to be excelled. With much superficial taste, these two artists were feeble and fluttering in their style; their women had a pleasing and feminine softness, but no variety whatever; and their heroes, particularly those of Angelica, were so many men-milliners in helmets. Mr. Fuseli, with a contempt more just than gallant, calls her productions "a bundle of rags." It was a singular instance of the rising genius in this country, that though seducing to students by their easiness, and recommended everywhere by the masterly graver of Bartolozzi, they hardly produced an imitator. Sir Joshua and his brethren had therefore done us another piece of service: they had saved us from the flippant, monotonous, and affected style, which latterly obtained in Italy, and which at length reduced that mighty mistress of art to second childishness.

Landscape shone in the general dawn. Gainsborough was easy, picturesque, and excelled in select combination; but Wilson was a greater genius, and by giving classical and impassioned subjects to his landscapes, animated them with thought and with historical interest. For the delicate effect of some of his paintings he has been compared to Claude; but he seems to have been altogether a nobler artist. Claude's excellence was in repose, in tenderness of scenery, and in a kind of Arcadian luxury; but his introduction of human accidents was uninventive, and his figures are lame and pitiable. Wilson's fancy and execution were of a higher and more extensive order: he excelled as much in violence as in repose, in the disturbances as in the quietudes of nature; and his *Niobe*, for the striking poetry of all its circumstances, its clouds and lightning, its winds, waters, and scattered despair, is a piece of magnificent combination worthy of Rubens. The historical spirit of portrait painting was well sustained by Romney, who though by no means a master of his pencil, and not at all likely to be recommended to these after-times by the indiscreet and maudlin praises of his friend Mr. Hayley, was a man of genius, and had much of Sir Joshua's delicacy in expression. But the greatest promise of advancing as well as maintaining the English school was afforded by our rising painters in history. Mortimer, notwithstanding an occasional and unaccountable finicalness in parts of his figures, had a true feeling for the art in all its great requisites, in boldness of handling, in fancy, and in composition. He unfortunately died in the flower of his age. Barry is deservedly reckoned one of the fathers of this school; and he would deserve the honour if it were only for one consideration: that the "grasp of mind," as Johnson called it, which conceived his

Progress of Society, served to inspire students with the love of knowledge and to set them thinking. He made a great many enemies by his impatient jealousy, his affectation of an austere independence, and by a morbid and suspicious temper almost approaching to insanity. These enemies had undoubtedly much to condemn both in him and in his paintings; but they had also much to rouse their jealousy in the latter, and much to annoy their consciences in the attacks he made upon the academy; and accordingly they have not ceased to persecute his memory. He certainly relied too much upon his poetical mind in an art which must go through so much mechanical labour before it can express its ideas. His knowledge of the figure was incorrect, and his colouring harsh and of a barren sandiness. The mere defiance of criticism with which he introduced hats and wigs into Elysium, and the Genius of Music as Dr. Burney riding full dressed among the water nymphs, has met with just ridicule; and his beatitude of Louis XIV. and other patronizing profligates, by which he sacrificed a moral sentiment in a moral picture, strikes every honest spectator with indignation. There is also much of imitation in separate figures, particularly in the prominent one of the young horseman in the *Olympic games*, which has been a received model of equestrian grace from Phidias to Stothard; but let him who doubts the general originality of the pictures in any respect, produce the subjects from which they were taken. The floating and languid water nymphs, personifying the luxuries arising from commerce, though neither well drawn nor coloured, have great significance of expression; and each end of the picture of *Final Retribution* abounds with images not only sublime in themselves, but truly fitted for the sublime in painting: the noblest specimen of art cannot, for instance, show images of more grandeur, or combining more historical dignity with poetical imagination, than the Peruvians with Las Casas at their head adoring the beatific vision which shines from the immense distance; or the gigantic Retributive Angel with the balance, whose face, looking out of the picture as he turns aside with a gesture of pitying denouncement from the contemplation of the damned, inspires mute attention and awe. When it is said of such a man, in allusion to a supposed jealousy on the part of Sir Joshua, that "it were as reasonable to suppose the latter jealous of the weaver of his canvass or the grinder of his colours," we despise as soon as we hear so mere an insult.* Sir Joshua and Barry wanted each what the

* See *Edinburgh Review*, No. XXXIII. Art. 2. *On the works and life of Barry*. --The Reviewers have at length turned their attention, as they were advised, to the consideration of art; but the advice had better not have been given, if their late criticism was a specimen of what is to come. The writer, who appears to be a connoisseur, sufficiently versed in the small talk of his art, is justly severe on Barry's

other possessed:—the former, historical invention—the latter, colour and delicacy of taste.

The artists now living well sustain the reputation with which these painters had commenced the British school. In history, we have West, who has survived all his early contemporaries, Fuseli, Stothard, Northcote, Westall, &c.;—in sculpture, Flaxman, Nollekens, &c.;—in narrative and fancy pieces, Devis, Howard, and Thomson;—in humorous characters, Smirke and Wilkie:—in portrait, Lawrence, Phillips, Owen, Cosway, Beechey, Shee, &c.; in landscape, Turner, Loutherbourn, Barker, Callcott, &c.;—in architecture, Gandy and Smirke, &c.—Of these the principal only are proper objects of such a review as the present; and as to the flower and fish painters, who neither disgrace nor adorn a nation, they may well be left to those who admire them.—At the head of his profession, both by age, office, the general acknowledgment, and a genius truly epic, stands Mr. West. What particularly strikes one, in considering him with regard to the progress of the English school, is that he is literally the first historical artist who possessed a thorough knowledge of the human figure. The exhibition of his earliest pictures evinced the ardour of his study; and the *Death of General Wolfe*, a composition at once severe in unity and abounding in the finest contrasts, stamped his reputation abroad as well as at home. It is another curious circumstance, that in clothing the figures of this picture in the dress of the times, he was the first who ventured to abandon the incongruous costume of former artists; and Sir Joshua, who doubted the success of the reformation, was afterwards modest and sensible enough to adopt it himself.* The beauties of Mr. West's style are masterly freedom of pencil, a scientific knowledge of grouping and composition, and elevation of character. The first

principal vices; but far be it from an amateur in grounds and colours to enter into the beauties above mentioned. He confesses himself no judge of the higher part of the subject, when he insinuates that no picture can have a moral effect on the spectator, and tell us that "originality and sublimity of poetical conception," are "*at best, very suspicious merits in an imitative art*." "Who can find," he asks, "any argument in favour of the future state in the picture of *Final Retribution*?" Who indeed? This is an ingenious mode of denying the moral effect of a picture by questioning its powers of logic. Barry intended no argument on the subject. He took a future state for granted, and so taking it, his object was to impress upon the spectator, that the good or ill conduct of men towards society produced their happiness or misery in a state of retribution. Such objections are only ridiculous; but when the critic ferments and grows fanciful in his very malignity, and concludes with stating, that he has heard something of Barry which, if he chose to tell, would prove him a sheer villain, he outrages common humanity. The tale might have been told, *if beyond all doubt*; or it should not have been hinted. Why will this Review, with so much wit and knowledge as it exhibits, suffer itself to be made the tool of all sorts of parties?

* It was perhaps from the *Death of Wolfe* that Macklin took the hint of commencing a similar reformation on the stage. Garrick, who had already been advised by the artists to venture upon an improvement so worthy of his genius, doubted like Sir Joshua, and talked of glass bottles from the galleries; but, like Sir Joshua, he had afterwards the merit of adopting what he did not choose to begin.

is seen to the best advantage in his sketches, some of which, as his *Jesus healing the Sick*, the *Destroying Angel*, *Death on a Pale Horse*, &c. are for that reason more valued than his finished paintings:—of the second, the *Death of Wolfe* has been pronounced a perfect specimen; and perhaps, though upon a different plan, his meeting of *Calypso and Telemachus* is another:—this latter picture also exhibits his powers of expression in all their variety—dignity in the air of Calypso, who is still royal in the midst of her admiration; beauty, languishment, or coquettish admiration, in the countenances of her train, who follow in a sort of link affectionately wreathing their hands and arms after the manner of sisters;—the suspicion of old age, somewhat too eager and human perhaps, in the face of the disguised Minerva; and the fire and frankness of manly youth in the upright port, advancing gesture, and open gaze of Telemachus. The heaving sea, and general bluster of the landscape, acting upon the hair and drapery of the figures, complete the contrasts of this poetical composition, and render it altogether one of those pictures which are calculated to make an admirer of poetry at once in love with painting. The finest and most original expression, perhaps, of which Mr. West is master, is the fire and energy of a noble countenance; the art cannot produce faces which more strike you with awe, and surmount your feelings, than those of his angels, with their eyes lit up, and their hair mounting like wreaths of flame. The series of pictures representing the *Installation of the Garter* is by some accounted his greatest work. It is probably the richest, and it abounds in personal beauty and dignity; but for delicacy of expression and poetical mind, appears to me to be far surpassed by the works just mentioned. With all these beauties, which have deservedly ranked him with the masters of his art, Mr. West has great faults, particularly of manner. He sometimes sacrifices propriety of action to his fondness for harmony of composition; his firmness of drawing is apt to degenerate into hardness, though this fault is of little danger to the student; the common run of his female faces is a mere peachy smoothness and regularity, an imitation of that monotonous Greek character, so inferior to the sense and vivacity of the modern; his mouths sometimes appear as if they were cornered and cut out with scissars; and the general character of his earlier colouring is harsh and frigid. In portrait painting especially, he retains all the faults, without a single beauty of his history, and is utterly feeble and unsatisfactory. His portrait brush is a torpedo which he should never touch: it stiffens his hand and takes away all his powers. It is this probably which made his *Death of Nelson* so inferior to that of *Wolfe*; the abundance of portraits stifled its animation. However, it is where he is least interested in his work, that he is evidently most deficient. It is acknowledged, that when he pleases he can produce a colour-

ing equal with Titian himself, of which there was a beautiful specimen in the last Exhibition, in the figure of the *Infant brought to Jesus*. His masterly familiarity with the human figure, his unwearied love of the art, and his historical ambition founded on early and severe study, present the best of lessons to the student; and, perhaps, since the appearance of Sir Joshua, there is no artist who has been of such exemplary and lasting service to the British school.

Next to the president in his qualification for great works, and before him in a daring imagination, is Mr. Fuseli. As this painter is a foreigner, and seems to have acquired his ideas of art before he had any thing to do with England, he does not, in strictness perhaps, come under the present review; but the peculiarity of his manner, and the situation he holds over the young students, demand a few observations. When people hear Mr. Fuseli mentioned they know not whether to be struck with laughter, pity, or admiration. I believe the first is the most involuntary; but then it is to be recollected, that Mr. Fuseli is most known by his worst productions. Of this description are his appalling designs for Chalmers's *Shakspeare*, and for the octavo edition of *Cowper*—a series of outrages upon the human form, which perhaps have never been equalled, and which I believe no artist but Mr. Fuseli would have ventured to commit. Of these phenomena, some are men with scarcely any body, their wrists sprained, fingers jerked out like an idiot's, and legs stretched to a horrible tension, as if seized with the agonies of sudden cramp: others are little boys with the "brawns of Hercules;" others, huge affected women with skewers through their hair, and without a particle of any thing feminine;—even a cap or hat must be as if never was, crimped round the edges like a pie, or stuck on one side of the head in the shape of a pincushion; and as to clothing! never were waistcoats and pantaloons so facetious. The author of those famous lines,

A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a *naked Pict* his grandsire won,

might have completely justified them, had Mr. Fuseli been the tailor of those days; for his figures are not a jot the less naked for being clothed; not only bones, but the smallest muscular indications, are seen through cloth as through air; and sometimes so complete is the delusion, that after concluding the figure to be bare, you find on coming to a circle at the wrist or the ankle that it is clothed from head to foot. Those who wish to see a specimen of this defiance of propriety, in all its branches, may turn to the print of the *Tea-table* in *Cowper*, where they will behold in the company of ladies, the likeness of a human figure lounging on

a sofa with his *hat* on after the above pie fashion,* his waistcoat looking like a shirt bosom, and naked thighs terminating in a pair of *trousers*! With loftier examples of distortion Mr. Fuseli generally treats us in the Exhibition; in the last of which the reader may recollect a Hercules with an eye in his temple, and a leg deformed with the gout. His colouring is uniformly bad; sometimes it is leaden, sometimes brassy, sometimes of a rusty green, sometimes of a dirty drab colour; but this is escaped by the engraver. It is said that this artist imitates Michael Angelo; and Michael Angelo we are told exaggerated. He did so; but with what sort of a pencil and a taste? When Michael Angelo exaggerated and obtruded his muscles, he knew that he could draw them in a masterly manner: he had fitted himself well for the daring; whereas, Mr. Fuseli is confessedly deficient in this respect. Besides, Michael Angelo never deigned to waste and degrade his fancy upon tricks of millinery, upon carving of hats, and eccentricities of a shoe; and if he had, he would only have shown himself unworthy of imitation. If Mr. Fuseli had imitated the great master in the severities of his studies, he might have followed him with more success, for he has undoubtedly a poetical imagination and a feeling for the sublime. His fancy wantons at its ease in fairy land, the inhabitants of which obey his pencil in all their quaint submission and capricious tricks of amusement. His picture of *Titania with Bottom the Weaver*, is a complete specimen of this talent, in elegance, in expression, in tricks of the terrific and the ludicrous, and in that duteous and fantastic variety of occupation so peculiar to the fairy nation. Of this description are his *Oberon and Titania*, and his *Friar Puck*. But in works of imagination more allied to history, he has also great beauties, that fill us with double regret at seeing an artist capable of so just an originality, giving himself indolently up to a cheap and perishing eccentricity. In the very picture above mentioned, the *Hercules shooting at Pluto*, he displayed grandeur of conception, and considerable skill in situation and general effect: the attitude of Hercules announced defiance and conscious strength, and the faces of Pluto and Proserpine well expressed gloominess roused into terror. If some of his pictures from Milton were free from a partial touch of caricature, their defects of drawing would be forgotten. The picture in Mr. Angerstein's collection, representing *Satan starting up in his native shape from Ithuriel's Spear*, is one of this description: nothing can be more finely imagined

* The reader who remembers this, will agree with me, and may quote Shakespeare on the occasion without the least exaggeration:—

Petruchio.—Why, thou sayest true; it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

This scene in the *Taming of the Shrew* abounds in applications to Mr. Fuseli's taste in dress.

than Satan's unwilling burst into manifestation, and the contrast which the malignant tension of his faculties presents to the calm and affectionate slumber of the pair below. The precipitous flight of Satan from the solar orb, while Uriel, seated on a cloud, looks down with a calm royalty upon the headlong descent, unites fine conception with a beauty very rare in this artist—a dignified simplicity. But the *Lazar-House* was the triumph of his genius; it told what he could do, and what he ought always to have done. In the whole range of painting it would be difficult to discover a wilder and yet more natural piece of the terrific, than the dying maniac, who at the very moment of receiving the sacrament has escaped with a preternatural strength from his bed, and is pursued by the priest and his attendants. Fortunately for students the beauties and deformities of Mr. Fuseli are equally prominent; and while the former tend to elevate the fancy, the latter as materially serve to warn them against extravagance, and to repress a mere confidence in that fancy. By what I can discover in the Exhibition, his style has but one solitary imitator; and as this imitator seems a young man of talent, and otherwise capable of thinking for himself, he will probably grow wiser as he grows older, and not mistake the absurdities of genius for the genius itself.

As the president's chair was filled a short time since by a house-builder, it is not easy to say who will sit there next: but the most proper successor to Mr. West, both on account of his freedom from gross faults, and his attainment, in one respect, of an excellent simplicity, seems to be Mr. Stothard. This gentleman is well known to readers by his innumerable designs for books; and in these designs, as in Mr. Fuseli's, and, indeed, as in those of all artists who condescend or are compelled to design for books, there are specimens of his worst style—large hands and eyes, rawboned faces, stiff attitudes, and dislocated limbs. They abound, however, in delicate beauties, and the engravings from them by Heath and others are so much valued, that I understand they are bought up on the continent at a considerable expense. The paintings of Mr. Stothard are sometimes patchy and meager; and he is apt to leave his faces with an air of being unfinished in his best works; but it is no small praise to say that he is one of the very few painters who have been able to manage with effect the richness and the scattered lights of Rubens; and what is still greater, and forms his unrivalled excellence, is the exquisite air of simplicity which he can give to females. In Mr. Heath's edition of *Shakspeare*, there is a design from *Twelfth Night*, representing the detection of *Viola* in boy's clothes. Never, perhaps, since the time of Raphael himself, was feminine modesty so unaffectedly shadowed forth under circumstances so provocative of effect. The

gentle figure shrinking almost imperceptibly, and involuntarily lifting a finger to its lip, respires consciousness of its sex, without the least consciousness of its beauty. Of the *Procession of Chaucer's Pilgrims*, the engraving of which has been left unfinished by the lamented Schiavonetti, it is sufficient to say that the late Mr. Hoppner published a long panegyric. Mr. Stothard's genius is not confined to serious subjects, and perhaps he is the only painter, not only in England, but in the whole history of painting, that ever joined a real talent for the serious with a taste for humour. In *Sharpe's British Classics* he has two humorous designs of great merit, from the *Spectator*; one, representing the celebrated Scaramouch beaten by an old Horse officer for taking too large a pinch of snuff;—the other, a scene at a West-Indian Ball between two rival Sisters, the youngest of whom thinking to out-shine the other by coming there in a stuff of a new fashion, is suddenly thrown into a swoon by seeing the elder walk in dressed in black, and accompanied by a female slave, whose petticoat is a piece of the identical cloth. The former, from the nature of the subject, approaches to caricature, but is excellently national and explanatory: Scaramouch is his own name personified, and all is French manner, to the very shopman in the back-ground, who is obsequious with an air of naïveté. The latter is of a purer humour; and it is pleasing to see, in the calm face of the triumphant lady, and the more conscious looks of the servant, that Mr. Stothard can carry his simplicity into the very reverse of his usual walk.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, though he made such an impression on his countrymen, left but one direct pupil who has attained any character. This is Mr. Northcote, an artist with little seduction of manner, and less fancy, but sensible, vigorous, and master of a strong though coarse expression. Like his instructor, he sometimes betrays a want of drawing, but is generally more correct, and has nothing else in common with Sir Joshua, either of fault or beauty. His designs for the tragedy of *Richard the Third* are well known, and I believe have been popular. Their power of pleasing, however, seems to arise from the subject rather than its execution. The face of Richard when he meets the young prince is forcibly marked with cunning: but the attendant bishop in his canonicals is an ill-drawn blotch; and the children, particularly in the smothering scene, belong too much to the nursery. A picture in the last Exhibition, representing the *Earl of Argyle sleeping in Prison*, a few hours before his execution, while his enemy is contemplating him with mixed rage and remorse, combines the principal features of Mr. Northcote's style. The gaoler's figure is disproportioned, and Argyle wants the heroic character: we should say, in familiar life, that he was not the gentleman. But

the soundness and quiet conscience of his sleep are excellently expressed, and as finely contrasted with the devilish agitation of his enemy, who suddenly bites his lip, and strikes his forehead, with mingled hatred and despair. The meanness of this expression has been censured, but it appears to me to be its chief beauty: for what can be meaner than baffled malignity?—Mr. Northcote is not confined to history. His animals are excellent, and have all the intelligence, if it may be so called, that their nature will allow, without exhibiting a fanciful or humanized expression. In Sir John Leicester's Collection of English Paintings, which does so much honour to the Baronet's public spirit, there is an Eagle of his grasping a Serpent, and looking out from the top of a mountain into a turbid atmosphere. It is one of the finest specimens of the style existing. The idea of height is admirably given; and the lightning of the bird's eye, and the air of power and defiance with which he thrusts out his head amidst the storm, form a truly Pindaric combination. Mr. Northcote does honour to the English school; and there is a good sense reigning throughout his pictures, which tends to divert the student from vitious and affected manner.

It is a pity that the same praise cannot be given to Mr. Westall, who is an artist of much taste and feeling, and has a poetical luxuriance of fancy. But without severe study and a continual attention to nature, taste and feeling will inevitably degenerate into affectation. Mr. Westall's females are lovely, his heroes dignified, and his youth sometimes frank and impassioned; he colours voluptuously, and can pierce into the bowers of poetry or beauty with an Arcadian spirit of enjoyment. But in so doing he takes leave of nature. Like Mr. Fuseli, he has a world of his own; and like him he chooses to live there in general, not because it is a more honourable sphere, but because he can manage it more easily. Mr. Fuseli's is a world of absurdities: it is Ariosto in his dotage. Mr. Westall's is precisely that sort of smooth-faced and shepherdized creation, which boyish fancies live in at fourteen or fifteen. His beautiful faces are all of one monotonous cast, whether young or old; his dignity steps into the theatrical; and his colouring is worked into fritter and gaudiness. His favourite affectation seems to be a lifted eye; and this Magdalen expression he bestows on all that come—ladies, grandsires, boys, and peasants. What he does with peasants in other respects may easily be imagined; they are pure Arcadians in leathern breeches. For complete examples of his attractions and defects it is sufficient to mention the *Bowers of Pan* and of *Venus*. One of his most rational performances is the *Alfred kneeling before his Mother, and listening to her inspiring stories*: the boy has great spirit, and the queen is impressive and royal; but all is theatrical. There are en-

gravings, I see, from this artist, in a late edition of Mr. Walter Scott's *Marmion*; and it is well that two clever men, so given up to a similar affectation, should go hand in hand, and help to illustrate each other's faults. The young students, both of poetry and painting, should, of all styles, beware of that seductive one which, while it throws an indolent sunshine over their fancy, melts down the power of labour and reflection, and incapacitates them for all noble endeavour.

Our sculpture does not yet outshine the reputation of Roubilliac, and the other foreigners who visited us. The late Mr. Banks was a man of genius, but he had no opportunities of working on a grand scale, which is sometimes absolutely necessary to an art wanting the aid of perspective. It is on this account that the best specimen of his talent, the *Giant overwhelmed by Rocks*, in the Council Room of the Academy, contradicts its own beauties; the Giant is excellently sculptured, and his attitude is desperate and ruinous, but the few inches allotted him and the rock destroy the general effect, and, in spite of the attempt at comparative size in the back ground, he looks like a Lilliputian Hercules knocked down with a stone. Mr. Bacon was a graceful sculptor, and left a good business to his son. Mr. Westmacott is much employed, but is feeble and incorrect; his *Duke of Bedford*, in Russel square, an attempt at ease, has an air of indecision and awkwardness; and the Muses round the pedestal of Addison's statue in Westminster Abbey want expression and proportion. Mr. Nollekens occasionally executes whole lengths from fancy, and does them with much elegance of form; but his excellence is in busts, of which the masterly turn and thinking spirit are justly celebrated. Our best sculptor is Flaxman, whose style, together with that of Rossi, is seen on the outside of the new theatre in Covent Garden. The figure of *Tragedy*, by the latter, is neither new nor forcible, and the drapery is cut up into pettiness; that of *Comedy*, by the former, has perhaps as little pretension to originality, but it is executed in a masterly manner, and the drapery is broad without heaviness. Much objection has been made to the quiet expression in the face of *Comedy*, which, we are told, should be gayer and more comic. Sir Joshua, it is true, represented Comedy with a laughing face, and the word comic has passed into an epithet of drollery; but this is confounding the effect with its cause. It is not necessary that Comedy should laugh in order to produce laughter: in fact, the best comedies are not those which laugh most; that is the strongest humour which produces the greatest effect with the most quiet face. Why the figure should have been represented with the attributes of the early Greek comedy is not so clear; but it is Mr. Flaxman's great fault to carry his love of the antique to an excess. The figures in relief, represent-

ing scenes from the Greek and English drama, though partly executed by Mr. Rossi, are all designed by the former, and do great credit to his taste and composition. The lady from *Comus* is particularly graceful and feminine. Mr. Flaxman is said to be a great admirer of Mr. Stothard's design, and if he is like that artist in certain faults, as for instance, in the relief before us, an occasional thicksetness in his limbs, he resembles him also in his simplicity, of which his group of *Instruction*, in the last year's Exhibition, was a very engaging example. It cannot be denied, however, that there has yet arisen no great inventive genius, who, by displaying a masterly familiarity with form and its accidents, joined to a vivid apprehension of character and a command of expression, could give sculpture that creative renown among us which it has enjoyed in Greece and Italy. There is still, therefore, a noble opening for English genius, in an art, too, which, if it is inferior to painting in vivacity and general power, is more capable of embodying a perfect grandeur and beauty, and has a *presence* about it, which, alike removed from the idea of surface and from the waking lifelessness of wax work, is more fitted to inspire reverence and awe.

In humorous painting we are now confessedly unrivalled. Stothard has been already mentioned as an artist of considerable observation in this walk. He is also the most refined of our painters of humour, which, by its familiar habits, is always apt to degenerate into vulgarity. Mr. Smirke, who is a respectable but not very pleasing painter in serious subjects, is a broad humorist, with considerable freedom of pencil. He expresses forcibly; you always know what touch of quaintness he would strike off, and the burst of laughter is ready to welcome it. But his characters are all actors, and actors too of very manifest farce. Sometimes he is not content while any temperance remains, as he has particularly instanced in his picture of the *Examination before Dogberry and Verges*, from *Much Ado About Nothing*; a scene which has of itself enough farce to satisfy any reasonable giggler. Its natural touches Mr. Smirke broadens into farce; the farcical ones are trebly exaggerated; and that nothing may be left of probability, the faces of the whole company, except Conrad and Borachio, are not only marked with the humour of the scene, but have each a distinct set of odd features, as if the persons present must all have been what is vulgarly called characters. Low humour, therefore, so excellently moralized, but loosely drawn by Hogarth, was still left open for a nice observer, who should describe it with a natural fidelity. Mr. Wilkie, the only painter of talent that Scotland has produced, came to London in the 18th year of his age, and by displaying a Dutch nicety of finish, united, for the first time, with variety and delicacy of humorous expres-

sion, was soon acknowledged as the first low painter on record. His pictures are too well known and estimated to need any description here, which, to be just, ought to be minute. Spirit and correctness of drawing, propriety of colour, expression chaste as significant, and the happiest seizure of circumstance, are his distinguishing characteristics; but his pictures and success instantly created a sort of humorous school, and painters of landscape and portrait began to try whether nature had not intended them to be droll. Mr. Bird, who lately appeared, and was said to be a formidable rival, has a considerable turn for humour, but as a designer he is far inferior, and his humour is of a more partial kind, belonging rather to situation than to character. The best artist whom Mr. Wilkie's genius seems to have roused, is Mr. Sharpe, who, with a delicate eye for colour, and a pleasantness of social feeling, has displayed considerable merit in what are called humorous conversation pieces; that is to say, in domestic groups with some accidental circumstance of drollery, as a Girl shutting her ears at Bad Music, a Boy convulsed with a Pinch of Snuff, &c. The foreign costume in which he indulges himself has been censured, but it is not easy to see why. What he loses in point of familiar appeal, he gains in elegance, richness, and variety of dress; and as to the essential humour of the pictures, a foreign girl may certainly be as much annoyed with discord as an English one, and a young Fleming take as overwhelming a pinch of snuff. Mr. Sharpe, however, is not a low painter; he has not sufficient humour, and at the same time he has too much refinement; for it would almost seem an axiom in painting, that these two feelings can never come together, at least in their natural strength. In Mr. Davison's Collection of Paintings from English History, there is a picture by Wilkie, of *Alfred letting the Cakes burn*, in which the humorous circumstance is excellent, but the Prince mean; Mr. Devis has painted the same subject, and in his picture the humour is mean and the Prince excellent.

Mr. Devis is one of the most universal painters we have, and is the link between history, fancy-pieces, and portrait. His talent consists in ease, and an apprehension of natural circumstances. Of his skill in the more familiar parts of history, his *Death of Nelson*, in the Cock-pit of the Victory, is a very just specimen; and, on account of its ease and adherence to fact, is more valuable than that of West. The general fault of Mr. Devis is want of effect, and a dingy colouring; but he latterly seems aware of these great defects, and his whole-length Portrait of a Lady in satin, in the last Exhibition, was a masterpiece of ease, lightness, and delicate brilliancy. In small narrative, and other light pieces, we have two or three artists, besides Mr. Devis, of much elegant taste and of superior fancy. Mr. Howard can enter into the

most graceful flights of poetry, as he has evinced in several small pictures from Shakspeare and the Classics, particularly his *Hy-las borne away by the Water-nymphs*, and a piece in the last Exhibition of the British Institution, in which he happily personified, by Venus and Mercury, the certain Stars that

—————Shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maids' music.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

For a man of so much taste as Mr. Howard, he has a singular fault, that of chubbiness in his faces and figures. He seems not to have studied drawing sufficiently. Mr. Thomson is in the same line, though he is also a pleasing portrait-painter. He has not Mr. Howard's fancy, but his figures are much better executed; and his colouring, when it acquires a little more body, promises to be masterly. Mr. Owen appears to be inferior to both these gentlemen in fancy, but he has a better eye, and a greater taste for simplicity. In the natural attitudes and repose of Children he is now unrivalled; and some of his later Portraits display a knowledge of grouping and of delicate accident, that belongs to the highest rank in that department of art. His colouring is peculiarly harmonious, of a gray and agreeably sober tone. 'This gray is, however, too prominent in the flesh, rendering it somewhat dingy. Mr. Lawrence has for some time past been reckoned the first in this line, but if it was too great a compliment to Sir Joshua and Vandyck to attribute to them a genius for history, it is the merest flattery to Mr. Lawrence. He is an artist of considerable talent, draws well, and catches a prominent expression with a vivid spirit of translation: but his colouring, which might be otherwise masterly, he renders too gaudy and imposing, and his attempts at an historical spirit are theatrical, as may be seen in his well-known picture of *Rolla bearing off Cora's Infant*:—if it be objected that this is a portrait of Kemble, and that Kemble's manner is very theatrical, one may observe that it is not the business of Mr. Lawrence to copy a vitious manner, and that the very child on Rolla's arm is as theatrical as the Peruvian himself. Portrait-painting has lately sustained a severe loss in Messrs. Hoppner and Opie, artists of no great refinement, but highly useful in their respective merits—the former a very natural colourist, the latter a just, though dry, painter, and a lecturer of much sound sense.

The Abbe Winckelmann, who saw in our humid climate nothing but barrenness of taste, might have condescended to inform himself that such climates are essentially favorable to two branches of art—Landscape-painting and Architecture. The former it supplies with scenes of perpetual verdure; the latter it advises to be well built, and of a lasting solidity. In England, the drawing of

landscape has long been an ordinary accomplishment, and our water-colour Exhibitions are daily crowded with ladies who go there to study and to criticise, as our students do to the others. The drawing masters in this line have consequently had their activity roused, and the productions of Girtin, Havell, Varley, Christall, &c. have gone considerably beyond those of the late Mr. Sandby, Mr. Farington, and others of the old school, and begin to contest the palm with their elder sister, oil. The latter branch, however, is decidedly capable of more richness and grandeur, and has the powerful advantage of durability. Of this art we have professors of every description—painters of flat and mountainous scenery, of barren and of picturesque, of Italian and of Egyptian, of the banks of the Ganges and of the solitary mud banks of Chelsea. Freebairn, an elegant but flimsy painter, gave us the classical scenery of Italy, as Daniel does that of the East; and both have been valuable to men of literature. Mr. Callcott is correct, tasteful, and has a fine feeling for ærial effect: he has introduced a classical story into his last landscape, a practice that should be encouraged like historical portraiture, inasmuch as it tends to bind the different branches of painting together, and to give each a proper respect for the other. The Messrs. Barkers are bold in scenery and perspective, with much freedom of penciling. Mr. Arnold's productions are chaste, tasteful, and natural: the Reinagles, particularly the junior, are artists of considerable power and variety; and Miss Goldsmith possesses a vigour of touch, and an eye to common nature, not often seen in a female professor. Chalon is a man of talent, but he should rely more upon his own powers. Louthembourg, a foreigner, wants the English cast of judgment; he is highly picturesque, and occasionally sublime, particularly in his Alpine scenery; but his luxuriance is apt to become mere flutter and tawdriness, and he works his colour up to such a glow that his landscapes sometimes appear lit up with a conflagration. This gentleman also paints history in a style that, generally speaking, has the flutter of his landscape without its grandeur. He is in the habit of designing battles and military landings for the engraver, but his sailors have a kind of sturdy caricature about them that is not English; and of such landings and battles-array it may generally be said, that they are only a pitch above the monotony of sea-fights. Our first landscape-painter is Mr. Turner, who has the same fault in his drawing as Sir Joshua, that of indistinctness of outline; but this fault, which is so obnoxious in human subjects, and baffles Mr. Turner's ragged attempts at history, becomes very different in the mists and distances of landscape; and he knows how to convert it into a shadowy sublimity. Mr. Turner's invention generally displays itself through this medium, whether disturbed or placid. His *Whirlwind in the Desert* astounded the

connoisseurs, who, after contemplating at proper distance an embodied violence of atmosphere that seemed to take away one's senses, found themselves, when they came near, utterly at a loss what to make of it, and as it were smothered in the attempt. Of his calmer style there are two exquisite specimens in Sir John Leicester's Collection, one representing a Seat belonging to the Baronet in Cheshire, the other the Demolition of Pope's House at Twickenham. The former is a towery mansion, seen on a fine April morning from beyond a large sheet of water, and looks as if it were dipped in moist air:—the latter is a picture of rich decay, a poet's house in a state of demolition, contemplated upon an autumnal evening, with other attendant circumstances, that have all the meaning without the affectation of allegory.

In architecture we are at present, I believe, without competition; but what has been said above on this subject is, perhaps, still more applicable than formerly to the works of our artists. Our later edifices are upon the Greek models; and where this is not the case we have more eccentricity than originality. The proportions of architecture, we are told, are fixed; its orders are perfected; and by what we can discover, its harmonious combinations are exhausted:—what then remains for invention? Somerset House is light and elegant, but it is said to be ill built, and, in a word, what beauty has it that is new? Mr. Soane, a theoretical master of his art, wished to be original when he repaired the Bank; and how did he effect his purpose? Merely by giving his edifice the look of a different object—merely by giving us a title-page contradictory to the contents of the book; the Bank has the air of a mausoleum, as if its builder intended to be ironical on our departed gold—

To show by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.

SWIFT, on *Endowing his Irish Bedlam*.

Mr. Wyatt builds excellent houses, replete with snugness; but where is his invention in architecture? Mr. Dance is said to be a clever artist; but where is his invention? The New Theatre, built by Mr. Smirke, jun. is undoubtedly an ornament to the metropolis; but does it exhibit any thing beyond tasteful copying? What it possesses of beauty has been seen a thousand times in arcades and porticos; and where he has diverged from the ordinary agreements he is said to have been wrong—as in the bareness of the sides, their want of uniformity, and the unseemly arches on the roof. The architect with the greatest appearance of genius is Mr. Gandy; but he has not exhibited this genius in any new modes of building, though it is possible he might do so, had he a proper opportunity. What gave the public a high idea of his

taste and imagination was the drawing of *Pandemonium*, exhibited a few years since—a most poetical production certainly, and glowing with the preternatural fire of the original; but did the building in itself display invention, abstracted from its poetical circumstances, the extent, the burning ground, and the ghastly illumination? It is certainly not for the REFLECTOR to decide; but either the architects have for centuries past had no acquaintance with invention, or invention has been entirely shut out of architecture.

With the exception of this art, the objections to which apply of course to the rest of Europe, the English school of design has manifested a decided character of originality; and it has been its good fortune to be followed and animated in its endeavours by an excellent succession of engravers:—but of Engraving more hereafter. It is strikingly worthy of remark, that this originality is individual as well as general, and that our artists imitate each other much less than the other existing schools. The general dotage of the Italian school has already been mentioned. The French painters, making a superficial use of the plundered stores of Italy, and servilely imitating David, who now leads the taste by his imperial office as well as his genius, have turned the old love of flutter into a sculptural stiffness and affected classicality, that promise little rivalry in invention. It would seem, therefore, that the same spirit of thinking which has given freedom and variety to the English character, and enabled us to exhibit our humours as men, has entered into our composition as artists. Our principal painters above mentioned have each their striking peculiarities; and the two most promising of our young students, Messrs. Haydon and Hilton, have their's also—the former a fine eye for correctness and colour, with an ambitious vehemence of style that promises grandeur of character but not refinement;—the latter, a gentler taste, susceptible of pathos and various elegance, but inclined, unless he takes great care, to prefer show to substance, and become theatrical. May these young men fulfil the hopes entertained of them. If to a spirit of rational independence in art, our growing school shall add the same spirit as men and as a *body*—a spirit alike removed from the misanthropy of Barry and the courtliness of his enemies—the Fine Arts of this country will soon be worthy of its poetry and philosophy.

CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

(From a London Paper.)

[We do not give this extract either as a model of correct composition, or as subscribing to the truth of all the opinions advanced in it. It is a fine spirited sketch, in the true taste of Irish eloquence, (we mean that of Grattan and Curran,) constantly straining at effect, frequently rising to great elevation and splendour, but sometimes alike sacrificing good taste and good sense to a trifling prettiness or empty rant. It is to be lamented that the author's flattering auguries of future good to mankind have not all been fulfilled. Spain has not yet risen to the blessings of a free constitution, nor religion rejoiced over the last ruins of the inquisition; yet we must not despair; the progress of human happiness and virtue may be delayed for a time, but their march, though sometimes slow, is sure.

Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
 Rais'd by thy power, can quench the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs his golden flood,
 And glads the nations with redoubled ray.]

HE is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy which towered among us like some ancient ruin whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his awful originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive; a will despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition; and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character; the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people that acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius, had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the chance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest; he acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshipped no God but ambition, and with a stern devotion knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess; there was no opinion he did not promulgate. In the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins of the throne and the tribune, he reared the tower of his despotism! A professed catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of

Brutus,* he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the operations of victory; his flight from Egypt confirmed destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils, and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hand, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount; space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and seemed empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in her contemplation. Kings were his people; nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board.

Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or drawing room; with the mob or the levee; wearing the jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown; banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Lorraine; dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic; he was still the same military despot.

Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army. Of all his soldiers, not one forsook him till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was the safety of their favourite. They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier he subsidized every people; to the people he made even pride pay tribute.

* In his hypocritical cant after liberty, in the commencement of the revolution, he assumed the name of Brutus! *Proh Pudor.*

The victorious veteran glittered with his gains ; and the capitol, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the world. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters ; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy ; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning ! the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Staël, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille ; and sent his academical prize to the philosopher of England.*

Such a medley of contradictions, and, at the same time, such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor ; a mahometan, a catholic, and a patron of the synagogue ; a subaltern and a sovereign ; a traitor and a tyrant ; a christian and an infidel ; he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original ; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self ; the man *without a model, and without a shadow*.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie. Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first (and it is to be hoped the last) emperor of the French.

That he has done much evil there is little doubt ; that he has been the origin of much good there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France, have arisen to the blessings of a free constitution ; superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the inquisition ; and the feudal system, with its whole train of satellites, has fled forever. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people. The people are taught by him, that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource ; and to those who would rise on the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise him from the lowest station, it can prostrate them from the highest.

Porson's Character of Gibbon's History.

AN impartial judge, I think, must allow, that Mr. Gibbon's History is one of the ablest performances of its kind that has ever appeared. His industry is indefatigable ; his accuracy scrupu-

* Sir Humphrey Davy was transmitted the first prize of the academy of arts and sciences.

lous; his reading, which, indeed, is sometimes ostentatiously displayed, immense; his attention always awake; his memory retentive; his style emphatic and expressive; his periods harmonious. His reflections are often just and profound; he pleads eloquently for the rights of mankind, and the duty of toleration; nor does his humanity ever slumber, unless when women are ravished, or the christians persecuted.

Mr. Gibbon shows, it is true, so strong a dislike to Christianity, as visibly disqualifies him for that society, of which he has created Ammianus Marcellinus president. I confess that I see nothing wrong in Mr. Gibbon's attack on Christianity. It proceeded, I doubt not, from the purest and most virtuous motive. We can only blame him for carrying on the attack in an insidious manner, and with improper weapons. He often makes, when he cannot readily find, an occasion to insult our religion; which he hates so cordially, that he might seem to revenge some personal injury. Such is his eagerness in the cause, that he stoops to the most despicable pun, or to the most awkward perversion of language, for the pleasure of turning the Scripture into ribaldry, or of calling Jesus an impostor.

Though his style is, in general, correct and elegant, he sometimes *draws out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument*. In endeavouring to avoid vulgar terms, he too frequently dignifies trifles, and clothes common thoughts in a splendid dress, that would be rich enough for the noblest ideas. In short, we are too often reminded of *that great man, Mr. Prig, the auctioneer, whose manner was so imitatively fine, that he had as much to say upon a ribbon as a Raphael*.

Sometimes, in his anxiety to vary his phrase, he becomes obscure; and, instead of calling his personages by their names, defines them by their birth, alliance, office, or other circumstances of their history. Thus an honest gentleman is often described by a circumlocution, lest the same word should be twice repeated in the same page. Sometimes epithets are added, which the tenour of the sentence renders unnecessary. Sometimes, in his attempts at elegance, he loses sight of English, and sometimes of sense.

A less pardonable fault is that rage for indecency which pervades the whole work, but especially the last volumes. And, to the honour of his consistency, this is the same man who is so prudish that he dares not call Belisarius a cuckold, because it is too bad a word for a *decent* historian to use. If the history were anonymous, I should guess that these disgraceful obscenities were written by some debauchee, who, having from age, or accident, or excess, survived the practice of lust, still indulged himself in the luxury of speculation; *and exposed the impotent imbecility, after he had lost the vigour, of the passions*.

POETRY.

Original.—For the Analytic Magazine.

[Holland has often defended herself against those charges of literary dulness with which the wits of France and England have assailed her, by proudly repeating the names of her three illustrious sons, Grotius, Erasmus and Boerhaave. But it is a fact much less generally known, and not a little singular, that the most classical, the gayest, the most tender, and the most spirited of the modern Latin poets was a Dutchman. Johannes Secundus, an orator, a sculptor, and a poet of great excellence, was born at the Hague in 1511, and died at Utrecht in the twenty-fourth year of his age. His minor poems though sometimes a little trespassing on the stricter rules of prosody, are among the most pleasing productions of modern Latinity. They have the grace of Catullus, without his revolting impurity. One of these gay and elegant sports of fancy is founded on that beautiful passage in the first *Æneid*, in which Virgil describes the boy Ascanius, lulled to sleep by Venus, in the groves of Idalia.

At Venus, Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Irrigat : et totum gremio Dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis Amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci aspirans complectitur umbra, &c.

Secundus' elegant expansion of this idea has been thus prettily imitated by an anonymous American poet :]

When Venus to Ida young Iulus brought,
On the violets she laid him to rest ;
With tenderest emotions her bosom was fraught,
With the dearest resemblance her fancy was caught.
She gaz'd on his charms, and delusively thought
'Twas Adonis himself she caressed.

That none might the tender illusion destroy,
With roses she hid her retreat ;
Then an odour divine she breathed round the boy,
And watching his slumbers, she tasted a joy
Which fancy had rendered most sweet.

How oft was she tempted the boy to embrace
When the much-lov'd resemblance she found,
But fearing his light flying slumbers to chase,
The kisses ambrosial, design'd for his face,
She impressed on the roses around.

When touched by her lip, see each rosebud uncloset
 To drink the perfume of her breath,
 See each flowret return her a kiss as it blows,
 While her blush during life is preserved by the rose,
 And her fragrance retained after death.

All hail humid kisses of roses unblown,
 Created by beauty and love ;
 Hail kisses of nectar ! Eliza alone
 With his theme can compensate the poet unknown,
 And place him all poets above.

L.

THE DEAD TWINS.

'Twas summer, and a Sabbath eve,
 And balmy was the air,
 I saw a sight that made me grieve,
 And yet the sight was fair ;
 Within a little coffin lay
 Two lifeless babes as sweet as May.

Like waxen dolls, that infants dress,
 The little bodies were ;
 A look of placid happiness
 Did on each face appear ;
 And in the coffin, short and wide,
 They lay together, side by side.

A rosebud, nearly closed, I found
 Each little hand within,
 And many a pink was strew'd around,
 With sprigs of jessamine ;
 And yet the flowers that round them lay
 Were not to me more fair than they.

Their mother, as a lily pale,
 Sat by them on a bed,
 And, bending o'er them, told her tale,
 And many a tear she shed ;
 Yet oft she cried amidst her pain,
 My babes and I shall meet again.

DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

IN the month of September was published the ninth and last volume of the *American Ornithology*, compiled by Mr. George Ord, from the drawings and manuscript notes of the late Alexander Wilson. Wilson was an enthusiast in his favourite pursuit, and an enthusiast of no common order. Never was there a more accurate observer of nature, never one who painted her charms more vividly, or with greater fascination of manner. Instead of taking his reader, like other naturalists, into a museum of stuffed and varnished birds, and coldly lecturing on the characteristic marks of their genera and species, he hurries you along with him into the woods and the fields, leads you with stealthy pace to watch the little wood-pecker, hammering away on the decaying apple tree; or conducts you to the bold shore of the majestic Hudson, and points out to you the eagle sailing aloft with steady wing, and mounting, without effort, in airy circles, higher and higher, till the straining eye can follow him no longer.

He has, beyond all the writers of our country, contributed most largely towards enlarging and multiplying the sources of pure and benevolent pleasures in every cultivated mind. He has taught us to recognise every bird of our forests as an intimate acquaintance, with whose disposition and familiar habits of life we are perfectly acquainted, and has connected every wood-note and simple chirp with a hundred agreeable associations.

His drawings are like his descriptions; they bear the same character of truth and nature; there is in them nothing tame, nothing exaggerated. We do not know of any European publications of this nature which surpasses the *Ornithology* in the beauty and excellence of its plates. The coloured engravings in Edwards' birds are very mean in comparison: those of Catesby are showy, but stiff, and without much character. The magnificent work of a French naturalist, on the parrot, may, indeed, vie with it, but even there the effect is produced as much by the gorgeous colours of those gay-coated birds as by the merit of the artist.

In this additional volume, the plates, which are from Wilson's own drawings, are in no respect inferior to those of the preceding volumes. The descriptions accompanying them are judicious and satisfactory, though we miss the minute observation and animated manner of Wilson. A biographical memoir, from the pen of Mr. Ord, is prefixed to the volume, in which the life of his deceased friend is related in an interesting manner, and with a very cordial admiration of his genius and virtues. We are sorry to be obliged to alloy this praise, by observing, that the writer has suffered many inelegancies and inaccuracies of style and language to escape him, which would have been hardly pardonable in the hasty compositions of such a monthly publication as our own. It is mortifying to observe these blemishes in a splendid work like the *Ornithology*, upon which the literary reputation of the nation may in some degree rest, in other countries. We could have wished, too, that Mr. Ord had omitted those angry complaints in which Wilson poured forth his indignation against certain gentlemen, for their cold reception of the subscription papers of his work. That Wilson himself, full of the conscious pride of genius, should have been indignant at this chilling indifference to his

labours, is natural enough. But his editor has no right to participate in these feelings, and he should have considered that the salaries of our presidents of colleges, governors, and city magistrates, are not sufficient to enable them to set up for Mæcenases, and that men in public stations who are, day after day, assailed by some voluble, brazen-fronted fellow, perking into their faces, papers of proposals for magazines, prints, maps, travels, encyclopædias, or family bibles, soon become steeled alike against merit and impudence, and resolutely shut their hearts and their purses against every thing which comes in this suspicious form.

Mr. Ord is a fortunate man; he has connected his name, and embodied his writings, with a work which has in it the seeds of long life; and when the reputation of Alexander Wilson goes down to posterity "gathering all its fame," still

Shall his little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.

Lately published at Baltimore, "The Select Works of Robert Goodloe Harper," consisting of speeches on political and forensic subjects, and sundry political tracts.

Shelden & Co. of Hartford, propose to publish by subscription, a duodecimo volume of "Original Pieces in prose and verse," by a young lady of Connecticut. We have seen two or three very short extracts from the proposed volume, which we thought possessed more than ordinary merit; and some friends, for whose taste and judgment we entertain great respect, speak highly both of the authoress and her works.

The New-York booksellers have just published an edition of Dr. Clarke's Homer, *accurante* GEO. IRONSIDE, A. M. which is worthy of notice, as being the first edition of Homer, in the original, ever printed on this side the Atlantic.

William Dunlap, Esq. is preparing for the press a life of the late Charles Brockden Brown, of Philadelphia. Mr. Dunlap's last literary performance was the life of Cooke. A more striking contrast cannot well be conceived than that afforded by the whimsical medley of genius and folly exhibited in the character of Cooke to the mild and quiet virtues, the retiring modesty, the domestic habits, the unwearied industry, and the acute, inquisitive mind of Charles Brown.

Brown has left behind him no one work which can fairly be considered as a just standard of his talents. But in every one of those works, which flowed with unceasing rapidity from his prolific pen, may be traced some marks of his singularly ingenious and original mind. The wild and sombre imagination of his Wieland and Ormond, and the yellow fever scenes of Arthur Mervyn, the many passages of the historical part of his Annual Register, as well as the inexhaustible fertility of argument and objection which he displayed in his political and moral essays, are sufficient proofs of the variety and excellence of his talents. We doubt whether public opinion has yet done justice to his memory. To assert the posthumous claims of a man of genius to the respect and applause of his countrymen, is a task equally honourable and pleasing, and it is one which, we doubt not, Mr. Dunlap will perform with zeal and ability.

There will shortly be published a life of Gen. Francis Marion, of South Carolina; it will be printed in one vol. 12mo. of about 300 pages. The southern campaigns of our revolutionary war were distinguished by numerous splendid examples of daring valour and partisan achievement. Throughout all this active scene, Gen. Marion was conspicuous as the bravest among the brave. A well-written narrative of his exploits cannot fail of being highly interesting, as well as honourable to the character and literature of our country. But we are sorry to observe, that in the proposals announcing this work, there is a certain swell and forced elevation of language which, if admitted into the book itself, will disfigure what it was meant to adorn. There is a sober dignity about the characters of the companions of Washington and Greene, as they are exhibited in the simple truth of history, which can gain nothing by inflated eulogy. We should be very sorry to see any attempt to metamorphose these heroes of history into heroes of romance, and would much rather keep our Morgans and Marions as they are in their own revolutionary true-blue, than to see any one of them tricked off with tinsel and copper lace, as Don Belianis or Tirante the White.

The Society, held at Albany, "for the Promotion of the Useful Arts" have recently published a third vol. 8vo. of their transactions. Like most of the volumes of transactions published in this country, and, indeed, in all countries, this volume contains several good papers, but is not particularly valuable as a whole. The first, and best article, is an annual address delivered before the society, by Dr. T. Romeyn Beck. Its design is to exhibit, in one view, the mineral riches of the United States, with their various applications to the arts, as now practised in this country, and to show the practicability of the increase of different manufactures, the raw materials of which are obtained from the mineral kingdom. This is executed, we think, with very great ability. A great mass of information on this subject is collected together from various sources; much of it of a kind not to be found in books; and the whole is communicated with great perspicuity and precision of language, and in a most simple and unostentatious manner. This address has impressed us with a high respect for the talents of its author, who, we understand, is a very young man. It is followed by a eulogium of the late Chancellor Livingston, by the Rev. Mr. Clowes. Mr. Clowes tells us but little more of the chancellor than was already known by every body, and he does not tell that little remarkably well. The statesman and philosopher who was the prime agent in three of the most important events of our national history, the purchase of Louisiana, the introduction of merino sheep, and the invention of the steam-boat, surely deserves an abler biographer. The next paper is on the botany of the United States, with a catalogue of plants indigenous to the state of New-York, by Mr. I. Green; the paper is highly creditable to the writer, as a man of science, and the catalogue is, we believe, the fullest which has yet been compiled.

We have next several miscellaneous papers by Mr. Genet, which are remarkable for that mixture of *badinage* and rhetorical flourish with scientific information, which characterizes many of the French men of science. The volume is closed by a number of short original and translated papers on different subjects; the most valuable is Dr. Dewitt's, on chimney fire-places. Dr. Dewitt's invention consists in combining Dr. Franklin's original plan for his stove (as connected with an air-box) with Rumford's fire-place.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A long but interesting paper, by Dr. Herschell, has been read before the Royal Society, detailing the result of many years' observations on the sidereal and nebulous appearance of the heavens. The doctor began by relating his observations on the relative magnitudes of the stars, considering those of the first magnitude to be equal to our sun; determined the magnitudes and changes in the appearance of a great number of fixed stars; gave a history of the alterations which he has noticed in the aspect of the sidereal heavens during the last thirty years; and described those stars which have increased in magnitude or brilliancy, have lost or acquired surrounding nebulae, or have had wings, tails, or other peculiarities. He seems inclined to believe, from his observations, that new sidereal bodies are in a constant and progressive state of formation; that nebulous appearances gradually assume a globular character; that the heavens are not infinite, and that stars have a "compressing power." He considers the origin and progress of sidereal bodies to be nearly in the following order: first, vague and indistinct nebulae, like the milky way; secondly, detached or clustered nebulae, which consolidate into clusters of stars; thirdly, these stars, becoming more definite, appear with nebulous appendages in the different forms of wings, tails, &c.; and lastly, that all are finally concentrated into one clear, bright, and large star. Dr. H. concludes, that the progressive discovery of nebulae will be equal to the improvement of our telescopes, and that in proportion as we are possessed of more powerful space-penetrating instruments, will our knowledge of the sidereal heavens be extended. Many of his latter observations, directed to ascertain the absorption or condensation of nebulae, were made on stars which he had before described in his numerous papers in the *Phil. Transact.*; others were made on those whose places have been determined by foreign astronomers.

A paper on vision, read before the Royal Society by Mr. Ware, contains a great many cases of near-sighted persons, with remarkable changes produced in the sight by different causes. These cases authorise the following conclusions:—

1. Near-sightedness is rarely observed in infants, or even in children under ten years of age. It affects the higher classes of society more than the lower; and the instances are few, if any, in which, if the use of concave glasses has been adopted, increasing years have either removed or lessened this imperfection.

2. Though the usual effect of time on perfect eyes be that of inducing a necessity to make use of convex glasses, in order to see near objects distinctly, yet sometimes, even after the age of fifty, and after convex glasses have been used many years for this purpose, the eyes have not only ceased to derive benefit from them, when looking at near objects, but they have required concave glasses to enable them to distinguish with precision objects at a distance.

3. Though the cause of this change be not always known, yet sometimes it has been induced by the use of evacuating remedies, particularly of leeches applied to the temples; and sometimes by looking through a microscope, for a continued length of time, for several successive days.

4. Instances are not uncommon in which persons far advanced in life, (*viz.* between eighty and ninety,) whose eyes have been accustomed for

a long time to the use of deeply-convex glasses, when they have read or written, have ceased to derive benefit from these glasses, and they have become able, without any assistance, to see both near and distant objects almost as well as when they were young. Although it be not easy to ascertain the cause of this amended vision, it seems not improbable that it is occasioned by an absorption of part of the vitreous humour: in consequence of which the sides of the eye collapse, and its axis from the cornea to the retina is lengthened; by which alteration the length of this axis is brought into the same proportion to the flattened state of the cornea, or crystalline, or both, which it had to these parts before the alteration took place.

Sir Charles Blagden states his concurrence in opinion with Mr. Ware, that near-sightedness comes on at an early age, and that it is almost confined to the higher ranks. He conceives it to be owing to the habit acquired by such young people of confining their attention to near objects.

An illustrated edition of Strutt's Dictionary of Engravings, which has been offered for sale by Longman & Co. consists of 37 vols. in imp. folio, Russia gilt leaves and joints; and contains 3,000 prints, produced by the artists mentioned in the work, in all the various branches of engraving, from the first invention of the art to the present time, many of them unique, and all of them scarce or valuable. To assemble specimens of every known print of the most eminent engravers, employed an industrious collector nearly 30 years, and the cost of a work containing 3,000 prints, independent of the labour, must have been enormous. Mess. L. & Co. offer it at the price of 2,000*l.* which although a large sum for a single work, yet, as it must ever remain without a rival, it is a prize worthy of being possessed by those who can indulge in luxuries of this kind.

Mr. Wordsworth has completed a new Poem, which is now in the press.

Miss A. M. Porter is engaged in printing a new novel, under the title of "The Maid of Norway."

The portraits of many distinguished characters of the reign of George III. from the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, are engraving, and are to be published under the title of *Iconographia Reynoldsiana*.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

Died, at Boston, May 12, 1814, the Hon. Robert Treat Paine, J. L. D. He was born in Boston, March 11, 1781, the son of a respectable clergyman. His preparatory classical education was under the justly famous Mr. Lovell. He entered Harvard University in 1795, and received the customary academical honours in regular course. In 1806 the well-merited honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred.

For several years his attentions appear to have been miscellaneous. A part of the time was given to the study of theology, a part was occupied in business which led him to visit Europe. He afterwards concluded to devote himself to that profession in which he gained such respectability and distinction. He became a student in the office of the very eminent Mr. Benjamin Pratt, afterwards chief justice of New-York; and, about

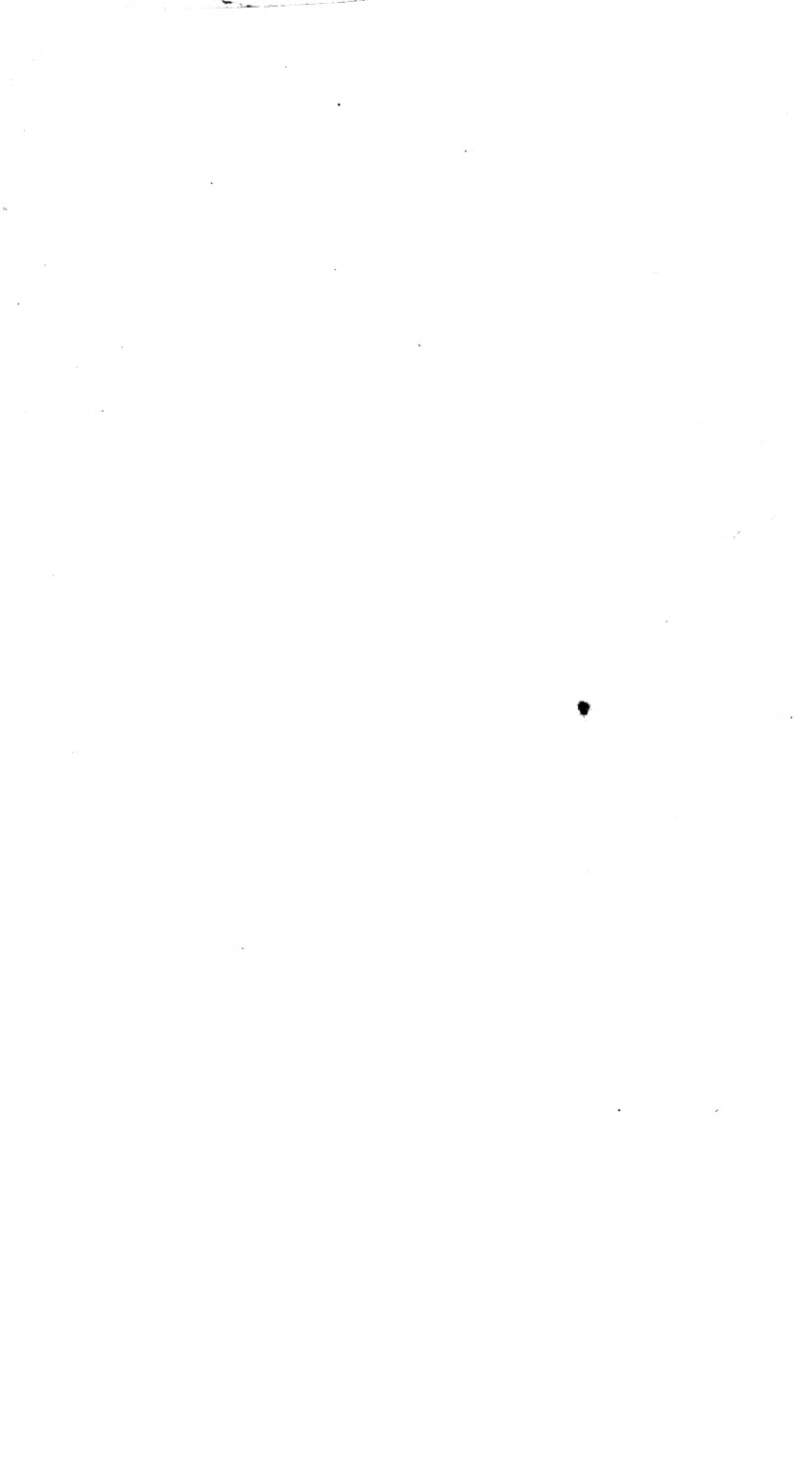
1759, settled as a lawyer at Taunton, in the county of Bristol. Here he became acquainted with his surviving consort. Their connexion was most affectionate and happy. Sanctioned by heaven, and mellowed by time, it cheered and soothed him to life's latest hour.

His preparation for the bar was worthy of his celebrated instructor. He was soon known as a sound lawyer; most faithful and assiduous in the business entrusted to him; and he rapidly acquired notice and confidence. His townsmen testified their sense of his worth, by an election to the provincial general court, about 1769. Those who are familiar with our history will recollect that at a season of much difficulty and solicitude, well adapted to call forth the energy of the "master minds" of the country, Mr. Paine was among the zealous and active friends of the popular interest, in the questions which were agitated between the assembly and the royal governors, by whom he was marked as one of the "busy spirits" that must be put down. The part which he took from conviction he resolutely maintained; and was returned as a member of the provincial congress, from which he was delegated to the first continental congress, 5th Sept. 1774. In this body he was efficient and prompt in action, resolute and wise in council; and retained his seat till, on the adoption of the Massachusetts constitution, he was appointed the first attorney general in his native state. This office he discharged, in a season peculiarly trying, with great ability and fidelity; and in 1790 he was commissioned as one of the justices of the supreme judicial court. Indefatigably just as a public prosecutor, he received the approbation and secured the gratitude of the wise and good. His was also another tribute, often not less unequivocal, the dislike and censure of the turbulent and unprincipled. Those by whom the laws were pronounced "grievances" were not to be expected to feel much complacency towards the upright and faithful functionaries of justice. All who were not ripe for rebellion were denounced as enemies. For fourteen years he continued on the bench, highly esteemed by his associates, and of most important service to the public. His hearing having become greatly impaired by a severe cold, taken on one of the circuits, he resigned in 1804, when he was immediately elected into the executive council of the commonwealth. He declined a reelection; and resolutely withdrew from public life.

Of all good designs, for the advancement of sound knowledge and useful improvement, he was a ready and efficient promoter. He was among the founders of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and was one of the counsellors, from its establishment, in 1780, until his decease.

Though he devoted so much time to the public, he was yet much with his family; and as a companion and a father he was affectionate, provident, exemplary, and endeared. His attachments, public and private, were very warm and sincere. Of most active mind, and social dispositions, he cheered the circle of kindred, friendship, and neighbourhood. He read much and thought much: his knowledge was extensive and well digested; his memory retentive and ready; his wisdom was all practical and operative. Of regular and temperate habits, and cheerful temper, he was spared to a good old age; he enjoyed his faculties unimpaired to the last; retained his interest in his friends and country; its religious, civil, and literary institutions: rejoiced in its good, lamented its delusions, was impressed with its dangers, prayed for its peace.

He was the friend of Christianity and its ministers. Religion was with him a sentiment, as well as a system. It was operative in his life and at his death. He bore successive bereavements as became a man and a christian; he died like a hero and a saint. Leaving his affectionate blessing to survivors, his exit was that of the righteous; firm in faith, cheerful in hope.





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